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You Have Been Lied To About Almost Everything

We all live according to the knowledge and beliefs we've accumulated in our memory. We use these pieces of information when we tie our shoes, cook our food, choose our friends and make the decisions that shape our lives.

The trouble is that we don't always know what we think we know. Many of our beliefs are simply false. Even if you won't admit that you might be wrong about some things, you certainly know a lot of other people who are. You see these people every day, going about their lives with their false beliefs, their delusions, and shaping their behavior according to these delusions. And we all know what happens when you behave in a way that is based on a delusion instead of accurate knowledge about reality: you get bad results. You end up not achieving what you wanted, and you end up hurting yourself. **This is what I call delusion damage – the suffering caused by believing something that is not true.**

Each one of us suffers delusion damage every day, and most of the time we don't even know it. Delusion damage comes in many varieties, some more subtle than others. The person who believes he's okay to drive after a night out drinking and ends up wrapping his car around a tree suffers a heavy and obvious dose of delusion damage, and if he survives he's probably going to realize he made a mistake. Not all instances of delusion damage are that obvious, though. The person who drives a longer route to work every morning because he doesn't know about the shorter route suffers delusion damage too. His mistaken belief about which route he should take is costing him extra gas, extra effort and extra missed sleep every day. This, too, is delusion damage, but in this case the person can keep making the same mistake hundreds or even thousands of times without ever knowing it. The accumulated costs of paying for that extra gas and the adverse health effects of missing that little bit of sleep every morning can add up over the years and end up being even greater than the effects of that single instance of drunk driving.

It seems strange that taking a longer route to work could damage you more than crashing into a tree, and this is another characteristic property of delusion damage: **a lot of the time, we don't even know what's hurting us.** Consider how carefully you've chosen the routes you take every day going from one place to another, consider how carefully you've chosen the foods you eat every day, consider all the decisions you are constantly making and how incomplete the information is that you have to base those decisions on, and you can conclude that all our lives are full of delusion damage, and that when we suffer our heart attacks and divorces and car crashes in life, we usually don't even consider that we could probably have avoided the pain if only we'd known something we didn't. In a very real way, every problem is a knowledge problem, and sometimes we don't even know we have a problem before it hits us in the face.

artist's rendition of normal human behavior

How do we eliminate delusion damage from our lives?

The key to solving the problems caused by delusions, or false beliefs, is their opposite: knowledge,

or beliefs which are accurate and truthful representations of reality. You'll have to figure out which route to take to work for yourself, because that's an individual problem arising from your individual circumstances, but what you can learn about from external sources are the universal, major problems that we all share and which occupy great portions of our lives. The big ones. And those are the ones that really make a difference.

Personal ones, like these:

How do you achieve lasting happiness?

What's worth chasing in life and what isn't?

Interpersonal ones, like these:

How can we better understand other people?

How can we attract those people we want into our lives?

and societal ones, like these:

How can we make our lives better, achieve world peace, eliminate poverty and hunger completely and live out our days in blissful freedom, safety and abundance?

One of the best kept secrets of our world is that other people have already figured out the answers to a lot of the most troubling questions, but nobody told you.

Why, if the answers are out there, did no one tell you?

Well, not everyone wants you to know. You didn't see the secret to lasting happiness on TV because if you had, you wouldn't need TV anymore and that channel would be out of business. Your gym membership didn't come with instructions on how to work out anywhere without equipment because if it did, you wouldn't need the gym anymore and the gym would be closed down. Your marriage license didn't come with instructions on how to make women attracted to you without having to promise them half your house in return, because if it did… you get the picture. A business that solves your problem once and for all can't very well compete with a business that keeps you coming back and never solves your problem. Real businesses have failed because they helped their customers stop needing them, and that's why the real-life equivalents of our hypothetical TV station and gym did not survive long enough to spread to your neighborhood.

Some of the most damaging delusions persist because the environment you live in is, more or less inadvertently, hiding the truth from you.

Sometimes it can even be deliberate. Sometimes people in positions of power actively want to make you more unhappy in order to exploit your drive to escape that unhappiness.

A happy person who doesn't need or want anything more to be content is hard to exploit. When you're feeling happy and fulfilled, you just don't feel like working a 12-hour day in some soul-sucking cubicle in order to climb the corporate ladder and get that raise or promotion or increment of social status. When you have authentic self-esteem you don't feel the need to go to the mall and spend a thousand bucks on shoes to convince yourself that you look just as good as anyone else. When you don't feel deprived, it's hard for other people to entice you to do unpleasant work for them. That's why they don't tell you. They need to keep you chasing the next little reward, and they need to make sure that reward won't make you happy either. They can't let you get off their hamster wheel.

But this is not a conspiracy.

I don't want you to think that there's a mastermind group of cigarette-smoking old men in a tower somewhere sitting on the keys to a great life and just making you work for their amusement. That's not how it is. If they knew how to feel good themselves they wouldn't need to do what they do. Only someone who is unhappy will feel the need to keep from others what little he knows about

how to be less unhappy. Instead of being angry at them, feel sorry for them, because they might be the most deluded of all. At least you and I don't think we need to own a TV network or a gym or a mall in order to enjoy our lives. Imagine what a damaging belief that must be to have, and how much a person who believes that has to suffer because of it.

These people's suffering causes them to spread more suffering to the population at large by creating false beliefs like "you need to buy this new product to be happy", "you need to grow big muscles to attract women", "you need a college education to get rich" and "you need to be rich to be happy", etc. By spreading these delusions on full blast from TVs and advertisements and pop culture and political messages, they can cover up the truth even if they never had it in the first place. The few sources out there that are spreading real knowledge that works and really makes a difference in people's lives are simply drowned out by the advertising noise to the extent that most people never hear their message at all – including the people putting out the noise! These people are not "hiding" the truth in order to make everyone else suffer like some sort of fairy tale villain might do, they're simply deluded people who think they need to exploit others in order to be happy, and to that end they make up their own brand of predatory delusions and broadcast them as loud as they can, and when they do that, alternative messages, regardless of their truth or value, get drowned out.

This is how knowledge of great value can stay hidden from most people even if those in possession of it are generous in spreading it. This is also how extremely harmful delusions can persist in the population even though they make everyone who believes them unhappy.

That's what this site is about: widespread delusions that greatly damage both our society as a whole and every individual who holds them, and replacing those damaging beliefs with truthful and useful ones which have the power to make your life better.

I can't take credit for this, by the way – most of what I've learned I learned from other people and they learned from someone before them. We owe the greatest debt of gratitude to those who came before us and worked hard to find the truth, and who then passed on to us the fruits of their labors because they wanted to help their fellow human beings, many of whom they would never even meet. In that same age-old spirit of sharing what advantage we've managed to gain against a ruthless world, I pass on what I've learned as best I can, because although I don't know you, I care about you, the way any human being naturally cares for another member of the same species. I wouldn't bother with doing this if I didn't.

I hope you find the information here useful, and I hope you find your way out of all the hamster wheels created by the delusions of those who would exploit you. I'm not too arrogant to admit that I too must be wrong about some things, but I hope that although there might be some delusions hiding even on this site, most of what you read here will be the kind of knowledge that can guide you toward success and fulfillment in your life.

I know firsthand that the information you'll find on this site can change lives. I hope it can change your life and the lives of those you pass it on to.

It's certainly changed mine.

To summarize some of the most harmful ideas propagated by society at large and their useful alternatives that can bring massive improvements to our lives, I've prepared a six-part crash course of which you've just finished the first part. You can find all six parts in the menu at the top of every page, but you will get the most out of them by reading them in order.

The Most Effective Way To Solve All Your Problems

We can blame the world for our misfortunes, but the trouble with that belief is that to avoid misfortune we must then change the world. Re-framing every problem as a knowledge problem like we talked about on the previous page makes the lack of accurate knowledge the only real problem. This way we can conclude that it is not the world that causes your problems – it's you.

Sometimes things happen which cause us suffering that we truly have no control over. These occasions, however, are exceedingly rare. Most of the time when we believe that suffering "just happened" to us, we could in fact have done something to prevent ourselves from suffering.

Some people feel like "blaming yourself for everything" is unpleasant, but there's no need to feel that way. When you think that you are causing the problem, you gain the power to avoid problems by changing not the world but only your own behavior. And that's great, because your own behavior happens to be the one thing in this world that you can change! When you start taking control of your life by internally assuming responsibility for everything that happens in it, you can improve your life drastically in ways you might never even have thought possible before.

You don't have to publicly announce that you think this way. Just consider for yourself in every situation what you could have done or could still do to improve it. When you get used to thinking this way you will naturally stop blaming other people and getting angry at them for messing up your life, because you will realize that doing so serves no purpose. It only makes you feel bad and it doesn't fix the situation. Figuring out what you contributed to a problem and changing your behavior accordingly is the only way you can fix the situation.

The realization that you can choose not to blame other people for what they do is one of the most liberating realizations you can have in life, and it can lead you on a path to even greater improvements in your life…

Remember as a kid, how another kid on the playground could call you something unflattering and you'd break down crying on the spot? If you don't remember that, you'll probably at least remember it happening to other kids.

What did your parents tell you to do? To silence all the other kids so no one could ever offend you? Hardly. More likely, they told you to ignore the cruel words and not let them have such power over you. This must have seemed terribly unfair at the time, it did to me anyway. Why should I be the one to change my behavior when it was the other kid who was being mean? The answer which we hopefully all learn in our childhood is that when you suffer in life, it's your problem. It's not the other kid's problem and you can't force him to stop being mean, so what you must do is exactly what your parents told you to do: change your own reaction and stop letting simple words have such power over you.

And that's when you start to realize the amazing truth about the feelings you've been having:

Nothing in the outside world has the power to "make" you angry or upset. Only you can do that. When you hear someone say something you perceive as offensive, you are in fact deciding to get offended. The other person is not making you angry, you are doing that yourself. No sequence of words is hurtful by itself, it can only be that way if you yourself make the decision to suffer from hearing it. And why would you want to do that?

As we grow up, though, we learn that it's socially acceptable for us to get upset or angry over some things that society has decided are "really" offensive or upsetting, whereas it's frowned upon to feel the same over other things which society has decided are "not really" reason enough to get upset. And as we grow up and accept as our own this ranking system of what is OK to get upset about and what isn't, we forget that we have the power to decide for ourselves whether we want to be upset by

anything at all.

We start to believe that other people can “make us angry” again.

But the truth is that as a human being trapped in a flesh-and-blood body, you are incapable of experiencing what happens in the world outside your head. Everything you feel, think, perceive and experience is nothing but electrical and chemical signals in your brain. Some of these are automatically translated by your brain: you don’t have to “learn” to see, you just see. Others require that you learn to interpret them: when someone speaks, you automatically hear some words, but they only mean something to you once you’ve learned to understand the language.

The words we hear and the behavior we see in our environment has no significance to us except that which we’ve learned to attach to it. And we can learn to change our interpretations, just as we did as kids on the playground. Instead of thinking “this kid called me stupid, that must mean I should feel bad” we learned to think “this kid must be feeling bad himself if he needs to call me stupid, this is nothing to get upset about”, and that helped us realize that the words have no power over us, and maybe we even felt a little bit sorry for the other kid.

Similarly, we still have that capacity as adults when we experience what we interpret as unpleasant behavior from other people. We forget it as we grow up and start to be able to control our world to some extent, and we start to think that we should be able to control what we deem as “unacceptable behavior” in other people, but we can’t. We can’t stop our colleagues from trying to cheat us out of our promotions, we can’t stop our wives and husbands from falling out of love with us, we can’t stop our governments from fighting wars. We are still in the same position as we were on the playground: the only thing we can do is to stop giving the outside world control of our inner state of mind. And we can start to realize again that that’s exactly what we’ve been doing: we have been giving that power away. We have been handing a remote control to anyone who would take it and saying “here, you control how I’m going to feel and react”. We might start to think that maybe that kid on the playground was right after all: we have indeed been stupid.

We’ve been suffering major delusion damage by believing that external events can control our internal state of mind. It really seems like they do sometimes and we don’t even notice the choice we’re making to accept that belief, but when we stop doing it we can realize the truth: it wasn’t the external events that made us react a certain way, it was only ourselves. We reacted the way we believed we should react. Why did we have that belief? When we examine these beliefs we often notice that there really is no good reason for them. Why should you get upset over some words, or really, any behavior that other people exhibit? Does the anger or sadness or tantrum-throwing help fix the situation in any way? Usually it doesn’t. Crying about our misfortune is usually not going to get us the promotion or make someone love us again or stop the war. The benefit from that reaction is zero. The cost, though, can be massive: we can feel very bad and be very unhappy for a long time. If we really have a choice, and we do, why should we choose to make ourselves unhappy when there is nothing to gain by it?

Of course, we shouldn’t. The only question really is how much we can avoid it. As children, we didn’t think we could influence our emotions at all, but we learned through the advice we got that we could at least control the connection between words we hear and the reaction we feel. Those of us who have applied this type of thinking to other misfortunes in our lives have also noticed that we can even control how we feel about and react to nonverbal events like betrayal or financial loss.

Many people still believe that there’s a limit somewhere beyond which it’s “acceptable” to get upset, that when something is “bad enough”, you “have the right” to be angry. Well, of course you can get upset about anything you want to, but if it doesn’t help the situation and if you have the option of not making yourself feel bad, then why should you? You’re just shooting yourself in the foot there, bringing unnecessary delusion damage upon yourself.

Can we be calm and contented even in the face of major adversity? We see this so rarely in our environment that not all of us even believe it’s possible. Certainly, it takes a great deal of practice to

get to the point where even the most grievous losses wouldn't disturb us, but every step we can take in that direction will make the occasions when we do get upset fewer and farther between. Is there a limit beyond which even practice can't take us? If I ever find it, I'll let you know. Until then, I'll keep striving for the example set by the man in an old Japanese story which I'm going to tell you now, as well as I can remember it:

There was a Zen master who lived in Japan some hundreds of years ago. He was well respected for his wisdom and people often came to him for advice. In the same village lived a family with a teenage daughter who unexpectedly became pregnant. This was a time and culture where unplanned teen pregnancies were less than welcome, and the girl's family was furious. They demanded to know who the father was. Being pressured by her family, the girl told them that the father was the Zen master. The girl's family went to the Zen master's house and told him their daughter had identified him as the father. The Zen master only replied, "Is that so?". The rumor spread across the land and the Zen master's reputation was ruined. People stopped coming to him for advice. In due time, the child was born and the girl's family brought it to the Zen master's house, saying: "You take care of this child, since it is yours". The master again replied, "Is that so?". They left the child with him and he took care of it as if it were his own. One day about a year later, the girl's family came back. The girl had finally confessed that the real father was a teenage boy from the village, and they had come to take their baby back home with them. The Zen master again replied "Is that so?" and watched them leave with the child that had been his for a year.

Because of the wisdom contained in it, this story has survived in oral tradition for a long time. It doesn't seem like any of the misfortunes befalling the Zen master has much of an effect on him. That doesn't mean he didn't enjoy his reputation or his time with the child as much as anyone else would have, only that he did not cause himself undue suffering by mentally agonizing over what he lost.

Just as we are often the cause of our own problematic circumstances by deluding ourselves into acting in damaging ways, which you read about on the previous page, we are often the cause of our own unpleasant emotions, which arise in us only because we've learned to believe that we should make ourselves react in a certain way. When we take away the belief that we should feel bad in response to some event and replace it with the belief that external events should not control how we feel or react, we can eliminate a huge amount of delusion damage from our lives, because that's what our many unpleasant emotions are: unnecessary suffering that serves no good purpose. Do you think the Zen master ever feels bad?

It's easy to conclude that you are the cause of the emotional suffering in your life, but it is a much more difficult task to truly integrate this belief into your life and benefit from its effects at all times. Practice makes perfect, though, and if it doesn't quite make you perfect it at least makes you a lot better than not practicing, and that improvement is well worth bringing into your life.

What makes it possible for us to bring about changes like this in ourselves and improve our lives through them is knowledge about how our minds and emotions work. The old and famous phrase "know thyself" is probably the greatest wisdom ever expressed in only two words. In the next part of this crash course, we're going to take a scientifically informed look at how we, human beings, work. What makes us tick and why are we the way we are? A practical understanding of these things is extremely valuable and useful in life, and as you might expect based on the reasoning in the first part of this crash course, not a word of this information is disseminated in our schools and most of our parents never knew enough to teach us about it either.

One Simple Rule Explains All Emotions And Behavior

Survival and reproduction machines – that's what we are. Ever since life on Earth began, there were some life forms which were better at surviving and reproducing than others, and those life forms flourished. The ones that weren't quite as good at surviving and reproducing lost the competition for limited resources and died out.

The nature of life is such that it always seeks to expand and multiply until something limits its spread. This something is usually a limited resource: fish-eating birds can only multiply as long as there are enough fish around for them to eat. Every form of life is limited by a resource, except for those life forms which are affected by something else that limits them before they can run into a resource limit. Our pets for example are not limited by how much food is in the house, but by the fact that we actively stop them from reproducing more than we like them to.

Most resources have, at some point in history, been subject to competition by several different species of life. What happens if one of these species is better at surviving and reproducing than another one is that it gradually grows in number relative to the other species, until the other species is completely squeezed out of the niche provided by that resource and dies out. This is how the process known as natural selection shapes the world in its image: every species of life that survives today is naturally equipped and inclined to survive and reproduce, and not to waste energy on much else.

We, too, are natural survival and reproduction machines. It just so happens that in the process of developing better ways of doing these things, we managed to produce civilization, philosophy and the internet as side effects of our natural inclination to survive and reproduce. From an evolutionary perspective, us humans developing the powerful brains we used to create these things kind of backfired. Civilization caused us to pollute the Earth and build weapons that we may one day use to destroy our species. Philosophy caused us to question our impulses, to reduce the effort we instinctively spend on survival and reproduction goals and just seek happiness instead.

For you and me, though, this works. As individual humans, we are not concerned with the future of the species. If the human race dies out in a thousand or a million years, it's not going to make much difference to our lives. All we individually care about is being happy while we're here.

Evolution has worked on us much the same way as advertising businesses do: natural selection has shaped us to stay on the hamster wheel of survival and reproduction (or S&R for short), to always want to work for the next thing that will improve our S&R performance, but never to be permanently content with what we accomplish. The organism that survives and reproduces best is one that never stops working to survive and reproduce better.

This is why chasing our natural desires is a deluded course of action and will never make us happy. There are those who would tell us that "following our instincts" and "trusting our intuition" is always good, but it's quite obvious that this is a terribly harmful delusion. It virtually guarantees that one who holds it will never find lasting happiness. In addition, he will find plenty of unhappiness which is built into our instincts to spur us on doing the work of propagating the species.

Self-deception is an integral part of our psychological makeup. In order to make us the most effective S&R machines we can be, nature needs to hide from us the simple truth that what we naturally want to do is not what will bring us the most happiness. Our brains must delude themselves into making us behave in ways that are damaging to us personally in order to propagate the species. It's always harder to recognize destructive behaviors in ourselves than it is in others, and our built-in self-deception plays a big part in hiding them from us. Often we end up thinking that we want what we want because it will make us happy.

Every emotion, every desire, every body part and every function that we have, we have because at some point in the history of our species it has helped us survive and/or reproduce better, or arose as a side effect of something that has. Anything that didn't work toward that goal would have been an unnecessary burden from the evolutionary viewpoint and it would have disappeared through natural selection.

This is where we should always start when we attempt to understand ourselves or other people. All our behaviors are the results of impulses that are designed to make us survive and reproduce better. All the things we most instinctively want: food, sleep, drink, friends, sex, social status, useful items – they all have S&R value, or at least they did back when the entire human race lived in small tribes in the wilderness between 200,000 and 20,000 years ago. Evolution is slow, it doesn't adapt us for modern conditions in a mere 20,000 years. We are still stuck with the instincts that would have helped us survive and reproduce in the prehistoric tribes.

Our species is divided into two different types of human: male and female. Both have different abilities and disabilities. The male is better suited for hunting food and defending against predators, but cannot incubate offspring. The female can incubate offspring but is not well suited for hunting food or fighting predators, especially while in the process of incubating offspring. The two sexes can only survive and reproduce by cooperation, with the male trading some of his survival value for some of the female's reproduction value and vice versa.

As a consequence of these differences in our bodies, men and women also have different optimal S&R strategies, which have shaped different instincts and mental faculties for each. Some instincts are the same for both men and women: eat, sleep, don't wrestle with lions, etc., but many, especially of the reproduction-related ones, are different. The optimal male reproductive strategy is to impregnate as many females as possible, whereas the optimal female strategy is to be impregnated only by the male(s) whose genes have the highest S&R value for the future generation, and simultaneously to extract as much resources as possible from males to provide for her offspring – these need of course not be the same males whose offspring she's having.

In the natural environment of our human species, the unspoiled African savanna, where tribes of what are now called African Bushmen still live very much the same way our ancestors did for most of human history, the male and female reproductive strategies are always in conflict. This conflict of interest between the one who impregnates and the one who incubates has led us to develop many convoluted mental mechanisms for getting the better of each other in this contest, and these instincts are still very much alive and with us today, perpetuating the struggle that's come to be jokingly known as the "war of the sexes".

Our different instincts reflect the differences between the male and female reproductive strategies, and our different mental faculties and ways of thinking reflect the different requirements and challenges that our prehistoric ancestors would run into in the course of surviving and reproducing.

Many people feel uncomfortable with the fact that all we are is survival and reproduction machines because they interpret it as meaning that every person is selfish and wants only what's best for himself. This is only part of the truth, though. Every person also has the natural desire to help other people when it doesn't require too great a sacrifice. The people who helped each other survived better than the ones who didn't. The idea that there's "good and bad people" is a popular delusion. No person is good or bad, we all have both the drive to help ourselves and the drive to help others programmed into our brains from birth.

Which one of these drives dominates our behavior depends on circumstances. If we find ourselves in a win/lose situation, where the only way to get the outcome we desire is to hurt others, that's what we will end up trying to do. If instead we find ourselves in a win/win situation, where we can cooperate with others and reach our desired outcomes together, that's what will end up happening.

The million dollar question is, of course, how you can tell which kind of situation you are in. Sometimes it's just one or the other, but most situations can be seen as either kind, depending on

how you think about them. You can choose to solve your problems in destructive ways (win/lose) where you choose to see other people as competitors who must be eliminated, or in constructive ways (win/win) where you choose to see other people as allies to cooperate with.

Destructive solutions breed conflict and animosity and make us enemies. Constructive solutions breed unity and caring and make us friends. All other things being equal, the constructive solution should be preferable, and so it is that we usually only resort to destructive solutions when we believe that a constructive solution is not available. Sometimes that belief is correct, but a lot of the time it's only a delusion which damages us by bringing unnecessary conflict and enemies into our lives.

When you get right to the core of the matter, we all want the same thing: to live happy and fulfilled lives. If we can figure out how to do that together in a constructive way, we get what's called a utopia. If we can't, we get conflict and the unhappiness that destructive action causes. Maybe some of that suffering is truly unavoidable, but very much of it is just delusion damage that arises from people choosing destructive solutions over better constructive ones that would be of greater benefit both to themselves and to their perceived "enemies", that would in fact make friends of those enemies. Whenever we run into such a situation, all we need to do to improve it is to inform those people of what the more useful course of action is, and they will be naturally inclined to choose it.

In the remaining three parts of this crash course, I will touch on three of the greatest delusions which cause untold amounts of damage in all our lives today: one personal, one interpersonal and one societal. One that you can fix by yourself to improve your own life, one that you can fix with the people around you to improve the lives of each of you, and one that we can all fix together to improve all our lives. The most notable thing about these delusions is that they are extremely widespread and extremely damaging to all of us, and they continue to persist even though their false nature and the true solutions to these problems have been discovered long ago.

Getting What You Want Will Not Make You Happy

Where does happiness come from?

That's really been the most important question people have asked as long as we have been wondering about the nature of our world and ourselves. All we do, we do in order to be happy and yet many of us never reach that goal.

We chase happiness in different ways, the most obvious being to try to get the things that we want. Many believe that if you want something, that must be because getting it will make you happy, and then they go chasing after the things they want. You'll remember from the previous page that this is what nature's hamster wheel is designed to make you do and what your brain is designed to keep you doing throughout your entire life through its crafty self-deception. You'll also remember that that's the very reason this course of action will never make you happy, or even content for very long.

Some people get analytical about the issue and start wondering what it is they're missing that they need in order to be happy. They might look at others and think "oh, Johnny has XYZ and he's happy and I'm not, so I must also get XYZ in order to be happy". Then they work hard to get whatever Johnny has and when even that doesn't make them happy, they think "oh, I was wrong, it's really Johnny's DFG that makes him happy, that's what I need to get", and the cycle can repeat itself forever. One day they may even get drunk and confess their envy to Johnny himself, and Johnny might tell them that he's not really happy either but he's trying real hard to look like he is.

There's a saying:

"There are two ways to be unhappy. One is not getting what you want. The other is getting what you want".

When you don't get what you want, at least you have something to blame for your unhappiness. If you get what you want and realize that you still aren't happy, that's when you can really start feeling like you're going crazy. People who suddenly get everything they want, who win the lottery or realize their lifelong dream of becoming a pop star or something, they can have real problems because of it. You hear about celebrities behaving strangely all the time, overdosing on cocaine or suddenly shaving their head in a fit of rage or hanging themselves in a hotel room. Is this the behavior of a happy person? It's when things get really good that they can get really bad if you keep expecting some achievement or acquisition to make you happy.

Others blame their circumstances: "if only this situation wasn't like this, I'd be happy." If these people happen to be lying in the road under an eighteen-wheeler, they may have a point, but most of the time that's not the case and they're just deluding themselves. They're not going to be much happier if their circumstances change, they'll just find something else to blame. These people just want to blame something outside themselves so at least they won't have to feel like they're unhappy and causing it themselves. The irony of that situation is that, as you'll remember from earlier, assuming responsibility for the problems in your life is exactly what can help you fix your problems, but as long as these people refuse to do that they will have little chance of improving their situation. Circumstances that people blame for their unhappiness can range from where they live to what their job is to pretty much anything, even other people. Blaming another person or a specific group of people for your unhappiness is unfortunately quite common and, needless to say, a source of great animosity, conflict and needless suffering.

Where, then, do you get happiness? People have traveled to the ends of the earth in search of an answer. Still the answer has eluded even many of the greatest thinkers in human history, and I'm inclined to believe this explanation as to why: happiness cannot be achieved by thinking. It cannot be bought or eaten or fucked or conquered. It cannot be "gotten" from anywhere, because nothing

outside you can make you happy. Happiness can only come from inside you, and you already have it because you were born with it.

Happiness is a default state.

Children have it when they come into the world. They don't need a "reason" to be happy, they just are that way. Unless there is an immediate emergency in the form of hunger, injury or the like, a child will naturally tend toward a happy and content state of being. Happiness is simply the absence of suffering.

This is not news. It's an ancient wisdom, old as dirt, that's been repeated in countless forms at least since the time of the Buddha if not earlier. And on some level, beneath the veil of our natural self-deception, we all know it. It's embedded in our language: the word "unhappy" implies a lack of happiness, that the happiness which you already had was taken away. We don't say that a poor person is "un-rich". We assume it in children, if a child is not happy we ask what's wrong with it. We don't ask that about adults. The Bushmen do. Our society and our culture has deluded us into thinking that unhappiness in the default state and we must achieve happiness somehow. This is not true. We were born with happiness and just learned to suppress it. All that's required for it to resurface is for us to stop doing that. We already have all the "stuff" we could ever need. There are people in starving third-world ghettos who are happier than the average millionaire. Nothing external stands in the way of our happiness, just ourselves.

This might even have been somewhat obvious to you as the logical next step from realizing that you can choose whether to let something "make" you upset or angry. Or, it might not. Either way, the same warning applies here too: just as you're unlikely to become as calmly accepting as the Japanese Zen master overnight, restoring your natural default happiness will probably not happen with a snap of your fingers either. Realizing the truth about the nature of happiness and where it comes from is a good start though, and the future can only bring improvement.

How, then, have we managed to escape the happiness that should already be within us? How did we manage to lose what we had at birth?

Think about why small children are happy. What would you say if asked to explain it? You might point out that children don't seem to worry about anything, past or future, they don't want anything that they don't already have, and they don't expect anything from the future. These ideas are repeated in an old Buddhist wisdom, which holds that all suffering comes from desire: the desire to have something you don't have, the desire to affect the future or alter the past, and the desire to have other people behave in some specific way all fall into the category of desires which cause suffering. We all know that people who worry a lot about some future problem are less happy than those who don't worry about it as much, even if they both have the same problem. It's not the existence of a future problem that causes you to suffer, it's the act of worrying itself. To worry is to suffer.

The words "want" and "need" both basically mean "lack", that something is missing which should rightfully belong somewhere. If you say you want or need food you are communicating that food belongs in your stomach and your stomach is not complete without it, that it suffers from the lack of food. This makes sense since you need food to survive. If you say you want a new, more fashionable set of clothes, you are similarly communicating that you are suffering from the lack of clothes, and that you are incomplete without a new set. That's just deluded on the face of it.

Yet this is exactly what we convince ourselves of as kids, and that's how we lose our inborn happiness. We start forming a peer group and social relations, and communicating with other people. Through this communication we learn that we're not allowed to feel good or enjoy the acceptance of our peers unless we own the right brand of clothing of talk the right way or watch the right TV shows. And we believe it. With everyone else around us telling us this, it becomes harder for us to remember our parents' advice about not letting other people's disapproval have power over how we feel. So we buy into the prevailing system, we get the clothes and we learn the slang and

we absorb the mass media entertainment that inculcates its own messages in us.

But it's all a lie. Our happiness does not depend on any of those things. Even the approval of our peers doesn't depend on them, although we are repeatedly and forcefully sent the message that it does. What our peers' approval really depends on is something completely different, something that each generation of kids probably makes up their own word for because they associate the older generation's word for the same thing with old age and the exact opposite of the quality which they invent the new word to describe. I don't know what word is currently being used on the playgrounds, but I believe that of the many words for this quality, the one you and I would most associate with the quality in question is "cool".

Your peers' approval depends on how cool you are, and contrary to what those who wear a particular kind of clothing would have you believe in order to bolster their own standing in your eyes, coolness is not achieved by wearing fashionable clothes. It's the other way around. Clothes become fashionable when cool people wear them. In order to be cool, you don't need to buy anything or conform to anyone's standards. If you're cool, you're cool no matter what you wear, and if you're not, wearing something specific won't make you cool. In fact, trying to be cool is the surest way to not be cool.

But children believe what they are told, and try as hard as they can to be cool. We start worrying about being cool, we start filling our minds with the desire for it, and we lose our default state of happiness. A big problem with wanting something is the fear of losing it, or never getting it. The worry and the wanting and the fear are the very things which make us lose our happiness, but when it happens we're too young to realize what we should do about it, and we go along with everyone else and start a massive chain of delusion damage that will hurt us for years to come, maybe to the end of our life if we never learn how to fix it.

To combat our new-found unhappiness, we start making up logical reasons to feel good. "Look, I have these clothes and I play this sport and there's a rumor around school that this girl likes me, that means I'm cool and allowed to feel happy." We start building what's called "the ego". The word "ego" is used to mean many things, but here I'm talking specifically about the collection of ideas we have about ourselves that make up our positive "public" self-image that we try to display to others. We build the ego like a shell around us to protect our fragile selves, so whenever we feel threatened we can use those pieces of self-image to defend ourselves: "You think you can pick on me because you're better than me at that thing? Well, I'm good at this one and I do this other thing better than you and I wear these cool clothes, so fuck you, fuck you to hell, motherfucker, and don't you ever try to make me feel bad again!" By the time we reach our teen years many of us are already well on our way to becoming angry, unhappy adults with chronically low self-esteem.

We can live out our whole lives being led around by our desires for new stuff, new toys, new clothes, cars, girlfriends, houses, extreme sports feats and career accomplishments to brag about. How often does new stuff really make anything better? Not very often. Why might you still get it? Because you want it – you have the desire to own it and the desire needs to be eliminated by buying the stuff. The desire is in fact a form of suffering, it makes you feel disturbed that you don't have something, and it makes you believe you can't let yourself be happy until you have that something.

And that's just what's happening. You are deciding to make up a belief that says you won't let yourself be happy unless conditions X, Y and Z prevail. Why would you want to do that?

That's why the old wisdom says that to desire is to suffer. Desire is a contract you make with yourself not to let yourself feel happy unless a specific set of conditions prevail. If you recognize yourself here, maybe it's time for a new contract: maybe it's time to decide that you will let yourself be happy no matter what happens in the external world. Be mindful of this in your daily life and bit by bit the suppressed natural happiness will emerge from within you. If I can make it happen, anyone can. I used to think this type of stuff was the biggest crock of shit, just a hollow consolation that people who were too weak to achieve and compete made up to keep from getting suicidally

depressed, and still I managed to make this work for me when I eventually realized it in my own life. If I could do it, you definitely can. It doesn't have to happen overnight but it's going to happen bit by bit if you let it.

In order to keep this piece, as well as the other ones, within a "crash course" length, I've had to go over some of the details much more quickly than I would have liked. If some of it doesn't make sense to you immediately, I want you to know that it's my fault for not writing better. It's not you and it's certainly not the information, which I assure you is all very good stuff. It's just me, and I am sorry. These are central ideas that I'll keep coming back to again and again in other pieces of writing, and my hope is for you to gain a better appreciation of what I wasn't able to communicate in so few words that way. Now it's time to move on to something that occupies the major part of most people's time and energy and therefore has almost unrivaled potential to cause delusion damage both to those who hold the delusions and to everyone else around them.

What's Really Going On Between Men and Women

*You are reading "hidden truths" – This is **part 5 of 6**. – Previous Page – First Page*

As you'll recall from over here, our human species is divided into two distinct types of human, male and female, and both have differently functioning bodies, minds and instincts owing to the different challenges faced by each in our evolutionary past. You'll also remember that every part of us is built primarily to survive and reproduce, and that this prime directive motivates all of our natural behavior.

Bringing our human selves, built with 50,000-year-old blueprints , into the modern world causes some significant changes in behavior. Obviously, we don't hunt with spears or gather roots and berries from the wild to sustain ourselves these days. The "survival" part of our instinctual mission is pretty well taken care of. We go to the grocery store once or twice a week, buy some food, take it back to our high-tech shelters which keep us comfortable no matter what the weather outside, and eat and sleep under society's protection from predatory animals or people. Rarely if ever does an occasion rise in the life of a modern Westerner where survival can really come into question.

Of course, all of these things require money, which most of us work for. There are those who live on welfare or the interest from their invested millions or are otherwise supported by something else than their own labor, and while they may do almost nothing for their own survival, most people work jobs of some kind. We're used to thinking that we work jobs in order to survive, but this is not strictly true. On, say, $10,000 dollars a year, a healthy person can survive admirably. In fact, the standard of living that $10,000 a year buys in the modern world would have been considered opulent luxury for most of human history. Really, most of us should work only a small fraction of the time we do if we were only working to survive.

Then, why do people work so hard if it's not for survival? For reproduction, of course. The many reasons that people give to explain their career choices beyond mere survival may seem varied at first, but they can be almost completely covered by just two categories. The rare one is where people actually like what they do for a living and keep doing it past the requirements of necessity simply because they get some kind of enjoyment from it, in other words, because their instincts interpret the work as having S&R value whether it really does or not.

In the much more common condition, people work jobs they don't particularly enjoy way past the point they'd have to in order to survive, and if you ask them why, they'll give you a multitude of reasons. Some are reducible to the idea that something they can achieve through the work will make them happy, and those reasons should really be reconsidered, and the rest of the reasons tend to be more or less directly related to reproductive success. People work hard to provide a "good life" for their offspring, to gain leadership positions or other "distinguished" positions which give them power and/or social status, to buy opulent lifestyles beyond their needs, and simply to conform to the prevailing atmosphere of society which says that you should work hard.

Providing for offspring is obviously a reproductive interest which requires no further explanation. Distinguished positions, leadership or public recognition all fall into the categories of power and social status. Opulent lifestyles are, of course, partially about comfort, but it's a rare person who'd work an 80-hour week reading legal briefs or something just to buy a really comfortable home for the half hour of free time they'll be spending there in the evenings. A much more important motivation for getting that big house or flashy car or private golf course is, again, the social status that other people will give you for it. Conforming to society's expectations can get you society's approval, which is another form of social status.

In the end, it's all about power and social status, which are really the same thing. Power gets you social status and social status gets you power, they are different forms of the same currency, like cash and credit cards. What, then, makes social status so intrinsically desirable and reproductively

relevant? The answer is very simple.

Women are attracted to signs of social status in men.

Of all the characteristics a man can exhibit, signs of high social status are the most attractive to women. This is why being rich and being famous can have similar effects on a man's success with women: both are really just different forms of the same thing, power, or social status. Attracting women means reproductive success for a man, and this is the instinctual motivation behind many of the great achievements of mankind: they did it for sex. Men are built to want to achieve because achieving begets social status which begets sex. This also happens to be the real reason why nearly all important historical figures have been men. It's not that all men across the world have somehow conspired since the dawn of time to "oppress" women and not let them be important historical figures, like radical misandrists suggest, and it's not that women are physically incapable of achieving anything remarkable, like radical misogynists suggest. Both of these ideas are ridiculous. The real explanation is as simple as this: women don't have the instinctual drive to make extraordinary sacrifices in order to achieve something remarkable to get sex. Women don't have to achieve anything to get sex, it's always available to them for free due to the imbalance in reproductive costs and strategies between men and women.

Why, then, do women too work long hours and strive for social status? The explanation that they do it in order to attract the highest quality men seems easy and enticing, and this can in fact sometimes be the conscious motive behind these women's choices, but it is not a valid reproductive strategy. Why?

Men are *not* attracted to signs of social status in women.

Many women work hard for impressive career achievements their entire lives and never figure out why they can't get a high-status man to commit to them. The answer is that they're going about it the wrong way. They are projecting what they as females are attracted to onto the male mind as well, but the male mechanism for sexual attraction is, for evolutionary reasons, not the same as the female one. Remember, the natural male role is to provide for survival and the natural female role is to facilitate reproduction. This is why women are attracted to social status in men, but men are not attracted to it in women.

Men are attracted to signs of fertility in women.

That's why the young, supple-bodied intern gets to sleep with the president. His high social status attracts her, and her high fertility attracts him. It's on. No matter how high-powered his wife is, she's much less fertile and his instincts know this.

There is of course still another reason why people strive for social status, which I already mentioned earlier: the ego. They've been taught to believe since childhood that they can't be happy without logical reasons that they can use to convince other people that they're at least as good as everyone else. Social status fits the bill as just the kind of thing that can build up the ego. Of course, learning to build authentic self-esteem and to be happy regardless of the circumstances is a much healthier and less cumbersome alternative to building up the ego by chasing social status.

That leaves reproductive urges as the only reason to chase social status. As stated, this does not work for women because their social status does not attract men, so for a woman to chase social status for this reason is deluded and she's only damaging herself by doing so. For men, it does work, but it's difficult and painful and there's a much, much easier alternative. To chase women the hard way, through social status, while being aware of a much simpler and more effective alternative is insanity. The delusion that social status is required to attract women causes untold damage in myriad forms, which I'll discuss more later. For now, let's look at what the better alternative is:

Remember what women are attracted to? Was it social status? No. It was *signs of* social status. These signs are largely behavioral, and these behaviors, colloquially known as "game", can be learned. Learning to behave like a high-status man attracts women just as well as having the actual

high status and it is much, much easier. Is that “cheating”? No more than makeup and push-up bras and everything women do to make themselves look more fertile and attractive. And who’s being cheated anyway? Only the process of natural selection, and frankly, natural selection is getting its ass handed to it six ways to Sunday already by contraception, abortion, fertility treatments, welfare and countless other products of civilization. In addition, as people we don’t care about natural selection as much as we care about our own human happiness, so this conflict is a no-brainer. Let women make themselves look as attractive as possible, and let men learn to behave as attractively as possible. The more attractive the people in our environment get, the more enjoyable our environment will become.

If there is to be sexual competition, let it be of a kind that isn’t as wasteful, painful and damaging as the work-money-power chain many people are currently bound by in their efforts to compete. Let people increase their attractiveness in the easiest, least damaging ways we can find.

Much of what people do in the little time that’s left outside work is already geared towards reproductive interests. People work out at gyms, spend hours applying make-up and dressing in carefully selected costumes, take up hobbies and practice skills to impress others, and congregate in various kinds of meat markets to show off their assets and look for potential partners. If we do anything that doesn’t increase our reproductive potential, isn’t done in the mistaken belief that it will increase our reproductive potential, or isn’t the direct result of an instinct designed to facilitate reproduction, it’s usually some low-energy pastime we only choose because we’re too tired from doing all the other stuff to do anything but relax. We watch TV, play video games, screw around on the internet… bide our time until the requirements of our deluded reproduction-chasing strategies come to press on us again.

Why are so many of us so deluded in our attempts to follow our reproductive instincts? As with the businesses that keep making sure never to solve your problems, the answer lies with people who want to make you work hard for them in order to maximize their financial profits. Money, that’s the answer. Advertising and pop culture tell you that you must always be making more money that will bring you social status, and that you can then spend on more things which will bring you more social status, which, they would have you believe, is your best and only gateway to satisfying your reproductive instincts.

This message works quite naturally on men, who are already predisposed by their nature to chasing social status. It didn’t use to work that well on women, though, and this did not please the profiteers who were not content with profiting from the labor of only half the population. They needed to get women working hard for social status as well, and throughout the last hundred years or so, they have employed a strategy which has proven very effective.

In the early 20th century, some of the richest corporate tycoons of the day, some of the richest men in the history of time up until then, men who had made their money in large part through the predatory and destructive financial practices which would cause the stock market crash of 1929 and the Great Depression, put their considerable resources to work and invented a scheme to entice women, too, into their hamster wheels.

They bankrolled the greatest effort in human history to feed women delusions that would cause great damage not only in the lives of the women who believed them, but in the lives of every man and woman in their society, delusions which would over the course of the next century lead our entire civilization to the brink of collapse. Whether they knew what would result of their actions is anyone’s guess, but this is what they did in order to make some more money:

These rich, powerful men funded a movement that claimed – prepare to laugh – to oppose the rule of powerful men and promote equality among all people. The feminist movement deluded easily fooled women into believing that they were mentally the same as men, that they should want the same things men wanted, and that whatever unhappiness they were experiencing in their lives was to be blamed on not having what men had and doing what men did, and specifically, that this blame

rested on the shoulders of the very men around them – their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons – who, the feminists claimed, had been "oppressing" women throughout all of human history and preventing them from achieving happiness.

It stretches the imagination to ponder how such a blatant collection of outright, glaring lies and logical impossibilities could have gained as firm a hold on the population as it has, but this only goes to show that with enough money and advertising, you can make people believe more or less whatever you want. Backed by the money of powerful men, the movement that claimed to oppose powerful men steadily gained power. It changed society and made women go to work for the corporate profiteers along with men. It abolished laws recognizing the differences between men and women, and created a cultural atmosphere where merely suggesting that there might be differences between men and women is immediately penalized in terms of social status.

It created new laws and cultural attitudes to advantage women over men in those areas where men were at an advantage, and left untouched those areas of law and culture which favored women over men. If feminism was ever about equality, it would not have been called "the women's movement". Equality was only their advertising slogan, the movement was in fact not about equality, but about women, like the name says. The singular goal of feminism is to get more power for women. There will never be a discussion within the movement about whether "equality" might have been reached and it might be time to tone down the power-grabbing, because the entire idea of feminism is predicated on a destructive ideology of conflict. This ideology is based on the idea of "oppression" which must be "fought", and it is the nature of a battle that it is not finished until one side has all the power and the other side has been defeated.

Feminists still today believe that their unhappiness is caused by men who "oppress" them and "make" them unhappy, which is deluded for one obvious reason which you'll recall from here, and also for a completely different yet equally true reason which you'll recall from here. In addition, they believe that what they need to do in order to achieve happiness is to take power away from men in order to wield it themselves. That's a compound delusion incorporating several delusions, the first one being that they can achieve happiness through acquisition, the second one being that what works for men should also work for women, and the third one being that achieving power even "works" for men.

By convincing themselves that they're in a "battle" and are "being hurt" by an "enemy" which must be "fought", feminists can make themselves perpetually angry, which further decreases their likelihood of moving toward their ultimate goal of happiness. It's very hard to be angry and happy at the same time.

The feminist movement is doomed forever to consist chiefly of angry, unhappy women, desperately greedy for power, yet never achieving the result they seek because they are going about it in a completely deluded way that does not reflect reality at all. It's difficult for a feminist to be happy, or for a happy woman to be a feminist. The two conditions repel each other because one is built on accepting the nature of reality and the other on rejecting it.

If only the damage caused by the feminist ideology were contained within the group of those people who subscribe to it, the situation would not be half as bad as it is. But alas, everything affects everything else and the damage of feminism affects all of us. The deluded laws and cultural attitudes feminists have managed to put in place continue to abuse and confuse countless people who might have had the potential to live happy lives. Women work hard and fail to attract men by doing so, men try to "get in touch with their feminine side" to be more appealing to women and in doing so lose whatever attractive behavior they had to start with. Women are taught to feel terrible about any instance of being spontaneously touched by a man, and men languish in prison on "sexual harassment" charges incurred for treating their female acquaintances the same way they've always treated their male ones – which is exactly what feminists told them they should do.

Truly, the suffering created in interactions between men and women by feminist delusions is

immeasurable. But the damage doesn't stop there. The feminist laws that take from those who work, produce and uphold civilization and give to those who do nothing but complain are quickly leading our entire civilization into bankruptcy. Production is disincentivized and laziness and complaining is incentivized. What we see happening around us today is that people, of course, become less inclined to be useful members of society and more inclined to leech off the efforts of the poor suckers who still believe that working is the way to go. The appeal of crime grows among the disappointed would-be workers, animosity grows between the sexes, the safety of our environment decreases for all of us, and day by day, the world becomes a worse place to live.

If it sounds like I'm suddenly saying that we need people working hard at their careers, let me clarify: the insane amount of work that is done in our society is only needed to support the insane level of consumption, which is only needed to support the delusions discussed earlier. The society we live in is built on those delusions and would collapse without the cycle of consumption and the work required to support it. Feminist entitlement programs which make work less appealing are directly contributing to the collapse of our society without offering any solution to the problem they are helping create. Feminism is not the sole cause of the current decline of Western society, but it is a major factor in creating and exacerbating a problem it cannot provide a solution to, while refusing to admit that it is even creating or contributing to any problem at all.

A woman who realizes the truth about her pursuit of social status and reduces her workload to the level necessary for survival, and a man who learns "game" and does the same, are reducing their consumption in proportion to the reduction in their production output, and are therefore not contributing to violent societal collapse but only to a controlled scaling down of the cycle of consumption. The process in inherently balanced. Even if every man and woman did this, we would be more or less fine. But, a system which punishes those who produce and rewards those who don't is not balanced. In such a system, being a producer is always a raw deal and quite soon, production in such a system will decrease below the level necessary to uphold the system, and the system will collapse. This is the kind of system that feminism has made of our formerly prosperous society, and we are currently witnessing its gradually accelerating collapse, and this is very, very bad for all of us.

What, then, is the answer?

What of our society should we endeavor to save, and how?

Once we realize that we don't need the consumption cycle for anything, not for happiness, not in order to be attractive, we are ready to let go of the sick, deluded form of social organization that is needed to support it. Once we realize that we cannot condone unbalanced entitlement programs which disincentivize and eventually kill off the very production they depend on, the need for a better system of providing the necessities of life for those who cannot provide for themselves becomes apparent.

Does this sound like a difficult set of problems to solve?

Well, we don't have to – it's already been solved for us. The solution has been available for close to forty years now, and it's high time for all of us to learn it…

The Majority Of All Human Labor Goes To Waste

*You are reading "hidden truths" – This is **part 6 of 6**. - Previous Page – First Page*

Everything is going to hell. You've heard that one before, right?

Unemployment is rising, the amount of people on welfare is rising, crime is rampant and babies are being eaten in the streets. Right? Maybe, maybe not, but something is definitely wrong.

We have these things called "recessions", when there are no jobs and people can't make money to buy beer and televisions. It's not because all the workplaces suddenly burned down, and it's not because there's a war going on, and it's not for any reason any regular person can comprehend. It's just "the economy", right? "The economy" is "bad". What does that even mean? Do you even have the slightest clue about what "the economy" is or how it works?

Most people don't. If they did, "the economy" would be dismantled by tomorrow.

The word "economy" is related to other words, words whose meaning we do know. When something is "economical", it's efficient and not wasteful. To "economize" something is to make it be as useful as possible for as little fuel or cost as possible, and avoid waste. Is that what "the economy" does? Makes things be efficient and useful and eliminates waste?

Well, no. Today it does the opposite of that, and to understand why that is, we need to go back thousands of years, back to before "the economy" was born…

The explanation I wrote for how "the economy" came to be got almost as long as this page, so I decided to put it over here, where you can read it if you're interested, but for now, let's just skip right to the result of a long chain of events:

We eventually ended up with giant corporations publicly traded on the stock market.

Now everyone knew exactly what a company was worth: the combined price of all its shares. The more people believed a company would profit, the more the price of the company's stock (which is the same thing as its shares, by the way) rose, because people became willing to pay more for the bigger future profits they expected. When people believed that a company would do badly, the stock price fell.

Almost all of the biggest, most important companies were soon on the market for anyone to buy or sell their own little piece of. Professional investors would trade shares back and forth all day long, always trying to buy low and sell high, never much caring how any particular company conducted its business as long as projected profits were rising and the stock price was rising with them.

Profit became the only force driving a company's business practices. When companies were owned by individual people who knew something about the company's practices, the basic humanity of the owners could have a limiting effect on how ruthlessly the company exploited and abused people in its quest for profit, and people who owned big companies might have felt that squeezing a little bit of extra money out of it wasn't worth the guilty conscience of doing excessive harm to people or society. Even if company owners were completely self-interested, they might still have eschewed ruthless practices to safeguard their reputation as decent people.

When companies became part-owned by countless investors who might only own a tiny piece of a company for a short moment of time while simultaneously owning countless other tiny pieces of countless other companies, the only thing these investors would look at was the stock price for each company and whether it was rising like they needed it to. The people who were responsible for the day-to-day running of the company, CEO's and other company bosses, got a very clear and unanimous message from the shareholders: make the stock price rise, this is the only priority, no one cares about anything else. Those bosses who did whatever it took to fulfill that prime directive found their careers soaring, and their salaries right along with them. Those bosses who had too

much humanity in them to chase profit at all costs were either fired or found their companies losing business to competing companies that could sell cheaper products because children in Thailand didn't demand very much pay for manufacturing them.

Today, these single-mindedly profit-driven companies dominate our world. They produce regular reports of how much money they've managed to acquire, and analysts add up all the figures for the different companies and make a big graph and talk about it.

This is "the economy". Does it sound like something you want to support? Do you feel like cheering when you hear a politician proclaim that the economy is strong?

It gets worse.

Just like life forms that out-survived and out-reproduced others have filled the planet, those companies that out-competed others have filled our world to a degree where today it's near impossible for a company that cares about people's well-being to succeed. A few exceptions here and there may be possible under highly unusual circumstances (such as a company holding a patent which gives them a lead competitors can't close even with single-minded dedication to that cause), but by and large, we are completely surrounded by profit-generating machines which do not give a damn whether we live or die or languish in prison – unless the prison is run by their company, in which case they want us in prison so they can grow their business. Many prisons are in fact run by private companies, and those companies are doing whatever they can to get more people, any people, guilty or innocent, incarcerated.

And there's plenty they can do.

You see, there's not much in this world that cannot be bought with a big enough pile of money. And corporations have lots of money. They can even buy the law.

Why do you think people become politicians? Could it be because they want power and social status? Could it be because they want to help make the world a better place?

Maybe either reason could be a possibility.

Which ones make it to the highest levels of government, though? The ones who care about people and want to create a better world, or the ones who leave all empathy and scruples behind and pursue power and only power with a single-mindedness that allows for no other considerations?

To ask the question is to answer it.

But people vote for politicians, right? Don't people choose the politicians who make the best policies? Well, no. It's been proven time and again that most voters don't know very much at all about the person they vote for, or any of the other candidates for that matter. All they know is what they saw in the candidate's campaign ads, and that's what they're voting for: an advertisement.

What kind of candidate makes the most appealing ad? The kind who promises only things that can be delivered and recognizes that there is always going to be some harm with the good, or the kind that promises the moon and the stars completely free with a complementary serving of feel-good patriotism or baby-kissing, whichever suits the voter's taste? Most people vote with their emotions, most people don't know if their candidate is the kind of person who makes promises and doesn't keep them, and a democracy means that the person who gets the job is the person whom most people want. Consider all these things and then try to guess how many of our lawmakers would decline a huge sum of money offered in exchange for changing some law to better suit corporate profit-chasing at the expense of general human well-being. Did you guess more than a few? If so, I'm afraid you're an optimist.

Our laws, our culture, our schools, our streets, even our homes and the ways we interact with out families are under corporate influence. We invented corporations to serve us and now we serve them. Of all our creations, it wasn't our technical inventions, computers or robots, that rose to enslave us, like in so many popular sci-fi films – it was our social inventions: the market system and

the delusions it paid to have planted in our heads.

The market is now reaching a stage where it doesn't need us anymore. Labor can be automated and human workers laid off, to increase profits of course. Unlimited amounts of unnecessary consumption can be created through advertising that makes us believe we need lots and lots of stuff in order to be happy.

The only trouble for the market is that when we don't have jobs, we don't make money, and when we don't make money, we can't buy stuff. When we can't buy stuff, we are not profitable customers for our companies and their stock prices drop. When this happens, we get what's called a "recession" – "the economy" turns "bad", and people complain and lament and wonder if it isn't going to turn good again soon, if they ask really nicely. Is it?

The thing about the stock market, compared to the food market, is that shares do not have a real, tangible value. Food will always fill your stomach and you always need it, and it is therefore inherently valuable. Shares, however, might be worth nothing tomorrow if your ship sinks. The value of shares on the stock market is therefore entirely dependent on people's beliefs about the future of a company. They have zero intrinsic value.

Due to this, the stock market is subject to drastic ups and downs unlike anything seen in the markets for physical goods. All that is needed for the stock market to crash is for enough people to stop believing that the companies being traded on the market will make a profit. Yet, people invest massively in stock. Many have lost their life savings in the stock market, and many have made fortunes from almost nothing.

When a recession "hits" – that is, when the companies have managed to lay off so many workers that the purchasing power of the population starts to decrease – the stock market reacts violently. Lots of investors lose faith in lots of companies at the same time, and the market crashes. Suddenly, companies that one day were worth a lot are worth nothing the next day. Companies fail, go bankrupt, when they don't have enough customers to make a profit and they don't have enough new investment coming in to cover their business losses. Then, they sell their equipment, default on their debts and cause the companies that they owe to fail as well. Or, if they pay politicians enough, the politicians might agree to go on TV and say that the company is "too big to fail" and give it huge sums of government money – tax money – your money.

Eventually, investors will see which companies are still standing and start investing in those companies again, and the stock market will start to "recover", and companies will get investment money and again be able to grow and hire new employees who can then earn a paycheck and go out and buy stuff so the companies can increase their profits and report growth in sales and "experts" can go on TV and talk about how "the economy" is growing again, and everyone can go about their lives until the next time somebody invents a new labor-saving device that lets companies automate production some more and lay off lots of workers…

…

…

But wait… what the hell is this?

When the economy is "strong", corporations hurt us by abusing their workers and deluding their customers and making sure to keep charging for never really fixing any problems, and when the economy is "weak", corporations hurt us by not abusing us as workers but instead making sure we can't get access to the necessities of life because everything that's produced is owned by a big corporation that charges money for it, and you can't get anything from nature for free because anything that was ever free has been grabbed up by corporations to be converted into profit, and you can't even work for food because corporations aren't hiring and you can't start your own business because you can't compete with corporations…

Doesn't it seem like there's no way to win here? Sure, a few people can be stock traders and

investors and shareholders and make loads of money, but for everyone else it's a pretty raw deal… and from what I hear, being a stock trader is a terribly stressful job and people kill themselves all the time because of it.

Isn't there a better way for the world to be than this?

Yes, there is. And the best part is, it doesn't even require magic or future technology. We could make it happen right now if we just went and did it together.

Decades ago, a man named Jacque Fresco started talking about something he called a "resource-based economy".

Here's the main idea of a resource-based economy: instead of the Earth's natural resources being divided into pieces privately owned by competing corporations according to whose great-grandfather managed to chase everyone else away from a particular resource with his shotgun, which is how it is now, we should view them as the common heritage of all people and use them in a way that would provide what we need and want without destroying each other and the planet in the process.

We could get rid of money and debt, and basically just get everything for free or for a small fraction of the work we do today. Many people are so used to things "having to be" the way they are that they have trouble believing this.

Is it possible to provide relaxed, abundant, and even luxurious lifestyles for everyone on Earth without consuming more resources than the Earth can produce? The equations say yes.

Hard to believe? If there's so much wealth on our planet, why are nearly a billion people starving? It's not that there isn't food – it's only that those people don't have money to buy food. If we could all live in abundance, why do most of us have to work every day? It's not because that much work is necessary – it's just because most of our effort is wasted.

What kind of waste could be eliminated in a resource-based economy?

- Planned obsolescence, that's a big one. Planned obsolescence is when companies design consumer products to break down after the warranty expires so you'll have to buy a new one. Industrial products are made to last as long as possible, because companies use them and stuff breaking down is bad for profits. If everything produced was "industrial strength", huge amounts of wasted resources and energy could be saved.
- Today, everyone needs to own one of everything because you can't just go and use other people's property when you happen to need a specific item. In a resource-based economy, specialty items like video cameras or downhill skis could be borrowed from library-like facilities for free and returned when you're done with them. Just think about how many items you own that you use less than once a week. Almost all of those would not have had to be produced in a resource-based economy.
- Crime is rampant because people need or want stuff and can't buy it. With all material goods being accessible for free, crime would go way, way down and much of today's law enforcement work would become unnecessary.
- Many items are produced with faulty designs simply because the better design is patented by someone else. In a resource-based economy, everything could be produced in the best way that anyone anywhere has ever invented.
- Today, countless variations of the same product are produced to compete with each other in the marketplace. Instead, just a couple of the best designs could be produced in bigger lots, which would reduce production costs (where by "costs", I mean resources, not money).
- Cities could be planned centrally, with useful (and free) public transportation systems, so no one would need to own a gas-burning car. High-tech private transportation vehicles (think "sci-fi movie cars") could be borrowed from the library if you needed to go outside the subway network's reach.

- Almost everything could be automated. Of the various jobs we work today, machines could do 75% with just the technology that's already been developed, and that number is rising every day. Construction, manufacturing, trains, coffee shops, and countless other things could function without a single human employee. Did you catch yourself thinking "then who would make sure you don't take coffee without paying for it?" That's the next thing…
- All the money-guarding, money-handling and money-acquisition jobs would simply disappear. Cashiers, bankers, stock traders, insurance brokers, safe and bank vault manufacturers, armored transport personnel, sales personnel, advertisers, marketers, people who put up advertising at bus stops, etc… say bye-bye to your daily grind!
- There would be no more need for countries, politics, border controls or the unbelievable amount of military spending that today literally blows up huge amounts of our work and resources.

It all sounds pretty good, right? All the stuff you need, all the stuff you could even want, produced by computerized robotic factories, free to consume or use! To many people it just sounds way too good to be true, but it's been researched and the math has been done and the fact is that this is all completely doable, just with what we already have today.

All we need to do is spread this information to everyone else, and we can make it happen.

Who would oppose a resource-based economy? Deluded stockbrokers who think they need to have more money than everyone else to be happy? There are plenty of people who believe in the importance of getting money and the social status that comes with it so strongly that they would oppose a resource-based economy due to their fear of letting go of their money. It's on us to educate them and help them get rid of those delusions.

Note: I'm getting a fair amount of email complaining that a resource-based economy would be too vulnerable to corruption by sociopaths or power elites. This complaint is mistaken, and if you want to find out how a resource-based economy could be constructed to be much more resistant to corruption than any past or current form of government, you will need to read Fresco's original work. This article is only meant to illustrate that just as most of our suffering is unnecessary, so too is most of our work – if I put in all the details about everything it would be 500 pages long.

As you reach the end of this crash course, you've realized that all of its parts tie together, and the earlier ones explain and make possible the later ones, and this is how it has to be. The nature of the world is such that everything affects everything else. If you just go up to people and tell them to give up their money without first making them understand why the money isn't necessary for their happiness, you will meet with resistance and won't have the kind of success you'd hoped for. It's the nature of the world that everything affects everything else.

When we make every problem a knowledge problem, we can solve our problems through learning and we can solve other people's problems, as well as the problems we are having with those people, through spreading our knowledge to others, which is what I hope you'll do with the knowledge you've gained here. Spreading knowledge costs nothing but its rewards are immense.

If you did find the information here valuable, know that it is only the tip of the iceberg. There is so much delusion damage in our lives, and it comes in such varied kinds, that none of us will ever be able to eliminate it completely. There is always room for improvement, as is the case with all of life's most valuable skills. The skill of recognizing when we're making mistakes is perhaps the most valuable one we can have. Developing that skill and seeking out the missing information we need that's already out there somewhere is a lifelong journey, and it doesn't have a final destination. Every step you take on this path immediately brings a corresponding improvement to your life.

The Model Home

Posted on January 31, 2011 by Delusion Damage

Why start a website that's a little bit about many things but doesn't really seem to be very much about any one thing? Why not concentrate on one topic, for example self-esteem or human nature or gender relations or socioeconomic change?

There are already plenty of people, groups, websites and organizations focusing on each of those issues, and they all face much the same challenges.

To help you visualize what's going on and how it all fits together, imagine your life, or the lives of all people in society, as a house. Building a new life, here, is like building a new house. Every area of life that needs to be fixed or built is a different part of the house: a room, a piece of roof, etc.

When you're communicating with other people about how we should live our lives in order to make them the best they can be, you're not showing them your actual house – your life that you've built over time, maybe from plans that weren't always very good, in its somewhat flawed, lived-in state. It's more like you're showing them a model home – a representative house built and shown as an example for people to build similar homes. In case you're just talking about one major issue in life, you're just showing them a model room like you'd find in a furniture store. In case of a small issue, it might just be a kitchen sink or a computer desk.

With the model home in mind, these are some of the major challenges any single-cause information-spreading outfit faces:

1. **Effort is wasted in fighting a symptom rather than going to the root of the problem.** I've known people to dedicate most of their time every day to campaigning against inadequately tested vaccines, for example. These people recognize the immediate connection to the next link in the causal chain – that pharmaceutical companies push possibly dangerous vaccines onto the market as fast as they can in order to maximize profits – but they usually don't follow the chain any further than that. The dangerous vaccine is a symptom of corporate profiteering, which is a symptom of the flawed market system and of people chasing social status through wealth. That's a symptom of the common deluded belief that

social status will make you happy. Directing their efforts at the tip of a single flame instead of the root of the fire, they might manage to achieve some slight improvement, but it will be vastly less significant than if they'd gone to the root of the problem and eliminated not only the particular symptom they're concerned about but a whole lot of others in one fell swoop. To fight a symptom is like equipping your model home with a completely waterproof floor and waterproofing all the furniture because the roof is leaking. Yeah, you fixed a little problem, but it still sucks to live there and now your couch is really uncomfortable. You could have just fixed the roof and it would have been a better solution.

2. **Ignorance and delusion are easier to deal with than is conflict.** The root of the vaccine problem, for example, is really a knowledge problem which can be solved by simply telling people the truth and guiding them to discover its effects in their own lives. But, if you only look at the symptom, it's not a knowledge problem – it's a conflict between "greedy, evil" corporations and their "victims". It starts to look like a battle that must be fought, and you get people starting to think in terms of destructive solutions. People bring unnecessary anger into their lives by getting upset about the "wrongs" that are being "done to" them. Even violence could erupt. By fighting a symptom you are choosing to do just that – engage in a fight. And that's completely unnecessary. With the model home, this is like getting angry at the rain that comes in through the leaking roof and trying to fight the sky to make it stop raining. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? These people might do well to accept that clouds are going to rain as surely as corporations are going to exploit, and just go fix the roof already.
3. **To be divided is to be conquered.** The people who take to heart any rational "good" cause are all rational people who want to volunteer their own energy to improve the world. By limiting themselves to working in just one small area and refusing to realize the common ground they share with all other "good causes", they are vastly reducing the efficiency of their work. When their message reaches a person, the message concerns only a small part of that person's life and the improvement it can cause is proportionally small. Often small enough for people to just ignore the message altogether… Would you take time out of your day to go see a model home that's really just a computer desk in the middle of a construction site? Even if that computer desk is really good, you're going to feel like it's not worth the effort to go see it.
4. **People are not motivated to react without significant rewards.** Not very many of us can be bothered to care all that much about whether the vaccines we get could maybe cause health problems in a tiny fraction of us. We might be inclined to just dismiss the message out of hand. The more useful and valuable information can be packaged in a single message that reaches us, the more likely we are to recognize it as being worth our time. Imagine that you do end up looking at a computer desk in the middle of a construction site. That's a nice desk but, well, it's just not enough to get excited about.
5. **Hardwired resistance can be flanked and broken through.** When a message is valuable, many people should recognize its value. There will always be some who don't. Some people will have such strong beliefs about a certain topic that they are just blind to any contrary messages. If lots of valuable messages are bundled in one bite-sized serving, any single person is more likely to recognize at least some of them as valuable, and much less likely to have strong opposing beliefs about all of them. In a case where a person is used to resisting one message in the bundle but recognizes the value of others, he might be more inclined to give the resisted one a chance too since the rest of it makes sense. With the model home metaphor, let's say you hate stairs and you would never live in a house with stairs, ever, and that's final! Let's say you're old and climbing a flight of stairs takes you ten minutes or something. You would never look at a model staircase in a store by itself, but in the appropriate context of a model home which meets all your needs admirably, you might concede that stairs can be useful – you could climb to the roof to practice your golf swing, which you only do once a week anyway, and which you'd otherwise have to drive half an hour to the country club to do.

6. **Details matter less.** Sometimes people will oppose a message just because they don't like some trivial detail that isn't even important to the message itself. For example, I've heard people voicing opposition to the idea of a resource-based economy because they didn't like the spaceships-in-the-middle-of-parks look of the concept drawings presented to them. Personally, the green and white color scheme doesn't really appeal to me that much, nor do the rounded space-age buildings. I'm a glass-and-steel type of guy, I come from places where things have corners. But it doesn't have to look like that – that's just a diagram to explain the underlying ideas, which are of great value whether you like parks and spaceships or not. Whenever people don't like those drawings and therefore refuse to listen to the good ideas, a good cause loses support for no good reason. When we send people a bigger-picture message which includes those good ideas, and maybe even those pictures, within a framework of other good ideas, they're much less likely to reject the message because of pictures that are now only a relatively insignificant detail in a much bigger picture which they can clearly see is worth paying attention to. If you go into a furniture store and see a model room that's furnished all weird and it's your least favorite color and the doors are in strange places – you would have nothing but bad experiences with that model. If instead the exact same room is placed in the context of a complete model home which is really, really nice in all other aspects and you can now see why the door placement is actually really good considering the rest of the house, and the color even fits kind of nicely in the big picture… you might be inclined to overlook the details you didn't like or even come around to liking them. Or, as in the case of the concept drawings, you might come to learn that it doesn't always have to look like that.

"This neighborhood is too dark. I want to live someplace with daylight."

7. **Everything affects everything else.** People can get so caught up in one cause that they don't consider the harm they're doing in other areas. For example, feminists who want to criminalize everything that might be interpreted as sexual harassment in order to make women feel safe fail to weigh these considerations against the side-effects of their actions, and how they're inadvertently hurting not only the men who go to jail for no reason but also the women who are now left to age alone with their cats, wondering why men are hesitant to "make a move". Overemphasizing one problem and failing to weight costs against benefits

is one of the biggest mistakes you can make – it's like deciding to put a toilet in every corner of every room in your house, and in the middle of every room as well, and a few out in the back yard and a couple in the driveway, because one should always be close when you need it. That's a valid concern, yes, but no one likes living in a house full of toilets and now you can't drive your car into the garage. The only reason people would even come to see a model home like that is the entertainment value.

8. **It's always easier to keep an existing audience than it is to get a new one.** If you do manage to gain a person's trust or approval with your message, why throw that away? Why not use it to further build that relationship with all the valuable messages you can find to pass to that person? Trying to pass Message A to a new person who doesn't know you takes much more effort than passing messages B, C and D to a person who already appreciates you for Message A. People won't go to an empty construction site to see a computer desk, but if they enter a model home and are impressed with the first room they see, they'll become naturally curious about the other rooms without even knowing what's in them! They'll just naturally assume that they'll find more interesting things and more value by looking around.
9. **A narrow approach can't provide all the required answers.** People need to know what the result of your proposed changes is expected to look like. If you're focused on just one thing, to the exclusion of everything else, it doesn't mean anything. Nothing exists by itself out of the larger context of everything else it affects and relates to. A plan for saving the rain forest without a plan for how we're going to produce or replace or do without the things produced from the rain forest is not a plan at all – it's barely half a plan. Most people aren't willing to entertain ideas that might maybe have some sort of value if just somebody came up with a whole other bunch of ideas to tie the already existing ideas into reality.

"Yeah buddy, looks like shit. Call me when it's finished."

10. **The message should set an example.** People learn by example and if you limit yourself to one little thing, the value of your example vanishes. What would your life be like if you stopped getting vaccinated? Can you imagine? I sure can't, it would probably be pretty similar. What would your life be like if you made a deliberate habit of always being on the lookout for delusion damage you can eliminate from your thoughts, relationships and

circumstances? You can probably imagine all kinds of improvements just based on the Crash Course material. You can probably imagine that the more you learn the greater those improvements will become. What would your house look like if you stopped using lead-based paint? Probably the same, except you might die of heart disease before you could get cancer. What would your house look like if you built it from the ground up using new blueprints, new designs for everything, new materials and a new location? The model home is the example. That's the whole point of a model home – to bring the plans and designs to life through an example.

An example of the kind of example people want to see.

My model for what lives we could build for ourselves is contained in a mental image that I endeavor to convey through the medium of text on this website.

In addition, the site itself is a model homepage. The design of this site incorporates those features which I've found work well to perform the functions that I've intended the site to perform. You might even notice many of the solutions mentioned in this post built into the design features of the site. This is my model of what a website, intended to disseminate information, built on a WordPress platform with minimal modification, should look like in order to perform its intended function as well as possible. If you happen to be in charge of another website falling into that category, you might pick up something useful by studying this model, as I have, and will continue to do, from studying others. To freely share whatever improvements we invent is the way to constructive living and prosperity for all who will accept it.

Had we not been born into a time plagued by delusion, this is what we'd be doing right now.

From Farming to the Stock Market

Posted on February 4, 2011 by Delusion Damage

I originally wrote this for The Crash Course, to explain how what we call "the economy" emerged and took its present form. The explanation ended up being way too long for The Crash Course and I decided to cut it out and post it here instead.

So this is the story of the chain of events that led us from the invention of farming to the invention of the stock market. It's somewhat paraphrased and since many of the "events" I describe were actually longer processes happening simultaneously, they are not necessarily in a precise chronological order. The point of this piece is to explain what happened and why, not when and how exactly.

How we got from farming to the stock market:

Back when all humans lived on the African savanna as hunter-gatherers, there was no "economy", in its modern sense. People hunted, and gathered, and then they ate what they had hunted and gathered. They built their dwellings, if any, from materials available in the wild and never bought anything. They might have traded something sometimes, a nice-looking rock for a straight and accurate spear, that kind of thing, but mostly they produced what they consumed and no one had "a job" or "finances". People didn't even really have "property" in the modern sense. Certainly, if Johnny made a spear and Mickey broke the spear, it might have been understood that Mickey was sort of obliged to make Johnny a new spear… in a sense, he "owed" Johnny a spear, but only because he had by his actions canceled all the work Johnny had first put into making the spear.

If Johnny meanwhile needed a spear to go hunting, he could have borrowed Markie's spear and no one would have brought up words like "interest", "repayment" or "debt". If there was a useful item around and no one was using it, it was seen as the general right of anyone and everyone to utilize that item. This is how remote tribes who have not absorbed our "civilized" values still operate. It's also how friends operate, even in our society. The idea that someone is not allowed to use something no one else is using just because it is "the property of" someone else in some abstract sense did not exist for most of human history.

Then people learned to farm food and suddenly something that had never been possible before became possible, even necessary: settling down. People had always had to move around looking for food, taking with them only what they could carry on their bodies and leaving their previous homes to be destroyed by the weather and animals. They would build new temporary homes in another place where food was plentiful and move out again when food grew scarce.

With the advent of farming (and animal husbandry, which I am also referring to here when I talk about "farming" or "growing food"), food always came from the same place, and people started having to spend their entire lives living in that place. It was now possible to expend great amounts of effort building homes that would last a lifetime or more, and to fill them with possessions. A lucky farmer could grow much more food, in either plant or animal form, than he and his family needed, and it was possible to store food such as grains and live animals for a long time without it becoming inedible. Before, whatever you hunted or gathered would soon spoil if it wasn't eaten, and storing large amounts of edible wealth was not possible. Farming made possible the acquisition of longer-lasting wealth in the form of foodstuffs that would not spoil for a long time, many years in the case of animal meat attached to a still living animal.

The combination of these two new factors: the ability to produce much more than one consumed and the ability to store what was produced for a long time, made it possible for some farmers to become relatively wealthy compared to other ones. With hunter-gatherers, no one had been rich and no one had been poor, everyone had belonged to the same social class which in effect meant that there were no social classes at all. Everyone who was able to had to work to acquire food from the

environment, because no one could produce much more than they consumed or store food for much later.

With farming, enough food could be produced to feed not only those who farmed but also a whole bunch of other people who thus didn't have to farm at all. They could do something else instead, for instance make farming tools or provide sex or protective services in exchange for the farmers' surplus food. With farms, protecting the food that was grown became necessary. A plot of land had to be worked before food would grow, and many people looking for easy food would have liked to just grab some that other people had grown. The concept of property became relevant. "I worked this land, the food that grows here belongs to me. Get off my property or else."

Of course, everyone wanted to farm where the land was most arable.

Crime came into human society. Farming enabled communities in particularly arable areas to grow beyond the size of a hunter-gatherer tribe and everyone didn't know everyone else any more. Farms were harder to keep an eye on than hunted animals had been. When the time between food-producing labor and the consumption of that food used to be half a day, it could now be several months or years. Before, when the food around you was the result of the work of friends and family members, they shared it with you and you didn't take more than you needed. Now, strangers might have no qualms about grabbing all the food you grew and they had plenty of time to do it. You couldn't watch a cow every minute of every day for several years.

At this point, the advent of professional trade became inevitable. It was easier to grow more of fewer kinds of food than to grow just enough of everything. Farming was a fickle business, some of your crops might die before they could be collected and some might produce more than you'd imagined. Farmers would store their surpluses and engage in trade with each other. The more farmers you could trade with, the more options you had to choose from and the better a deal you could get for your surplus. Marketplaces appeared where farms were clustered, and other farms clustered around the marketplaces. Villages grew into towns, towns would soon grow into cities.

Someone invented a tool that made farming easier, and practiced making that tool until he was really good at it. He could now get food by selling his tools to farmers for some of their surplus food. Someone else invented a tool that made forcing other people to give up their cows easier. Those tools were brought to the marketplaces as well, and they didn't even have to be traded away. Protective services became necessary. Someone had to keep order and make sure people didn't take the cows that other people had grown. Militaries and police forces were formed in the towns.

Trade was still hampered by the fact that every single deal had to be negotiated separately: how many chickens for how much wheat, how many apples for a cow… it was a mess, and somebody came up with the labor-saving idea of converting all prices into a single currency. What that currency was varied from place to place, but it usually started out being a common foodstuff that was easy to divide and measure and that didn't spoil too fast. Fixed amounts of an agreed-upon grain, for example.

With everyone setting the price for their products in the same currency, for example barley measured by weight, trade flowed much more smoothly and the trading volume of marketplaces could grow still larger.

Trade grew and grew. Lugging around sacks of barley became too hard, currency had to be lighter and smaller. Things of greater value but smaller size such as animal skins were adopted as currency, then eventually precious metals, inherently valuable as raw materials for tools or sometimes also because people liked their shine, divided into standard-sized pieces: coins.

Towns grew and grew. People who produced marketable goods or services other than food would move into the towns to be near the markets. Bigger towns had specialized markets for different kinds of products. Such large cities appeared that a person could make a living selling something that no one would ever buy twice. Scams, frauds and pickpocketing became viable career choices.

Crime grew rampant. For the first time ever, people could walk the streets in a crowd of strangers, none of whose intentions they could even start to fathom.

By the time lending money at interest became a profession, debts had already existed for a long time between trusted partners: if Jackie knew Ronnie was a reputable merchant who would pay back what he owed to protect his reputation, he could safely be sold something on credit in return for a later repayment. If Jackie didn't know Bobby, but Ronnie did, a deal could be arranged where Jackie delivered goods to Bobby and Bobby then owed Ronnie for those goods, and Ronnie owed Jackie. "Working in finance", in its modern sense, became possible.

Ronnie would eventually have kids who would follow him into the finance business and employ others to form a reputable "financial institution": a bank.

With farming becoming more and more efficient with technological improvements, farmers became the minority while most of the population worked producing things other than food. Trading for food became the norm. In addition to financial institutions, institutions were formed for everything else as well: there would be a toolmaking company, a transport company, a whoring company, an alcoholic-drink-serving company… trade rested on reputation and extending a good reputation to bigger and bigger volumes of trade was a great way to increase profits.

The competition for social status through work, acquisition and the amassing of shiny pieces of metal was already in full force by the time what we today think of as companies or corporations were born.

A company is a legal entity separate from any actual people. The point of companies was originally that the entity would survive longer than any single person, the benefits of which we've already discussed regarding professional institutions, and that it could be part-owned by several people. Shares were invented to split ownership of a business between part-owners. The physical things necessary to conduct business were owned by the company itself, and the company was owned by shareholders, each share representing an equal part of the company. People could then own more or fewer shares to own more or less of the company.

Investing is the purchase of whole or part of a business, always with an uncertain future: if you invest in a business and the business succeeds, you own part of a successful business and can collect profit. If you can predict success reliably, you can make money as an investor. As soon as someone first came up with the idea of investing, there were plenty of business start-ups willing to take free money in exchange only for the promise to repay later if they could afford it. When a business failed, however, a problem arose which created the need for a defining feature of modern companies: limited liability.

If you bought , or invested in, a boat that transported gold for wealthy merchants, and the boat sank, you might owe more gold than you could ever hope to repay. Limited liability was invented for situations like this. It was recognized that investors could not be held liable for the failure of a business they were not involved in running and might not even have understood how to run. This is why the legal liability of investors was limited to the amount of their investment: the money you had invested in a company could be used to pay the company's debts, but no additional money could be demanded from you even if the company's debts were still not covered. Shares could now be bought without worrying about incurring debts from a failing company. This, of course, made them all the more appealing.

After people had been individually selling shares in companies to one another in private for a while, the stock market emerged, just like the food market had before it. People put a public price in a common currency on their shares and started trading enthusiastically.

What happened after that?

“Codebuster” Illuminates Deluded Mate Choices

Posted on February 6, 2011 by Delusion Damage

Identified only as”Codebuster”, the author of an excellent article called “Understanding the Dumb Choices Women Make” over at The Spearhead eloquently bridges some gaps between the S&R instincts and the subjective feelings of women who damage themselves by choosing abusive mates.

He even takes time to connect the particular problem to the bigger picture of related societal problems, which, given how much effort I regularly put into doing just that, of course warms my heart to no end.

If you’ve ever wondered why the same women seem to uncannily find one abusive man after another from the midst of countless normal nice guys, “Understanding the Dumb Choices Women Make” provides some very illuminating answers.

Understanding the Dumb Choices Women Make

by Featured Guest on February 5, 2011

By Codebuster

We need to get some facts straight regarding the way that women make choices, and that's what this article is about. Let's begin with Assanova's reference to Evolutionary Psychology:

> Women are attracted to dominant men because their instincts tell them to be. Instincts don't care whether the guy is abusive of not. Instincts only care what is best for a woman's offspring, and that is a man with power. So what if the man is abusive (or one of the other bad labels that are associated with dominant men) or not? Instincts only recognize power, regardless of what form it comes in. His clear show of dominance over women is also a show of dominance over many men, which guarantees her offspring lots of resources and the best chance of survival.

With due respect to Assanova (and in recognition of his invaluable contributions to Game theory and the workings of the female mind), this evolutionary psychology perspective that women are drawn to dominant men because it "guarantees her offspring lots of resources and the best chance of survival" is a load of EP poppycock. It sheds no light on the primal forces that motivate women. And while being provided for is an important motivator in the psychology of women, it is not primal (first cause).

The "primal forces" that motivate women relate principally to resistance to change, narcissism and fear… for example, fear of being left on the shelf, fear of not finding a provider to provide for her, fear of novelty and fear of the unknown. David DeAngelo tells us that attraction isn't a choice, and on this, we can only concur. The thing that excites women about dominant men does not relate to anything as calculated as guaranteeing offspring with lots of resources. That's nonsense. While women are attracted to power and success, they are *never* attracted to plodding providers. And you only have to look at women's dumb choices to realize that if we left it up to them, the next generation would be swinging from tree to tree. What *excites* women about dominant men has less to do with the banal priorities of being provided for than it does with the simple exhilaration of narcissism, novelty and danger. Being provided for *is* extremely important to women, it is even a priority, but it is not primal. It does not account for when women throw caution to the wind. It does not explain why women's menageries of mediocrity typically include thugs, slobs and losers.

In the longer term, dull, safe, beta providers do feature prominently in women's more calculated choices. But when it comes to primal sex, it is the thrill of the forbidden, with all its attendant risks, that explains women's more impulsive choices, from sports jocks, psychopaths and serial killers, to thugs, rapists and violent criminals

It would appear that Otto Weininger was on the right track when he suggested a relationship between criminality and prostitution (which today, arguably, manifests as raunch culture).

The role of self-esteem

Remember the so-called bell-curve distribution for men and women? Women tend to bunch towards the middle of the bell-curve. They don't like extremes, and prefer conformity and middle-of-the-road to excelling and drawing attention to oneself. Men, by contrast, populate a flatter bell-curve, with larger proportions of men gathering in the tails of the distribution, from the extremely stupid to the extremely smart. The upshot of all of this is that when hypergamous women, typically clustered towards the middle of the bell-curve, select for the best among men at the upper tail of the bell-curve, an unavoidable crisis of confidence emerges. How can someone "average" perceive herself as an equal with someone who excels and stands out from the crowd? At a deeply visceral level,

average will always feel itself to be something less than superior. The only tangible thing that a woman has to offer – her "looks" as defined by her biology – can only ever be perceived as something less than the smarts that she so admires in men at the higher levels of the pecking order and the far right tail of the bell-curve. There is no circumventing this cruel fate that awaits women. No amount of affirmative action can remedy this.

It therefore makes sense that while hypergamous women seek out superior men, they really do feel more comfortable with average men who, like they, are clustered around the middle of the bell-curve. There is an obvious conflict here, the basis for a cognitive dissonance that makes it difficult for women to reconcile their hypergamous impulses with their inherent inferiority complex. In this context, we are better placed to explore the breadth of women's choices, from the ridiculous to the extreme.

Let's take a closer look at the sorts of dynamics that account for men's and women's distribution curves.

The gender that provides and protects is constantly exposed to risk and danger. Men are constantly putting their lives on the line, in one form or another. Men are constantly testing their assumptions, constantly developing their strategies and their identities. At the cutting edge of cultural evolution, men's survival depends on logic and rationality.

The gender that is provided for and protected, by contrast, is constantly shielded from risk and danger. Women have assumptions passed on to them from their mothers and their peer groups. As creatures of conformity, they rarely have their assumptions tested. Women prefer to assume and conform than to test or compete. Women subscribe to the laws of relational aggression, where popularity represents the height of personal achievement. Popularity and not logic or rationality provides the basis for personal "esteem".

It is therefore inevitable that the gender that provides and protects will define itself from a perspective of positive self-esteem, while the best that the protected, provided-for gender can hope to achieve is the less resilient self-esteem grounded in popularity. And when you base your sense of worth on the opinions of others, well, that's hardly empowering, is it? It is impossible to establish a robust sense of self-esteem when narcissism is your passion and popularity provides the foundation on which it is built.

But wait! Have women not achieved parity with men in the workplace, thus demonstrating that women are every bit as reliable as men, every bit as capable of providing-for as men? Not at all. But have women not also earned the right to "respect" for their ability to achieve? Absolutely not.

Women's "parity" with men could not have occurred without affirmative action. Affirmative action is the essential ingredient that enables the masquerading of women's supposed "equality" with men. But the reality of the dynamics of men's and women's positive and negative self-esteem always plays out in the fresh air of the sexual marketplace.

Thus respect and competition are crucial to a man's identity, while belonging and agreeability are crucial to a woman's. And it is at this juncture that properly deployed Game provides its greatest impact. A man with neither self-respect nor Game will never be attractive to women. If a man cannot project confidence, he may still find utility as a provider, or maybe even an arbitrary hook-up with a drunk or a slut who fails to detect his ruse, but he will never make a woman feel sexy (the way that sexual dynamics work is, in a nutshell, men desire, women are desired, and the idea of men as being "sexy" is a feminist-inspired absurdity).

We are right to have our reservations with mainstream interpretations of Game. However, insofar as Game has a place in dating strategy, implicit in the effective deployment of Game is the essential assumption that the woman's frame of reference is always in submission to the man. Busting on a woman, teasing her, not taking anything she says seriously – all in a good-natured, humorous way, of course – cannot be done without this assumption. And confidence is how you pull it off.

Confidence lies at the heart of what makes a man interesting. You cannot "pretend" confidence.

It is the confidence/submission duality that provides the basis for Game.

Women's low self-esteem and the auto-spook response

Getting back to David DeAngelo's view that for women, attraction isn't a choice. Given that a man cannot pretend confidence and a woman cannot pretend desire (we're not talking about faking orgasms), then this inherently places female eroticism in a position of submission to the male. It cannot be any other way. The sex that is protected and provided for can never embrace empowerment as can the sex that protects and provides. This is much more than a matter of degree. It represents a paradigmatic shift in perspective that, especially for women, can never be traversed.

In terms of what motivates female desire towards men, it is respect for the formidable. Women are drawn to formidable men. At a primal level, they are drawn to men that they can respect and look up to. And so while women often find beta providers useful, supplicating betas are not the types of men that women really notice. "Formidable" covers a broad spectrum of male stereotypes, from successful and charismatic to brooding and mysterious, from cocky sports jock to violent thug. Supplicating betas and omegas are excluded from this spectrum.

Women's more fragile self-esteem has important consequences. At the gut level of attraction is also fear. Hypergamous women in search of the alpha stud will work themselves into a lather of anticipation. Should a woman encounter the man of her dreams, her first impulse is to spook. Seemingly, she will often go out of her way to jeopardize everything that she had ever dreamt of. She will clam up and play hard-to-get. *It is important to realize that this is less a strategy than it is an emotional response to emotionally draining anticipation*. Nincompoops like the authors of "The Rules" might strategize deception and evasiveness for the typical Oprah Winfrey audience, but at a more visceral level, playing hard-to-get should never be interpreted as a strategy. Irrespective of whether it is implemented as a strategy, being spooked is just what women do.

Remember that just as DeAngelo assures us that attraction isn't a choice, so too, a woman's angst of anticipation isn't a choice. The lower self-esteem implicit in female sexuality places her knight-in-shining armour (KISA) upon a pedestal to reliably thwart any chance of her dream-beau being realized – that is, if it was left entirely to her. Unless her KISA has Game and can harness her auto-spook response (busting on her, cocky-and-funny), she will lose him. An important part of Game is to disarm a woman's auto-spook response, to make her feel comfortable, relaxed and at peace with the world.

As I've mentioned, women are drawn to formidable men. Just because a KISA might fail the initial introductory phase of an approach does not necessarily mean that he's mucked up his Game. It is just as likely that she has mucked up her auto-spook response by over-reacting and heading for the hills.

Arrogance is hot. Supplicating arrogance is not. The very thing that women find attractive in men is the very thing that militates against the realization of their dream KISA. Supplication and arrogance represent a contradiction in terms and it is for this reason that a man needs to implement some version of Game in order to harness most women's auto-spook responses. Western women need to be babied, and this has to be done whilst retaining the mystery that embodies masculine respectability. It goes without saying that this is inherently not an easy task. In the absence of proper training, it is not easy being a KISA, managing that fine line between self-respect and supplication.

In the end, of course, most western women never obtain their dream KISA, and they finish up making compromises. Their rationalization hamster will reassure them that it's not their fault, but that of their KISA. They will conclude either that he is not interested in them, or that he has failed their shit-tests by failing to be persistent enough. They are thus just as likely to rationalize that all men are insensitive, unfeeling brutes. It never occurs to them that perhaps they should learn to tame

their rationalization hamster, that they should ignore The Rules and the proliferation of self-styled guruettes advising women how to snare their beau. Typically, they lower their sites, often settling for the first slob that lunges a second grope, and then calling it love.

After years of having their dream of a KISA dashed upon the rocks in the swirling surf below, western women learn to not expect much of men (beyond the superficial characteristics that supposedly identify alphas). KISAs become gay, betas become providers, omegas become manginas, provided-for women get bored, divorced women become cougars, chumps become husbands and slobs get lucky. The system auto-corrects to the wonderful solution to which we bear witness today. Our zeitgeist becomes a vast sea of arbitrariness where we can expect to see our future generations swinging from tree to tree in Bonobo nirvana. The cultural system develops an auto-immune response that attacks things like honor and virtue, establishing cultural destiny as a cesspool of mediocrity.

The power of projection

The differences in the ways in which men and women think call for a very different strategy in interpreting and understanding our opposite sex. We should never take women's logic literally. We should learn to read between the lines. For example if a woman tells you that she does not like something, do not always assume that she does not like that thing. You've got to read between the lines to understand why she notices that thing, what it is about that thing that relates to her experience of it, and so on. In other words, what is the context behind her dislike? Oftentimes shock and disgust over some thing (such as is typical in women's emotive reactions to rape) betray a fascination with that thing that is reflected in their fantasies, the choices that they make, or some other inadvertent manifestation of their innermost impulses. For example, shock and disgust with rape stories can actually project a fascination with rape and an inclination to fantasize about rape.

And when feminists accuse men of taking advantage of their positions of authority to oppress others, they are projecting. They are telling us what *they* would be doing if they were put in the same positions of authority.

And when feminists complain that it's not fair that only men occupy the most powerful positions of authority, they are projecting. They are telling us that men in power are the only ones that matter. Those men at the lowest ranks working as janitors, labourers and factory hands, don't matter. They're invisible. They don't count.

Let's illustrate the importance of projection with some more arbitrary examples. Consider the following quotations that I had taken from A Voice for Men:

Robin Morgan – former president of the National Organization for Women (NOW) and editor of MS magazine:

I feel that 'man-hating' is an honorable and viable political act, that the oppressed have a right to class-hatred against the class that is oppressing them.

Former Congresswoman Barbara Jordan:

I believe that women have a capacity for understanding and compassion which man structurally does not have, does not have it because he cannot have it. He's just incapable of it.

Catherine MacKinnon:

All sex, even consensual sex between a married couple, is an act of violence perpetrated against a woman.

Marilyn French; The Woman's Room:

> My feelings about men are the result of my experience. I have little sympathy for them. Like a Jew just released from Dachau, I watch the handsome young Nazi soldier fall writhing to the ground with a bullet in his stomach and I look briefly and walk on. I don't even need to shrug. I simply don't care. What he was, as a person, I mean, what his shames and yearnings were, simply don't matter.

Each of these women is projecting. Compare what they are saying, with your own experiences.

Robin Morgan is telling us that she is a vindictive, hate-filled person. By contrast, I have met men who are capable of taking on an opponent respectfully, impartially and in the spirit of competition, without vindictiveness or hatred.

Barbara Jordan is telling us what she notices and values in men. Cold, arrogant and unfeeling is hot, baby. By contrast, I have met many men who are caring and compassionate.

Catherine MacKinnon is letting her rape fantasies get ahead of her. ëNuff said. On the odd occasion, she even borders on graphic:

> I think that sexual desire in women, at least in this culture, is socially constructed as that by which we come to want our own self-annihilation. That is, our subordination is eroticized in and as female; in fact, we get off on it to a degree, if nowhere near as much as men do. This is our stake in this system that is not in our interest, our stake in this system that is killing us.

Mmmm… sounds like the basis for a yummy rape fantasy.

And, saving the best to last, what is it that gets Marilyn French's panties all hot and wet? Well, nothing less than a "handsome young nazi soldier". What is Marilyn French *really* telling us about her true values and what she expects of men? "My feelings about men are the result of my experience." Indeed. Here she is admitting to the very choices that she has made in men, and her inadvertent candour provides a welcome change.

Of course the reality is that whenever we open our mouths, irrespective of whether we are men or women, we project something of what we value, what we notice. But there's a key difference between men and women as to what can be inferred from the projection. Men focus on the "external" (career, hobbies, interests), while women focus on the "internal" (me, me, me, I, me, I want, I need, I hurt). Projection of a passion for motor sports is thus not quite as insightful as the projection of spiteful contempt.

More on women's dumb choices

The subject of women's dumb choices is a deeply complex one. Questions of double standards abound, not to mention the question of how intelligence is measured. Roissy's takes on the Duke Rejection List and the preference of many women for jerks are compelling, well written and entertaining, and they do indeed resonate with a fundamental truth about women's dumb choices. Roissy's gifted contributions continue to provide us with powerful insights.

But then as a guru of the seduction community, Roissy holds Game in undeserved high esteem, in the implicit assumption that there exists some kind of standard, tending to objectivity, for assessing womanly worth. Thus, according to this golden standard, the 9s and 10s that have been anointed by alphas are the real deal and their alpha choices, in turn, validate alpha reality. But we should be clear that, within the broader context of Game, Roissy writes from the perspective of the cultural ecosystem that *he* inhabits. Within the ecosystem comprising nightclubs, singles and the seduction community, properly deployed Game can work quite well, if you accept their definitions of alpha dominance, female hypergamy and female attractiveness. But the more brutal truth is that women do not always choose alphas. Women do not always go for "the pick of the bunch". Insofar as one

might be tempted to regard frat-boys and jerks as somehow occupying the top of "the" pecking-order, there are other pecking orders, other bunches that do not work well with Roissyesque Game theory. Women choose for a complex of reasons that include security, circles of acquaintances, peer pressure, parental pressure, dumb luck, and so on. Game does not always work. Sometimes it can work against you, if a woman perceives you as a player and she prioritizes security. The bottom line is that Game theory's ranking system itself does not provide a reliable estimator of womanly smarts. Indeed, Roissyesque Game theory works *because* it is based on the implicit presumption that women are less intelligent than men, and, by inference, that their choices are vulnerable to easy manipulation. There are some men for whom this kind of shallow, cosmetically-masked, narcissistic woman, regardless of her perceived standing as a 9 or a 10, is simply not all that appealing.

Ultimately, neither men nor women have a clue about their opposite sex. This ignorance works mostly against women. How often do "liberated" women feign the licking of lips in their expression of faux-lust for the hot, grease-covered mechanic, or the bare-chested, hose-carrying fireman? Give me a break. These images don't interest women. Their faux-lusting for bare-chested "hunks" just makes women look stupid and deluded. Women don't have a clue either about men or their own sexuality. The ignorance of women is positively dangerous.

In the spirit of the Duke Rejection List, consider the 2009 Cronulla Sharks scandal (transcript here) where a team of Australian Rugby League players participated in group sex with a 19-year-old university student ("Clare" – not her real name) while on a tour in New Zealand. As it turns out, she was naÔve and misguided at the time and apparently, did not fit the profile that we would normally expect of a gang-banger. During the Four Corners interview, Detective Sgt Neville Jenkins of the Christchurch Police said that "she was a nice girl. She was young, um naÔve, not worldly, just a growing up teenager."

From the Four Corners transcript, it would appear that the Cronulla Sharks team members thought their gang-bang in a Christchurch hotel in New Zealand was all great fun and a terrific joke, a boisterous bonding experience replete with banter, hilarity and wholesome groping and masturbation lavished upon a willing participant. By inference, if we read between the lines, it would seem that "Clare" presumably complied in silent confusion, stunned into passive compliance and not comprehending the reality of what was taking place. Hilarious. Whatever she was hoping to experience as fawning attention from a couple of manly men quickly degenerated into something that had more in common with Sharks in a feeding frenzy on a lone, mutilated carcass bobbing up and down with the waves in a vast blue sea.

The impression one gets is of a misguided social outcast who has failed to connect with her peer groups, seeking male attention and romance in all the wrong places. In this, the story appears to have its parallels with The Atlantic article on the Karen Owen story, including Roissy's aforementioned interpretation and TuckerMax's more compassionate interpretation. The common theme that we all appear to agree on is that there is less female empowerment taking place than misguided, impressionable ignorance culminating in considerable psychic harm. Even clinically cool Roissy gets it that, deep down inside, even the raunchiest slut is not a soulless automaton defined by hormonal impulses:

> …even the raunchiest cockgobblers have a heart inside that beats for a man to love and cherish them above all others. The love of a man, true and loyal, is the slut's white whale.

The reality is that sluts are never 100% dumb party whores, and that if you were stuck with one on a deserted island, chances are that she will become your fawning servant, worshipping every one of your footprints on a remote sandy beach – whether you want her or not. Of course we should point out that there are many kinds of sluts, from toxic bitches who only ever fawn over thugs, to misguided teens searching for identity, who have lost their way. Many a slut, as a social outcast who has failed to connect with her peer groups, will readily forgo her cock carousel lifestyle if only she

can encounter the good fortune of stumbling upon but one man who can love her above all others. You can count on it.

And Roissy isn't the only PUA who realizes this stuff. Other PUAs also realize that sluts possess a tender side, try as they might to deny it. Essential to success with women is the ability to make them feel comfortable, to entertain their fantasy that it is a boyfriend-girlfriend relationship that they are in, even if it is only for one night. It's an essential part of the confidence/submission dynamic that I refer to above. As Assanova clarifies:

> Make her feel secure. Even the sluttiest of the slutty women like to feel secure before sleeping with a guy.

So much for feminist fantasies of empowerment and the purported insatiability of rancid cockgobblers asserting their sexual appetites.

Getting back to the gang-bangers. What's going on here? What is it that women don't get? Don't women understand when they are being laughed at, mocked, degraded and ridiculed? Don't they understand that these gang-bang experiences have less to do with empowerment and connecting between women and men than it has with misogynistic male bonding rituals in which the woman serves merely as a prop? Of course at some gut level they will apprehend this. But don't expect them to receive support from feminists or from other women whose shallow identities have been cemented securely into "well-adjusted" peer groups. It's the feminists and their ever-supportive manginas who know an opportunity for masquerading female empowerment when they see one. Their hatred of men exceeds the mounting carnage of impressionable, misguided lives that get tossed aside as collateral damage. Feminists do understand that any suggestion that these experiences are anything but empowering for women could be very damaging to the feminist cause. Of course that possibility would never occur to their supplicating manginas, who, understanding neither men nor women, know never to question the feminist orthodoxy.

The feminist/mangina symbiosis is a very powerful one that relies on two key principles:

- Ultimately the success of feminism depends on a systemic kind of prostitution, where the promise of sexual "freedom" is traded for an assortment of freebies for women at the expense of men, from "equality" by way of affirmative action, to the pussy-pass in laws and gubmint incentives;
- Omegas who have failed to secure their place on the male pecking order can exorcise the bitterness in their hatred of men by becoming supplicating manginas.

Interpreting these stories of women's sexual "empowerment" as tragedies of misspent, misguided youth is not really in the interests either of this kind of prostitution or this kind of mangina. Supplicating manginas are unable to relate to women in a sexual kind of way, so Feminism provides them with the opportunity to at least sniff at her panties, if nothing else.

And there is just one small problem with this collateral damage of misguided lives tossed onto the trash-heap of apparently isolated human misery. It is never just collateral. It is an expression of a culture that values lies and deceit above truth and reality. It is a pervasive dumbing down of humanity where everyone is affected. This is what feminism stands for. This is what feminism looks like. Feminism is the standard-bearer for *this* kind of "collateral damage". It is a form of collateral damage that cannot happen in any other kind of society.

Unconfirmed reports suggest that "Clare" went on to marry a rugby player from a different team. At one level bizarre, at another level understandable. It all depends on whether the groom was an active participant in the aforementioned team bonding traditions that take place around the Land, or an exile from them. Both participant and exile share a history that "Clare" recognizes and is drawn to. One of them just might provide the best therapy that she could possibly receive, the other, sealing off her escape and assuring her descent into hell.

Does a woman's history of bad experiences matter? Maybe women don't think that it matters. If it was all confined to the genetic code, if it was all about evolutionary psychology and the so-called survival of the fittest, with nature red in tooth and claw, it might make some kind of sense. Genetically superior alpha studs mating, spreading their seed… can't complain about that, can we? Where's the problem?

Perhaps we can start by suggesting that sports jocks do not always represent superior genetic material. One study suggests that footballers have much in common with criminals. I can buy that. It presents problems for the evo-psych crowd though, unless they accept that there is such a thing as devolution and reversion to a more primitive state, a throwback to apes swinging from tree to tree.

Or maybe it hasn't got anything to do with genetics and evolutionary psychology at all. Maybe it has everything to do with something deeper, something about the way we make choices and establish our identities. When a team of thugs mocks and degrades an apparently willing but misguided teenager searching for her identity, do they not effectively also mock and degrade her family, and even society itself? How does this garbage recirculate throughout the culture and the identities of everyone living within it? If someone you loved was a gang-banger, what might that say about you? What are we becoming? Cast your eyes around. Can we really believe that this mockery of humanity that we see around us today is what humanity used to look like a hundred years ago?

Ultimately, these questions relate to much bigger existential concepts, well beyond the scope of The Spearhead. But there is one conclusion that I do bring, and that's that women are capable of extremely dumb, destructive choices. When they ride the cock carousel in preference to the responsible betas that they find so boring, well, I guess they pay. Their history matters. But why should we care, given that our cultures care so little about false rape allegations and what is happening to men in the family courts, the workplace and society in general?

The Trouble with Facebook

Posted on February 19, 2011 by Delusion Damage

Sometimes, a thing becomes so pervasive that you can't avoid it any more and have to take a stance. Most cultural phenomena stay safely confined within a small group with a special interest in them, and even those that "go mainstream" generally leave enough of an opposing contingent among the population to ensure that taking a stance against the thing doesn't raise eyebrows.

Not so with Facebook. It's everywhere. You hear people say that "everyone has one". Of course, everyone doesn't have one, but enough people do that it's now accepted in many circles, especially among the younger population, that "everyone" has one. It's assumed that you, too, must have one and if by some miraculous twist of fate you don't, you should run and get one immediately because, according to these people, you can't live without a Facebook account any more than you can live without a phone.

And why should you? Most people see no reason not to go with the flow and plug into the thing. After all, it's supposed to allegedly help you keep in touch with your friends better, and who doesn't like that? Only people who don't have friends – that's the boilerplate answer anyway, but it's not the thinking man's answer.

The idea that friendship can be quantified and agreed upon is the first majorly destructive aspect of Facebook. A Facebook "friend" is not a friend. A friend is someone who takes you in when your house burns down, your wife divorces you, the police put out a warrant for your arrest, or you catch a rare jungle disease that makes you vomit everywhere uncontrollably for six weeks. A Facebook "friend" is an acquaintance, someone you have at some point communicated with in some way, and whether or not they'd stab you in the back for bus fare has nothing to do with it.

This is not how the Facebook constituency is encouraged to see it, though. "Friend" means friend, symbolically at least, and there are no options to distinguish between "fair weather friend", "brother from another mother", "back-stabbing friend whose house you don't enter unarmed", and the countless other degrees of what can be grouped under the umbrella of "friendship".

A friend is a friend is a friend, they're all the same and each one is worth the same amount of social status – because that's what Facebook is about more than communication between friends: tricks and games to elevate one's ever-important social status. The indiscriminate collecting of "friends" is the most obvious aspect of The Facebook Game, and one of the most destructive ones.

What matters in terms of social status is how many "friends" you've collected, not whether any of them are actually your friends. It's a numbers game and it's all about quantity, not quality. Teens and young adults complain about the shallowness of their friendships, and Facebook makes it worse. Once someone is your "friend", that's it, game complete, pass go and collect $200. No need to ever talk to them again as long as their little picture stays on your page giving you that tiny infusion of social status.

Of course, the only people you end up actually "keeping in touch with" are your actual friends, the people you would keep in touch with anyway. But Facebook will do everything it can to twist your friendship into its own image…

Facebook is one big high school popularity contest, and if you participate, it pressures you to regress back to high school as well. Aside from the friend-collecting, there's the photographic attention whoring, which is a lot worse. Although the instructions say to post pictures "of yourself", no one does this.

Facebook-infected young women spend hours doing everything they can to make their pictures conform as strictly as possible to the Facebook Beauty Standard, which is a loose collection of the easiest ways to hide the worst flaws in your appearance in a photograph with amateur equipment.

This, of course, has very little to do with real live beauty, but that matters less and less as more and more of the beauty-comparing moves over to the virtual realm. Health and demeanor become non-factors in attractiveness, and makeup and photographic talent become everything.

If a girl wanted to be pretty before Facebook, she'd have to mind her health and she'd have to behave at least tolerably enough not to cancel out the pleasantness of her appearance. Now, she can be the fattest, meanest bitch the world has ever seen, but if she can cake on her make-up right and photograph herself from the right angle in the right lighting, the approval of her peers will rain down upon her.

Young men are not exempt from the personality-deteriorating aspects of Facebook. For many an aspiring stud (that is, the entire young male portion of the Facebook constituency), the primary objective of Facebook is to get girls, and to do that, you must show how exciting you are and how all the other girls already want you. They'll post pictures of that one time they went skiing in the mountains, that one time their cute cousin agreed to hug them, that one time they were the center of attention at a house party, and no clue whatsoever as to the fifteen hundred times in between they spent their day playing video games and pleasuring themselves to cartoon porn.

The Great Illusion of Facebook is that it's composed of the online profiles of real people. This is in fact not the case. Those millions of adventurous skier-entertainer-casanovas don't actually exist, and neither do the further millions of smooth-faced shy-smiled prom queens. Facebook is the collective fantasy of what the young Western world wishes it were, and that fantasy does not mix well with reality.

The "friends" you make are not real friends, they are not even real people. When Facebook tells you "Jack has invited you to be his friend", there's a lot of other stuff it isn't telling you. Maybe you met Jack somewhere out in "real life", and got along OK and might have made a real friend of him if allowed to continue on the natural path of human interaction, but now it's too late because you moved on to Facebook where "Jack would like to be your friend" also means "Jack wishes he could be as cool as this fictional character he's created and that he could have a friend who was as cool as your fictional character, or maybe he just wants to inflate his social status numbers by making you another notch in his belt".

What could have been a real friendship is now a Facebook "friendship". Instead of getting to know Jack and playing video games together or going out for a beer and exchanging boring stories about your day, you get to marvel at the pictures of something which is not Jack but something he pretended to be for a couple of days three years ago on vacation, and very likely did just because he realized it would make a great Facebook picture. Jack will, of course, also play along and heap admiring comments on your pictures of what's not really you, and you both know that you're not really getting to know each other at all, and you are both powerless to change that because of the peer pressure of the high-school popularity contest environment of Facebook.

Even the real friendships you had before (not that today's third-graders even have a concept of a time "before Facebook") suffer from getting paved over with the fictional Facebook friendship between fantasy people. It becomes easier to just do more of your communicating on Facebook instead of actually physically making the effort to go see your friends. Facebook communication isn't real communication though. You may not notice it consciously, but the high school popularity contest is always there and the watchful eye of the friend-counting picture-comparing public affects everything you say.

It doesn't even take an outsider to notice that the way people express themselves on Facebook, even if having basically the same conversation with the same friend, are completely different from if they did it face to face. Even if you're talking to someone you've known for years, on Facebook you're not talking to the same person. On Facebook, you're talking to a person who's doing everything they can to hide who they are and reinforce the public image of themselves as they want to be seen. It's like the worst teen movie representation of high school you've ever seen, but not even limited

by physical reality.

The Facebook social status exchange, compared to the real-life version, is like the stock market compared to the food market. Reliable indicators of value are minimal, and only perception creates reality. If teens were plagued by self-doubt and stressful approval-seeking before, Facebook takes it to a whole new level.

Facebook not only creates imaginary relationships between imaginary people, it even erodes the reality of the friendships you already have. The more of your communication happens through Facebook, the more you're communicating with a fantasy instead of an actual person. It doesn't "help you communicate better" and "bring you closer to your friends" – it does the opposite, it pushes you further away from the real people you know.

I don't refuse to sign up to Facebook because of a lack of friends. I choose not to sign up because I do have friends. Real friends, my relationships with whom I value too much to turn them into imaginary friends.

Suicide Note Reveals Killer: It's the Economy

Posted on February 21, 2011 by Delusion Damage

This touching suicide note shared by A Company of One and Zero Hedge explains the plight of 99′ers (those whose extended unemployment benefits are set to expire):

To the unemployed, sick, disabled and poor:
Hello,

I'm unemployed over two years now, a 99er without any benefits for three months. I followed Unemployed Friends almost from its start, never posted until now, but am grateful for my time with you all. I did as asked with calls and e-mails, etc. I've a confession to make to you all. I'm a criminal.

I've obeyed the 10 commandments and all laws except: I'm unemployed and that's now a crime, I'm poor and that's a crime, I'm worthless surplus population and that's a crime, I'm a main street American Citizen born and raised in the USA and that's now a crime, and I'm euthanizing myself as I write this note — so arrest my corpse. This isn't a call for help, the deed is done, it's not what I wanted. Death is my best available option. It's not just that my bank account is $4, that I've not eaten in a week, not because hunger pangs are agonizing (I'm a wimp), not because I live in physical and mental anguish, not because the landlady is banging on the door non-stop and I face eviction, not that Congress and President have sent a strong message they no longer help the unemployed. It's because I'm a law abiding though worthless, long-term unemployed older man who is surplus population. Had I used my college education to rip people off and steal from the elderly, poor, disabled and main street Americans I would be wearing different shoes now — a petty king. Hard work, honesty, loving kindness, charity and mercy, and becoming unemployed and destitute unable to pay your bills are all considered foolishness and high crimes in America now. Whereas stealing and lying and cheating and being greedy to excess and destroying the fabric of America is rewarded and protected — even making such people petty king and petty queens among us.

Since the end of 2008, when corporate America began enjoying the resumption of growth, profits have swelled from an annualized pace of $995 billion to the current $1.66 trillion as of the end of September 2010. Over the same period, the number of non-farm jobs counted by the Labor Department has slipped from 13.4 million to 13 million — there is no recovery for the unemployed and main street. We taxpayers have handed trillions of dollars to the same bank and insurance industry that started our economic disaster with its reckless gambling. We bailed out General Motors. We distributed tax cuts to businesses that were supposed to use this lubrication to expand and hire. For our dollars, we have been rewarded with starvation, homelessness and a plague of fear — a testament to post-national capitalism.

Twelve years ago, I lost the last of my family. Ten years ago, I lost the love of my life, couldn't even visit him in the hospital because gays have no rights. I fought through and grieved and went on as best I could. Seven years ago, I was diagnosed with Diabetes and Stage 2 high blood pressure with various complications including kidney problems, mild heart failure, Diabetic Retinopathy. These conditions are debilitating and painful. I am on over eight prescribed medications, which is very difficult without insurance and income. But I struggled on and my primary caregiver was very pleased with my effort overtime with my A1C at seven. Still these physical disabilities have progressively

worsened, and I have had a harder and harder time functioning in basic ways. All the while, I give thanks to God because I know there are many more worse off than me — and I tried to help by giving money to charities and smiling at people who looked down and sharing what little I had.

I am college educated and worked 35 years in management, receiving written references and praise from every boss for whom I worked. Yet, after thousands of resumes, applications, e-mails, phone calls, and drop ins, I've failed to get a job even at McDonalds. I've discovered there are three strikes against me — most 99ers will understand. Strike one — businesses are not hiring long-term unemployed — in fact many job ads now underline "the unemployed need not apply." Strike two — I am almost 60 years old. Employers prefer hiring younger workers who demand less and are better pack mules. Strike three — for every job opening I've applied, there are over 300 applicants according to each business who allow a follow up call. With the U3 unemployment holding steady at 9.6percent and U6 at 17 percent for the past 18 months, the chances of me or any 99er landing a job is less than winning the Mega Million Jackpot. On top of that, even the most conservative economists admit unemployment will not start to fall before 2012 and most predict up to seven years of this crap.

I believe the Congress and President have no intention of really aiding the unemployed — due to various political reasons and their total removal from the suffering of most Americans, their cold-hearted, self-serving natures. Had they really wanted to help us, they could have used unspent stimulus monies or cut foolish costs like the failed wars or foreign aid, and farm subsidies. The unspent stimulus money alone cold have taken care of ALL unemployed persons for five years or until the unemployment rate reached 7 percent if Congress and the President really wanted to help us — and not string us all along with a meager safety net that fails every few months. In any case, if I were to survive homelessness (would be like winning the mega-millions) and with those three strikes against me, in seven more years, I'll be near 70 with the new retirement age at 70 — now who will hire an old homeless guy out of work for nine years with just a few years until retirement?

So, here I am. Long term unemployed, older man, with chronic health problems, now totally broke, hungry, facing eviction. My landlady should really be an advocate for the unemployed — she bangs on my door demanding I take action. A phone call and a "please" are not enough for her — she is angry. She is right to be angry with me, I am unemployed — as apparently everyone is now angry with us unemployed.

Two hundred and eleven and social services cannot help single men. Food banks and other charities are unable to help any more folks — they are overwhelmed with the poor in this nation. So I have the "freedom" to be homeless and destitute and "pursue happiness" in garbage cans and then die — yay for America huh? It's the end of November and cold. A diabetic homeless older person will experience amputations in the winter months. So I will be raiding garbage cans for food, as my body literally falls apart, a foot here, a finger there. I have experienced and even worked with pain from my diseases — hardship I can face. I just cannot muster the courage to slowly die in agony and humiliation in the gutter.

I have no family, I have no friends. For the past two years, I've had nobody to talk with as people who knew me react to the "unemployed" label as if it were leprosy and contagious. I am not a bad person, in fact people really like me. But everyone seems to

be on a tight budget these days and living in incredible fear. It is hopeless since we all are hearing more and more that we unemployed are to blame for unemployment, that we are just lazy, that we are no good, that we are sinners, that we are druggies, yet we are the victims who suffer and are punished while the robber baron banksters and tycoons become senators, congress, presidents and petty kings. So the only option left for me is merciful self euthanasia.

It is with a heavy heart that I have set my death in motion, but what I am facing is not living. So off I go, I have made peace with God and placed my burden on Jesus and He forgives me. This nation has become evil to the core, with cold-hearted politicians and tycoons squeezing what little Main Street Americans have left. It is not the America into which I was born — the land of the free and the home of the brave with kind folks who help neighbors — it is now land of the Tycoon-haves and the rest of us have-nots who march into hopelessness and despair.

Every unemployed person I have met over these past two years have been saintly. Sharing what little they have, and being charitable — being kind and patient and supportive. Isn't it amazing that we Americans who suffer so much, have not taken to the streets in violence, riots or gotten out the guillotines and marched on tycoons and Washington in revolt as would happen in most other nations? But rather we plead with deaf politicians to please help us. We don't demand huge sums — just 300 bucks a week, barely enough to cover housing for most. Most of all we say, please help us get a job, please allow us dignity.

I can't help but juxtapose our plight to the tycoons and politicians. They are never satisfied with their enormous wealth, and always want more millions no matter whom it hurts. They STEAL from pension funds, banks, the people and government, and little Wall Street investors. Then rather than face punishment, they become petty kings in this world. They are disloyal to America, unpatriotic, and serve their own foreign UN-American greedy causes and demand more and more and more. I feel that this is not the nation into which I was born. I was born in America, the land of the free and the home of the brave. America, where people give as much as they receive. America, where all people work for the common good, and try to leave a better and more prosperous nation for the next generation. America, where people help their neighbors and show charity and mercy. This new America is alien to me — it is an America of greed and corruption and avarice and mean spirited selfishness and hatred of the common good — it is an America of savage beasts roaring and tearing at the weak, and bullying the humble and peacemakers and poor and those without means to defend themselves. I am not welcome here anymore. I don't belong here anymore. It's as if some evil beast controls government, the economy, and our lives now.

I must go now, my home is someplace else. Goodbye and God bless you all. God bless the unemployed and poor and elderly and disabled. God bless America and the American people except the tycoons and politicians — may God retain the sins of tycoons and politicians and phony preachers and send them to the Devil.

Mark

That hurts. Reading that, it really hurts. It's a terribly sad fate as it is, but what really adds a sting to it is that it doesn't have to be this way – we already know how to solve this problem, but that knowledge just isn't being shared very widely yet. Does this motivate you to educate the people you know about the solution? It doesn't cost anything and makes for fascinating conversation.

Impress your friends with intelligent discussion and pat yourself on the back for your contribution to making the world a better place. All other things being equal, that beats talking about the weather.

Also, that cute world-saving tree-hugger girl you've been wanting to talk to? Now you have the best opener you could ask for. Go for it.

Turning tragedy into motivation and mixing in other motives is not wrong. It seems to me Mark would have liked you to share his story, even if you did it seeking some personal benefit on the side. Do a charitable deed and feel good about it, make your friends think you're smart, fill your life with interesting discussion, provide value to someone you're interested in and let her appreciate you for it… here at Delusion Damage we like to get at least fifteen birds with each stone. Welcome to the club, enjoy your stay.

Making Good Women

Posted on February 19, 2011 by Delusion Damage

"A good woman is hard to find".

There's been a lot written lately about the lack of good women in today's Western world, and it's even been suggested that one worth marrying is close to impossible to find.

You may not be able to find a good woman in the wild, any more than you'd find a rock shaped like Michelangelo's David, but you can make one if you know how. Michelangelo said that the statue was already there, inside the rock, and he just removed what was covering it.

There's no doubt that today's feminist-influenced women are more trouble than the more naturally inclined ones of days past, but this state of affairs is not unchangeable. Aside from perhaps the few worst cases, inside every icy bitch there's a sweet, warm, natural girl locked into the shell of self-defeating delusions that she presents to the world.

This series of posts is concerned with chipping away at that deluded bitch shell and bringing out the lovely feminine nature that's inside:

The High Road

by Delusion Damage on February 22, 2011

There comes a time in every man's life when he has to make a choice. These days, there come at least a hundred times in a man's life when he has to make this same choice. You will not be forewarned as to when you will face it, it will be sudden and unexpected, it will jump at you in the most innocuous of situations, but the cumulative effects of all the times you make it can be significant. What is that choice? It's how you choose to react to a woman in your life who has been infected with feminism.

Option A:

Alice: *So, this is my new couch. Nice, huh?*
Bob: *Yeah, hey, what's this book you've carelessly thrown on the couch?*
Alice: *It's a collection of lesbian love poems, I'm a Women's Studies major and a feminist!*
Bob: *Wow, you know that's a bunch of crap, right?*
Alice: *What?!*
Bob: *Well, Women's Studies is a make-believe degree and feminism is stupid, you know that, right? Really, "Women's Studies" is more sexist than anything "the patriarchy" ever dreamt up. Its very name implies in no uncertain terms that all the real sciences are for men and that women should stay in the academic kitchen studying Marilyn Monroe and spring fashions. Why feminists would encourage such a sexist thing makes no sense – but then, feminists never did have two sensible thoughts to rub together and their entire ideology, in fact, flies in the face of all rational thought with such bravado that I can barely wrap my linear male brain around it at all.*
Alice: *Contradicting yourself is superior to not contradicting yourself because vaginas are dualistic and phalluses are monistic!*

Don't try to argue with a feminist. That's impossible. Instead, only try to realize the truth: If she were the kind of person who could be persuaded by rational argument, she would hardly be a feminist in the first place. You can save yourself the trouble by taking a few moments to first consider how likely someone who has managed to acquire, hold onto and emotionally invest in an ideology that requires as much self-contradiction, willful blindness to evidence, and flat-out denial of the reality on the ground as feminism does is to respond to reason.

If your conclusion is "not fucking likely", you may be inclined toward an alternative approach. Feminists believe that to be against feminism is to be against women, and expressing your anti-feminist beliefs to one of them can be counterproductive to other aims you may have, such as mounting a frontal assault on her southern trench, or whatever your favorite two-player game involves. Quite a few aspiring trench invaders have figured out that they can bypass this issue by paying lip service to her feminist ideas.

Option B:

Alice: *So, this is my new couch. Nice, huh?*
Bob: *Yeah, hey, what's this book you've carelessly thrown on the couch?*
Alice: *It's a collection of lesbian love poems, I'm a Women's Studies major and a feminist!*
Bob: *Cool! That stuff is so important!*
Alice: *Yeah! Thank you for your balls, I'll just be keeping them here in my purse for you until you're too old to labor for my amusement any more!*

Being familiar with the male sex drive I accept as an unfortunate fact that many men will choose the prospect of female affection even at the cost of personal integrity and the future of the Western world, and that's a shame but something we will have to live with. For those men who are currently harming us all by making this sacrifice, as well as those who are not willing to sell their souls and would still like to keep from upsetting their potential dance partners, I suggest a third option:

The high road.

Let go of your anger for a moment, let go of your primal desire to fight an offending idea wherever you encounter it, refrain from personal attacks, refrain from voicing your conclusions regarding the mental capabilities of the kind of person who'd hold certain beliefs, and realize that she's just a girl, same as any other, she just wants to be happy, and she's gotten hopelessly lost in her search for a way to achieve that. She was born with the capacity to be a wonderful human being, and whatever deluded belief came into her later to stop her from expressing that nature is not something she chose in order to make your life harder. Treat your delusion-addicted friend like you would a drug-addicted one. Don't attack her for denying the harmfulness of her ingrained habit, don't judge her for falling prey to its deceptive allure, just let her know that you care about her and are worried about her because she's hurting herself and others around her. Expect her to lash out angrily at you to defend her behavior, but don't get sucked into a debate. You know she's on a harmful path, you know she refuses to see it, and you're going to offer her what help you can, that's all.

Secret Option C:

Alice: *So, this is my new couch. Nice, huh?*
Bob: *Yeah, hey, what's this book you've carelessly thrown on the couch?*
Alice: *It's a collection of lesbian love poems, I'm a Women's Studies major and a feminist!*
Bob: *Oh, I'm sorry.*
Alice: *What?!*
Bob: *Well, it's your choice of course, but in my experience getting involved in feminism tends to make people angrier and bring unnecessary unhappiness into their lives.*
Alice: *Where the hell did you get that?!*
Bob: *Whenever a new scientific study on happiness is published, it seems to me that they always show that women's happiness in the Western world has been steadily declining since feminism has been gaining popularity, and that women in less feminist countries are happier. This supports my personal experiences. Women who talk about feminism a lot always seem to me to be angry and distraught, and happy women who are pleasant to be around never seem to talk much about feminism. It just seems to me based on all of this that feminism is really bad for women. I mean, you and I were having a good time just now, but it didn't take a minute from the mention of feminism for you to start swearing at me.*
Alice: *That's because you hate feminism and that means you hate women!*
Bob: *No! I love women! I've just never seen feminism do anything good for a woman.*
Alice: *What about voting?! What about equality?! Do you think women should just cook dinner and stay at home with the children?!*
Bob: *Of course not, but you don't have to be a feminist to have options these days. Whatever changes happened in society decades ago and whether feminism had anything to do with them or if it was just inevitable because of technological progress and stuff, I'm not really an expert on all that. I just know what I've seen in my life which is that women who choose feminism seem to be making a bad choice for themselves. That's my experience and if you have a different one I accept that we can disagree on this, and I'm okay with that. We probably don't have the same religious beliefs either and I don't think that should stop us from being friends. I know you're just trying to be happy like everyone else, and if you think feminism is the way to do that I just think you're making a mistake, that's all. It's nothing to get offended about and it doesn't mean I don't like you as much as a person, I want you to be happy too and I don't think feminism can give you that. I just want you to do what's best.*
Alice: *And you know what's best for me?!*
Bob: *I'm just telling you my experience, just like you're telling me yours. That's really the best any of us can do in this world.*
Alice: *(Well you're wrong, but) I guess I can't blame you if you (are really dumb enough to) believe that stuff since you don't seem like you want to oppress women.*
Bob: *I sure don't. My experience with women has been that they're generally pretty nice.*

Alice: *Oh Bob, that's sweet. I'm sorry for getting angry at you. I see how you could have a viewpoint like that with your experiences (and there might be something to it, which I'm probably never going to admit to you, but now every time I see unhappy feminists and happy non-feminists I'm automatically going to be more likely to notice the difference and this will inevitably affect my own view of feminism).*

The choices you make shape the world you live in, both on a personal level and the level of greater society. Attack provokes defense and counterattack, but concern provokes questioning. Take the high road. If you can't find it in yourself to do it for her, then do it for you and me and anyone else who is harmed by feminism. No matter which way you slice it, getting favorable results is better than not getting favorable results. The purpose of any communication is the response you get, and the response you want is for a feminist to become less feminist. For that to happen, you must make her listen to you enough for something useful to sink in. The most effective way to reinforce her idea that men are the enemy, and to stop her from understanding anything you're trying to tell her is to make her feel angry and threatened. The most effective way to facilitate her letting go of beliefs she's emotionally invested in is to make her feel safe. Feminists do not respond to reason, only emotion – you already know this.

You can "love your enemies", or if you can't do that, you can at least fake it for your own purposes, but the behavior that gets results is always the thinking man's choice, whether you're thinking of her benefit or your own. I've been down both roads. I once thought that feminists were "enemies" to be "fought", that if they really think they can compete with men in any area and will be allowed to take advantage of our kindness indefinitely, then we should certainly take it upon ourselves to swiftly and decisively disabuse them of that notion. If that's what you're thinking right now, trust me, I know where you're coming from. I've been there. I've moved on though, and I hope you can follow me because I can tell you it looks a lot better from here. Following changes in my overall perspective on life, my view of feminists has undergone a massive change as well. I now mostly feel sorry for them, formerly decent girls who got lured into a destructive cult, ruining both their own lives and those of people around them. No one is born a feminist and no one chooses to become one for any reason besides the lifelong search for happiness and contentment that we all share. If someone managed to deceive your daughter or your sister into thinking that men are causing her unhappiness and the only way to live an enjoyable life is to make men the enemy and destroy them, could you honestly blame her for making that her mission? I can't. I can only feel sorry for her – an ironic reflection of the basic feminist victim mentality, I know – and the fact is that they are victims, victims of their own delusions, and we, as members in the society they're shaping, are victims of their delusions as well. In a practical sense, they are hurting us, this is true, but I can't bring myself to feel angry at them any more. I've had enough of anger, and I forgive them for they know not what they do. I'll hurt one in self-defense if I must, but whenever a constructive solution is available that offers the best outcome for both of us, I hold no grudge and I make an effort to take the high road every time.

If you, too, can stop thinking of a poor, misguided girl as "the enemy", you will be amazed at the effect it will have on your results. If we really are men of reason, we have no choice but to go with the optimal strategy. If we can't do that, we must confront ourselves with some difficult questions.

The delusions about men and women propagated by our society cause massive damage to everyone in it. The mission of Delusion Damage is to help you reduce your suffering through understanding problems in a wider context where more "outside-the-box" solutions become available.

Game in the Time of Mind-Numbing Stupidity

Posted on March 11, 2011 by Delusion Damage

This post is part of a series on how to make a woman take off her suit of bitch armor and act like a human being.

How much silly blabber advocating insanely backward ideas about how the world works is too much to put up with just to get laid?

The pick-up artist community has done impressive work in developing ways to deal with a woman's tests, sneaky tricks and unpredictable antics, removing any and all obstacles in order to get her into bed no matter what. Unfortunately, no amount of "negs", "DHVs" or alpha male body language can remove the feeling of your brain slowly melting and running out through your nose, eyes and ears that you get from listening to her go on about how smart she is for having managed to party her way through four years of college and how the economy could be fixed with more affirmative action and peer support groups for women in business.

If you intended to be talking to her on a regular basis, that's probably reason enough not to, but in case you're only hoping to avail yourself of her dick-warmer before her inane blabber makes your head explode, all hope is not yet lost.

There are ways to reduce the outflow of stupid ideas as well as increase the resistance of your brain to melting when you hear them. For maximum effectiveness, I'm going to suggest a hybrid approach incorporating both.

Most men have a natural inclination toward trying to correct stupid and illogical statements immediately upon hearing them. When the flood gates on a silliness container open, we therefore stand a high risk of getting sucked into a swirling vortex that will spin us headfirst into the Frozen Wasteland of Zero Attraction, as we can see happening to J.Durden in his recent chronicling of an online dating adventure:

> Eventually, she wants to know my dating preferences, or something of the sort. So I mention that I generally hate "intellectual" chicks, because they're always trying to defeat me in an argument in order to feel good about themselves. Probably about five minutes after I finish explaining this, she starts up a stupid argument. She says she **feels** (note the irony – feels) I am illogical. I say, "Well that's interesting. Have any argument as to why that may be the case?""Yeah," she says. "Looking at these ideas that you're writing about on your site, well, they don't make a whole lot of sense. I don't think they're very logical."
>
> "Oh," I respond. "So you mean to say that time a year ago when I went MENTALLY INSANE, I was illogical? You should be a fucking detective. Got anything else?"
>
> She argues with the intellectual ferocity of an eight year old about how if I'm writing about these ideas now, it must mean that I really believe in them. She must've never heard of therapeutic writing or journaling or have any idea how memory works. I tell her, "Hon, if I really believed in these ideas, I'd be starting a cult based on the Second Coming of Jesus Christ."
>
> This really pisses her off, because she thinks that I am implying ALL Christians are cultish (about the Second Coming, or just in general, she never made it clear and I didn't care to find out). After maybe five minutes trying to explain how my statement had nothing to do with what ALL Christians believed or thought or cared about and how she was projecting her own delusions on to me, I gave up. I asked if there was any

reason for us to continue talking, she said no, I said "Best of luck," blocked her, and never looked back. I'm told not all women are like that, but I'll believe it when I see it.

J. had fished this girl off an online dating site and established decent levels of attraction. All seemed to be going well, she was asking him about his dating preferences – a clear signal that she wants to be his preferred date – when he negged her hard, striking right at the core of her delusion of intellectual prowess, so dear to her self-esteem:

I mention that I generally hate "intellectual" chicks, because they're always trying to defeat me in an argument in order to feel good about themselves.

J. has later clarified that he wasn't actively trying to game this particular woman, but for learning purposes, let's put ourselves in J.'s situation and assume that we are in fact running game with a clear goal in mind.

The rough neg is an obvious turning point, and an easy target to blame for what followed, which is why I'd like to state emphatically that J. did nothing un-playerly so far. The neg was fine in itself. It brewed up the ensuing storm, sure, but the situation would have been perfectly salvageable at this point. It's only five minutes later that J. gets sucked into the vortex…

Probably about five minutes after I finish explaining this, she starts up a stupid argument.

The vortex of death has been revving up inside her for a while, and she releases it through her flood gates:

She says she **feels** (note the irony – feels) I am illogical.

Note that J. himself notes the irony here – it's perfectly obvious to him that this isn't an "argument" in the intellectual sense, it's more of a "fight", or "drama", if you will. J. notices this like an adept player, but he cannot resist following his head as a reasonable male and going in like it's a rational argument:

I say, "Well that's interesting. Have any argument as to why that may be the case?"

Now he's in the drink and about to start spinning. He could've brushed it off with a noncommittal "how about that?" -type response, he could've made it a joke by pointing out the silliness with "feel" and "illogical", he could've done the alpha thing and treated her like an annoying little brat not worth arguing with, but alas, he's too good a man for this and implicitly agrees to debate with her like an equal, take her words seriously and treat her with a modicum of intellectual respect, which is what rational men tend to automatically do amongst themselves. The trouble is, he's not in a rational environment now – he's in Game Land where the rules are different, and whether he's actively trying to run game or not, we can clearly see that as soon as the gentleman in J. takes over from the player, the proceedings hit a wall.

They then engage in an argument, which, since one of the participants is angry and illogical from the start, quickly devolves further into non-sex-facilitating forms of communication. The girl gets more and more pissed off, and under assault from cluster bombings of brain-melting material of a rougher caliber than any man should have to withstand, J. loses what remains of his cool player mindset and gets fully into the argument himself, continuing to invite further assault on his reason-loving brain until the suffering eventually outweighs the prospect of sex and he has to cut his losses and get out.

Men naturally like arguing, and benefit from it because "as iron sharpeneth iron, so one man sharpeneth another". We like to sharpen ourselves and we're generally willing to do others the favor of sharpening them too if we see they're in a dire need of it. That's what it is, though – a favor.

Unless you're of the mind that the point of an argument is to "win" and build your ego and social status, in which case you really don't care about the other party, arguing with someone is doing them a favor – trying to teach them something and rid them of harmful delusions. J. offers the girl this favor, as a man naturally does without much reflecting over it, but the girl doesn't want his help. She wants to fight – and J. knows this, it's obvious from the way he describes the "stupid argument" from start to finish, but still that realization doesn't make it all the way from his mind to his actions. We've all engaged in arguments which we knew without a shadow of a doubt to be completely stupid, and yet we've all kept right on arguing like there's actually a chance for anyone to learn anything from the conversation.

It's very easy to fall into that trap, and very hard to catch yourself and stop doing it before you've gotten angry enough to where your priorities shift and you just want to go to war with the other person and eviscerate them with your sharp intellect.

The fact is, though, that it never works, because you cannot intellectually eviscerate someone who's already completely free from the bounds of reason and not limited to what's intellectually feasible. You're just playing a game with rules called "how wrong can i prove you?", while they're playing a completely different game with no rules whatsoever called "how mad can I make you?". It's a fool's game and you always lose, because no matter how long it continues, they will never get more wrong than the 100% wrong they were to start with, but you will get more mad for every exchange of words. They win, collect your ruined rest of the day at the coat check, thanks for playing.

Had J. stayed a player instead of turning into a debater, he could quite possibly have shut her up pretty fast and had her offering sex within moments, and she could've gone right on thinking she's super smart and all, but she's going to do that anyway, because no amount of proving her wrong will ever get through to her. The options are very clear:

1. Think only of yourself and do the player thing – let her keep her delusions and you get laid and you get to avoid having your brain assaulted with a barrage of stupidity.
2. Try to do her a favor she doesn't want by arguing with her – she's still going to keep her delusions, but you don't get laid, and instead you get your brain abused.

Laid out clearly like this, it's a no-brainer, but the hard part is noticing it "in field" when it's happening.

Another honorable mention for engaging in an argument with someone who *clearly* isn't arguing within any limits of reason that can be understood by linear male minds like mine goes to Chuck Ross at The Spearhead, where we get this wonderful quote from some feminist bullhorn:

> When you believe that we live in a female-dominated world where straight men are the most oppressed class, it tends to make you wrong about pretty much everything.

I'd like to counter by saying that when you construct your identity around believing that you belong to an "oppressed class" and that all your problems are caused by other people being mean to you, it tends to make you incapable of doing pretty much anything useful for yourself. However, I'm going to catch myself before I say that and just realize that this woman is not someone to whom I'd care to give the gift of debate.

Edit: I revised this article to clarify that J. was not actively trying to have sex with this woman – but whether by design or just naturally, he clearly started out in a strong player frame of mind, which then dissipated with the argument. Since his adventure so nicely illustrates what often also happens in cases where men are in fact actively trying to run game, I don't think the matter of his original intentions detracts anything from the value of this example to aspiring players.

You Are Now In The Church of Alpha

Posted on March 31, 2011 by Delusion Damage

"I reject your reality and substitute my own."
- Paul Bradford, The Dungeonmaster (1985); popularized by Adam Savage

This article will focus particularly on Game and the beta-to-alpha path, but quite a bit of the same thinking applies to any long-term conscious effort to change your behavior away from what's dictated by social norms and toward a direction of your own choosing.

Your journey from beta male to alpha male, or from "normalcy" to self-mastery in general, will run you into many obstacles – not the least of which is that almost everyone around you will still have strong expectations of you to act the way they're used to other people acting. They have a set reality they're used to and will resist your attempts to change their reality if they can.

We all have expectations. When the crosswalk light turns green, we expect the cars to stop. When we talk to people, we expect them to listen (unless we're betas with low self-esteem). We also respond to the expectations of the environment. When we're around children or the elderly, we (hopefully) don't swear as much as we might be inclined to otherwise. The reasons for that can vary of course – some change their behavior out of fear, and others because they realize that the purpose of any communication is the response that you get, but the result is the same – conforming to environmental expectations.

Perhaps the strongest universal example of environmental expectations is a church – when we enter a church, we can almost *feel* the weight of its expectations upon us. Being surrounded by hundreds of people conditioned since childhood to believe that impolite speech or action in a church is much worse than under ordinary circumstances, perhaps even being one of those people ourselves, our brains bring up that conditioning or at the very least a recognition of it in others and make us *aware* of the expectation surrounding us when we enter a church.

Whether or not you believe there's a divine presence there who notices, or cares, if you swear or behave obnoxiously in a church, you can be sure that the 300 other people in there will most certainly both hear and take umbrage. Social pressure is a powerful motivator.

Walking into a church of some faith you don't adhere to or know much about, this effect is amplified. We wouldn't usually have to think about what to say or do, and what not to say or do – it's ingrained in us from endless repetition and the "filtering" process works almost by itself – but when the expectations of the social environment change, we do have to become conscious of how to act and/or not act. When they change into something nebulous, something about which we don't know exactly where its borders are or what "crosses the line" and what doesn't – that's when the effect gets really strong. It causes us to be unable to relax our minds into the "normal pattern" we're used to, where we automatically steer clear of saying things that would "normally" be socially unacceptable. You can start being highly careful of every action, you can start to feel nervous, even anxious, but at the very least your normal unconscious behavior pattern will be broken. Your normal social reality has been replaced with an externally imposed one.

Being around people who you know religiously believe in something you don't – say, for example, that animals should not be killed for food – can have a similar "church effect", certainly so if these happen to be people whose favorable opinion you care about. You think more carefully about what you say or do in their company, and even if you don't particularly enjoy the vegetables they serve for dinner, you don't bring a Big Mac with you to their house. In the behavior you exhibit while spending time with them, you substitute their reality – where one does not eat Big Macs – for your own.

We can apply this "religious" belief structure to our Game through understanding the following

distinction:

You can *not like* Big Macs, but a girl will still feel okay about eating a Big Mac in front of you. If, however, she knows that you *don't believe in* eating Big Macs, she will not let you see her do it if she gives any kind of damn about you.

What kind of "Big Mac behaviors" can you find in a girl that *not liking* won't get rid of but *not believing in* will?

For me, perhaps the most important one is the lack of integrity. You know how girls like to play mind games with you, not answer your calls, say they're going to be somewhere and then not be there, and generally annoy you and drive you crazy with their antics. You can ask them not to do that, and it may have the desired effect if you have enough pull with the girl, but more likely she'll just think you're weird for making such a big deal of something she does to everybody all the time.

She's used to living in a reality where people wait for her and she decides to show up if she feels like it, and if not, she doesn't expect you to take umbrage.

I choose to live in a reality where people I wait for show up, and I suggest the same for you. Simply **reject her reality and substitute your own**. If you ask her to change her behavior like it's a favor, you're beta. Make her understand it as an integral part of your *belief system* and she will respect it like a religion.

The difference is this:

Traditional player on the phone with a girl: "Hey, let's meet at 7 at the corner of X street. Okay, bye."
Breezy, non-committal. Doesn't display lower value but also doesn't hammer into her head that it's important she keep her commitment. If she lives in a reality where people let her get away with not showing up as agreed, she might easily flake and later consider it not to have been a grave offense.

Asking her to keep her commitment like a beta: "Hey, let's meet at 7 at the corner of X street. Promise me you're gonna be there. Are you sure? Are you sure? Okay."
Incredible display of neediness and low value, and she still might not show up. In fact, *because of this*, she might not show up.

Rejecting her reality and substituting your own: "Hey, let's meet at 7 at the corner of X street. Don't tell me you're coming unless you are. I don't believe in dishonesty."
What you want to do is break her normal unconscious pattern and make her conscious of her behavior: If she doesn't show up, she's basically telling you she does believe in dishonesty. You want her to feel like she's not in Kansas anymore, you want to disconnect her from her normal expectations and make her feel aware of an unfamiliar environment that has its own expectations of her. You want her thinking to herself:
You are now in the Church of Alpha.
Your regular behavior rules do not apply.
You must be conscious of the message your behavior is sending.
Flaking now is way more serious than in the traditional player scenario, and if she still doesn't show up she either does not give a damn about you or is a pathological liar.

This can be done with almost any kind of behavior that you can justify somehow as being harmful, but it works especially well with behaviors that she already basically knows are not nice but is simply so used to getting away with that she won't understand your disapproval after the fact. When you make her aware of your *belief – not opinion* – regarding the issue, she already knows that in principle, she shouldn't have been getting away with it with other people either, and she'll fall in line – with a heightened respect for your principled alpha self.

At the heart of this matter is the fact that women live in a reality where almost all men are betas. They generalize, and since most of them aren't consciously aware of the fact that there are alphas and betas, she will simply assume that what she sees betas do is what "all men" do. When she meets

you and ascertains that you are a man, this will, viewed through the lens of her subjective reality, mean that you are a beta. She will then apply to you all the stupid ideas she's collected from playing betas, and subject you to all manner of silly behavior until you can pull her out of her reality and into yours. You can do this by explicitly rejecting her reality and substituting your own, or you can do it through other Gaming tactics, but you'd better do it somehow.

If you don't, you will be putting up with behavior like what's advocated in this excerpt from a dating advice book for women called "Why Men Love Bitches". Isn't your very own bitch who expects you to love her for being a bitch just what you always wanted?

The Future After the Death of Feminism

by Delusion Damage on February 25, 2011

Feminism is going to die. Soon.

After the sun has set on feminism's final day, the world that's left for us will look very different – whether it's a decent place or not will depend on the methods we use to get there. Some of feminism's most enthusiastic opponents are of the mind that "winning the war" is all that matters right now and rebuilding can be figured out later. I hold that "the war" will win itself in any case, and that now is the time to look to the future and plan for it, because an ounce of preventing undesirable side effects of the impending transition to a non-feminist society is worth a pound of cure after the fact.

Interestingly, the possibility of feminism ending within any time frame relevant to currently living people has never been spared a thought in anything written by a feminist that I've ever come across.

Also among those opposed to feminism, the fear that it could go on forever is widespread. Comments have even been thrown about to the effect that current anti-feminist action is "not good enough", that the fact that it's getting worse means that it will keep getting worse. However, as alluded to by The Futurist in his call to activism, a transition to non-misandrist society will happen no matter what, and the impact the men's movement can make is not on "if" but "how":

> I remain as convinced as ever that The Misandry Bubble will correct by 2020 no matter what due to the Four Horsemen of Male Emancipation. However, there is much to lose if the correction is turbulent, rather than orderly. Millions of innocent men and women can be saved from wrenching misfortune if we act now to fight the culture of misandry that is cancerously pervading the entire Western world.

I'd like to highlight a different set of four factors that will bring feminism to an end: four methods men are using to dismantle it, which will shape the world we're left with once feminism is gone.

1. **Educating Men** – A noble effort is being made by men of various backgrounds to educate other men about the evils of feminist society through whatever means their particular circumstances provide.
2. **Leaving Women to Fend for Themselves** – A number of men are "going their own way", refusing to foot the bill for the feminist gravy train and distancing themselves from feminist society both for their own protection and to withdraw support from a destructive system.
3. **Violence** – Still relatively rare but growing in number are those men who, pushed far enough into disillusionment and despair, decide to push back with full force and embark on a murder-suicide shooting rampage as their final protest against the society that made their lives unlivable. We may yet see some Western men take it upon themselves to punish feminist behavior in our streets and public spaces on a day-to-day basis. *What with the oversensitivity of our cultural climate to misinterpreting any mention of violence as a call to it, I feel a need to state unequivocally that I am not encouraging violent action against feminists here, but only stating as fact what is happening today and making a prediction regarding what may happen in the future.*
4. **Educating Women –** Little effort is currently being made by men to educate women about the error of their feminist ways, and very few women are inclined to listen. As women come to face more and more abandonment and violence from the growing number of disillusioned men, more and more of them will be forced to look beyond feminism for solutions, and this approach will become more effective and very important for the building of a better society.

Feminist society is inherently unsustainable because it functionally encourages all of these strategies, and therein contains the seeds of its own destruction. A sadly forgotten fact among

today's generation of women is that they survive only on the good humor of men, who, whether in the guise of husbands, fathers, taxpayers or police, have always been and will likely always be the only thing standing between women and a swift and brutal death. The fundamental contract between the sexes is based on women making themselves worth the trouble by giving men something in return for this favor. It might be possible to conceive of a society in which women could enjoy a decent standard of living even without the willing help of men, but any sequence of events that could lead the Western world to such a state of affairs in the near future appears astronomically unlikely. The fact is that quality of life for women, as a group, depends to a great extent on men's kindness, and that kindness is predicated on the women not pissing the men off too much. Until recently there's been a healthy buffer of male goodwill towards women keeping society in balance. It's been known by names like chivalry and gentlemanly conduct, and expressed in myriad written and unwritten rules like the ubiquitous "never hit a girl" we all learned as children, but the major portion of it doesn't have a name and can only be described as an overarching tendency to always treat women a bit better than other men. The now aging generation of women has used up a major chunk of that collective male goodwill – they've partied with abandon on credit, leaving the bill to their daughters. At the current rate, the amount of kindness-reducing behavior among the female population is fast approaching "too much", and when it reaches that point where the male population as a collective entity has had enough and "general public male opinion" switches from being pro-feminist to being anti-feminist, things will change very rapidly indeed.

Most men are by default more than willing to discuss things and find cooperative solutions that benefit everyone, but faced with someone who refuses to do that and is intent on getting her own way no matter who gets hurt, most men are also perfectly willing to control such a danger by force. The unwillingness of feminists to engage in rational cooperation is eventually going to lead men to give up on trying to talk to them as equals and instead unilaterally decide that the party is over and it's time for feminists to shut up and cook dinner. It is in the best interests of both men and women to shape a future in which women voluntarily let go of feminist stubbornness and cooperate with men for the greater benefit of all involved, rather than be forced to submit. When women realize that these are the only two options and that the feminist utopia they've been taught to expect is a practical impossibility, they will fall in line very quickly.

The future holds many exciting possibilities:

1. Western society weakens under irrational feminist policies and its population is absorbed into a culture with stronger values, such as Islam.
2. As a result of withdrawn male support in the form of labor and economic production, the economic safety net collapses and women are forced to abandon feminism and learn to please men in order to be provided for. With no working social security system, we get to join the third world with skyrocketing crime rates, consequent rampant corruption and a reduced standard of living for all but the most ruthless robber barons.
3. Men in law enforcement professions become disillusioned with increasingly irrational feminist rape and domestic abuse laws and start turning a blind eye, consequently also removing the sensible protections women have enjoyed by law since the dawn of civilization and effecting de facto legalization of forceful control of women. The protection of women falls to the men in their lives, private citizens now forced to arm themselves and fight sexual competitors for women conquered as war trophies. Like the wild west, but a lot more crowded.
4. Women influenced by feminism realize their mistake and agree to cooperate in building a new system that benefits both sexes. Needless to say, this would be the best option for all involved, and the best we can say for the alternatives is that they have to exist in theory and, I fear, to some extent as examples before a major portion of feminists will realize the necessity of cooperation.

It should be the concern of any man or woman not wishing to live under Islamic law or in a new

wild west on the ruins of a collapsed civilization to make sure that feminist women realize their mistake and are offered a cooperative solution out of the pit they've dug as soon as possible, before our society has descended into lawlessness. If the societal breakdown is allowed to happen, it will cause a lot of unnecessary suffering to all of us and be very hard to fix. To this end, I advocated reducing feminist ideas in women through peaceful and cooperative means in my previous article, The High Road. While a minority of readers expressed their appreciation for my suggestions in the comments, a much more vocal contingent of commenters criticized my approach as too moderate and voiced their own opinions to the effect that no communication should be had with any woman influenced by feminism. Given the ubiquity of feminist indoctrination in our society, I am mighty curious as to whether these men ever speak with their mothers, sisters, daughters or colleagues, and if they do, whether their behavior does justice to the positions they express with such gusto when safely behind their keyboards. If there is a man among them who has never talked to a feminist-influenced woman twice, he's got my respect, and as for any who don't meet the criterion upon which they found it appropriate to base their criticisms, they are cordially invited to give themselves a healthy slap in the face.

Feminism is everywhere, it cannot be avoided. Many of those very same men who would criticize polite disagreement as too soft can frequently be found sitting around offices and dining tables silently bearing witness to all manner of feminist chatter. This is a problem in the men's movement – there are no signs of movement from the men who count: brothers, husbands, friends, etc. As long as the only opposition to feminist ideas a woman gets is from a keyboard halfway across the world while the men close to her shut up, smile, and direct all their own frustrations toward other computer screens on the other side of the world, the chances for her to change are not great. Someone on the internet may disapprove of her treatment of men, but all the men in her life seem to be accepting it without so much as a peep! Who would you believe?

Speaking our minds to feminist-influenced women only when we're sitting at our keyboards or boycotting feminism only in those people who are so unimportant to our lives that we cut them out without a second thought is shamefully, pitifully, laughably insignificant. It is in our personal lives where our efforts count. If you are ever going to effect an involuntary change in anyone, it will be in people who absolutely cannot ignore you, because all those who can, will. If you are willing to tell your mother and your daughter to pack up the delusions they picked up in college and leave your life forever, I have no issue with that, but I doubt men who would do this are many even in these circles. If instead you stay quiet and let them broadcast their delusions unopposed and unanimously reinforce each others' superiority complexes, you are behaving like less than a man and should feel bad. If you are like most of the audience here – just a guy, just disappointed, not ready to wreck your life even for a good cause and yet not content with standing idly by doing nothing while injustice is rife all around you – for you, there is The High Road. No apologizing, no hiding of your views, no fighting with your friends and family, just realizing that your goals are ultimately best for everyone and repackaging your true cause as a concerned appeal to her self-interest. For best results, the men's movement needs both good cops and bad cops. Someone has to raise the cost of being a feminist, and someone has to offer women an enticing opportunity for defection.

The basis of feminism is unabashed selfishness, and women will hold onto it exactly as long as they perceive it to be their best option. If we let them believe that it's "us vs. them" and we're not taking prisoners, they can hold onto it until no woman is left standing and maybe they can take freedom of religion, social security and/or democratic rule of law down with them. This would obviously be bad for everyone. While a better option for women to defect to is not being made widely available, desperate women are going to cling to their sinking ship.

Where we end up is our choice to make, but we have to start making it now. The law of Islam, the law of the jungle, or a new law for men and women to peacefully coexist in a society that recognizes, understands and fulfills the different needs of both. Feminism will go down, and peacefully, cooperatively, violently or indifferently, you will be involved in burying it. There will be educators and rebels, agitators and bystanders, there will be objectors, defectors, killers and

mediators. All will play their parts in the inevitable disassembling of feminist society, but what we really need are those who can help us build a decent future after it's gone.

The author took care in writing this piece, considering its implications and limitations, and hopes that those who might disagree in the comments make a similar effort .

The Final Destination

February 27 2011

I usually write assuming as a self-evident fact that everyone ultimately wants, more than anything, to be happy, and that this assumption, with its proof being as readily observable in people as yellow is on a banana, does not require explanation or justification. I forget sometimes that not everyone has the same definition of happiness as I do.

The definition has to vary by context, of course, but I mostly define happiness as a state where *you don't feel like anything is missing*. When *you don't want anything and don't suffer from any sort of pain or unease*, you are, by my definition, happy. You're happy in that fleeting moment just before you wake up on a Saturday afternoon without a care in the world, when you're just feeling good and your only thought is a lazily formed decision that you're not ready to open your eyes yet. You're happy when you get to collapse into bed after such a tiring day that your brain just switches off and you want nothing and think about nothing, and you don't care if you're sleeping in your work clothes or leaving the car running in the driveway. If you're like most people, you're probably not happy very much of the time in between, but sometimes you have experiences that make *you forget all your troubles and just take in the experience with an accepting sense of awe and appreciation*, losing track of the passage of time and of the fact that you probably look like an idiot doing whatever it is you're doing right then. In those moments, you are happy, but if you're like most people you quickly move on once they've passed and don't reflect over them or analyze them afterward. You remember them, and maybe you take a moment now and then to fondly reminisce, maybe you even try to engage in the same activity over and over chasing that feeling, but you'll probably never replicate that initial experience you're trying to recreate. It's easy to fall into the trap of thinking that the activity itself was what "made" you happy, but it was really just the reaction you had to those specific circumstances at that specific time, and while you can recreate what triggered the reaction in that past version of yourself, you can never recreate yourself as you were when you had the reaction.

That's what I think of when I talk about "happiness", especially the italicized parts of that paragraph. You're entitled to your own definition, of course, but you'll get the most value for yourself from my writing if you remember what I mean when I use the word.

Using this definition, I assume that this is what everyone wants. "Want", too, is subject to interpretation: it means both conscious preference and functional preference. Conscious preference is believing you want something, some sort of physical object or relationship, for example, even if it ends up being disappointing and you then say "it wasn't what I wanted". You did in fact want exactly what you got, in the sense that you consciously made an effort to get that very thing, but it didn't functionally satisfy the deeper motivation you had, the fundamental want which was actually for a feeling and not for any physical thing. When I say that everyone wants happiness, I am talking about that fundamental kind of want underlying the conscious preferences for people, things or relationships. I believe that what I have described as happiness is the ultimate satisfaction of any surface-level want, be it for chocolate or a new car or a child, or even the masochistic self-harming desires of people who believe they deserve to suffer and try consciously to avoid happiness. In the end, if you get true happiness when you achieve your physical goal, you think "this is what I really wanted".

People chase the varied things and feelings they believe they want through varied and often conflicting physical goals, but what makes a person stop chasing and write off the goal as completed is, I believe, always the same feeling-state, irrespective of the person, the physical achievement, or the stated preference or reasoning for the original effort.

We're told to believe in diversity and that different people want different things, and on the surface

level this is true. It is also true that all people want the same thing, to always feel the way you feel when nothing is wrong, and that feeling can be thought of as being the same for everyone.

If you're anything like me, and if you're reading this you probably are, people will sometimes come to you with problems involving a notion that they want something else more than they want to be happy. When this happens, I immediately try to find out what exactly they mean by "want" and "happy" before I even start thinking about advising them on how to get their "something else". When you're called upon by someone who, for example, tells you that all he wants in the world is to have his ex-girlfriend back and is reluctant to listen to suggestions to the contrary, it helps to make him realize that what he really wants is the feeling he had with that girl at that time, not the girl herself. This not only opens him up a little more to considering the possibility that a different girl might be able to facilitate the same feeling, but more importantly it helps him realize that even if he got that girl back, he's not the same person as he was and he can never go back to the past where that feeling was available to him under those circumstances.

I talk about myself helping a third person here in order to make reading easier, but what this lesson is mostly about, of course, is you helping yourself. When you catch yourself getting too caught up in a physical goal, reflect on what it is you really want on the fundamental level underlying that goal. Physical things are never more than a means to an end, because, as I've said before, we don't actually experience anything in the outside world, we only experience electrical signals in our brains. The signals we want to experience are not unique to any individual object in the physical world, and thinking that they are is a big mistake – do that, and you invite trouble into your life.

Highly related article:

- "If I Can't Be Happy, The Next Best Thing Is…"

Game in 5 Minutes

March 1 2011

The art of displaying the kind of behaviors that make women attracted to you, commonly known as "game", is a huge field of study and if you're just starting out it can be overwhelming. A good place to start is this article, which has been floating around the internet for a long time – whoever originally wrote it, I've never heard. Even so, I think this is probably the most comprehensive view of Game you can get in just five minutes or so:

=== The truth about women revealed ===

I wasn't a sexist before I understood women. There was a time when I was blissfully ignorant. I grew up watching Disney cartoons, I believed in romance and "true love conquers all" etc. I wanted to find a woman who could be my equal, my partner. I believed in finding that one true love and being committed to each other forever. You know, like in the marriage vows, "for better or for worse, through sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer" etc. And I believed that women basically wanted the same thing. Now I understand that this was only possible when society was structured to enforce it. Now that women are "liberated" (and thus at the mercy of their own emotions and baser instincts) this is mostly no longer possible in today's society. Victorian society, or many Arab societies, are examples of how society used to be structured to keep women as faithful as possible.

I'd like to point out that I am not a misogynist…I love women. But I AM a sexist, in the sense that I believe women are vastly different than men and, according to the standards that men hold for other men, women are inferior as well.

I must be a bitter loser, right? In fact, I enjoy more success with women than most of the men in this city. I have slept with over 200 women in my life. I am sleeping with 5 different women right now. They are all normal, healthy, well-adjusted, good-looking (8+ on the looks scale) professional women. (At least as normal and healthy and well-adjusted as women can be – most women have issues.) But that's not all. I can go out any night of the week and pick up a woman. I can pick her up in front of all her friends (with 80% efficiency for each approach.) Women will slip me their phone number when their boyfriend is in the bathroom. I can talk to women on the street or in the grocery store and within 30 minutes, I can usually have sex with them right there in my car or get them back to my place. If I have to settle for a phone number, and I meet her on another day, assuming she doesn't flake, I WILL fuck her that next day.

Let me point out right now that my Modus Operandi doesn't change in the slightest if she single or if she has a boyfriend or husband. I just do my normal routine and I fuck her. Sometimes she brings up the boyfriend so she won't feel guilty when I fuck her because now it's "my fault." Sometimes she hides it from me until after I've fucked her, then she admits it. I can't tell you how many times I've been laying next to some chick, all sweaty cause I just finished busting a nut all over her face or in her mouth or on her back, and suddenly her phone rings and she's on the phone with her man, giving him some bullshit story. This is with NO GUILT WHATSOEVER!!! The sweetest most innocent girls you ever laid eyes on, will cheat at the drop of a HAT. The one thing that most men value most – loyalty – is just not there with women. Women don't think in

terms of honor, women don't say "word is bond;" women are basically emotionally driven. If they feel it, they do it, period. Then they rationalize it to themselves later. Nothing is more meaningful, or compelling, to a woman than (1) the way she feels and (2) learning more about her own inner self and having emotional realizations. That's why women love astrology, chick flicks, soap operas, stupid Cosmo quizes that supposedly reveal info about yourself, etc.

I must be really good looking, right? NOPE. My looks are marginal; I'm maybe a 7. I don't work out (though I'm not fat or anything.) In fact I didn't have any success with women until I was in my early 20′s. That's when I decided to go out a lot and start trying to get laid… I was willing to face rejection a thousand times a night, and do it over and over, trying everything, until I got it right. I had to completely set my ego aside. I didn't get laid at all for the first few months. Then every now and then. Then pretty often. Then downright consistently! I'm in my early 30′s now and I am basically a sexual god. I wouldn't have even believed this were possible when I was in high school. The ONLY factor that determined whether a woman would cheat was my own skill level. When my skills were poor, women shit all over me. (Everyone knows how women think they have license to be rude bitches in social situations… in fact I understand and appreciate that behavior now.) But once my skills got good, I could fuck just about anyone's wife or girlfriend. And many times I didn't know they had a man until after I fucked them.

Look, I'm not saying that men are perfect, or whatever. Far from it. I'm just saying, I've spent a lot of my time studying women and interacting with them, and I know how they are. In fact, sometimes I hate knowing it. Sometimes I wish I had taken the blue pill, and never went down the rabbit hole, because now there's really no going back. I didn't want to believe these things… but how could I ever get married now? How could I ever be the chump who pays for everything and blissfully goes through life not worrying about his woman because he trusts her? Look, would you leave your dog alone with a steak? You can't hate the dog for doing what's in its nature. You can't trust a dog, BUT you can trust a dog to BE a dog. Some men are disloyal… but I could *never* trust a woman to be loyal. Some men are bad presidents…but I could *never* vote for a woman to be president. I can rarely expect a woman to regard her own promises as more important and compelling to her than the emotions she feels in the moment. She will rationalize it to herself later.

Here's an interesting fact. Did you know that the median 22 year old woman has TWICE as much sex as the median 22 year old man? You might ask, how is that possible? If a woman's having sex, doesn't that mean a man is having sex at the same time? And thus, shouldn't men be having just as much sex as women? NO…because most men hardly get laid, or if they do, it's because they "got lucky." But a small group of men get laid ALL THE TIME, and fuck LOTS AND LOTS of women! It's evolution at work. Women follow their emotions, and that leads them to sleep with men like me (who know how to control female emotions.) Women want the top man…so the top man fucks lots of women. That's right – the sexual revolution, feminism, etc has resulted in a return to harems. Women, at the mercy of their own emotions, are volunteering for the modern-day equivalent of harems. Lucky for me!! Heh.

You might say, "But…but…I'm so nice! I'm a nice guy!" Guess what? That's like a fat chick saying, "But I'm so smart!" As if those things have anything in the world to do with sexual attraction!

I'm going to give some tips here for the poor sucker guys who are posting online trying to get laid and who are spending hundreds / thousands of dollars on all those whores out there without getting any play. (You bitches know exactly what you're doing, and I'm on to your game!)

* Don't be sexually judgemental in any way. A woman's worst fear is to be perceived as a slut. She will suck your toes and take it in the ass if she thinks you don't view her poorly for it (and she knows her friends won't find out.)

* Don't get angry at her. Women know they have emotional outbursts and they need to trust that you can handle that. It's ok (and necessary) to occasionally put your foot down…just make sure she knows you are fully in control of yourself.

* Don't let her manipulate you or control you in any way. She will immediately lose all respect for you. Always be leading. It's just like dancing – women hate a man who can't lead.

* When first approaching a woman or a group, they tend to get a feeling like this is just your little scheme to get close to them, when you really just want something from them – like sex. (And they're right.) It's important to structure your body language and conversation so that they honestly don't believe you want something from them. They should feel like you are about to leave at any second.

* DON'T TRY TO IMPRESS HER IN ANY WAY. Don't show off. Don't talk about accomplishments or possessions. As soon as she perceives that you are trying to prove yourself to her, she loses all interest.

* Don't ignore her friends. A woman values her friend's opinions more than just about anything else in the world. Nothing matters to her more than what other women are thinking. Give her friends lots of attention and get everyone laughing. If one woman is feeling different than the others, she will drag them away. They will follow like a flock of pigeons. Society is the book of women. (Notice that men do NOT behave this way! Women are very different!)

* To get a woman attracted / emotionally vulnerable, give her lots of emotions and feelings. Don't just make her feel good. Make her feel good, and angry, and sad, and connected, and astonished, and intrigued, etc. Make her laugh. Tease her. Tell stories about your sick puppy. Tell her why things would never work out between the two of you. Call her a dork. If she gets heated up, she will start touching you…playfully push her away. If she calls you a jerk and punches your arm, you are doing it right. If she gives you that "I can't believe you just said that" look, do NOT back down, do not say "Oh I'm just kidding" or anything like that.

* As she gets more emotional, she will try to ruin things by throwing in logic. She will ask you if you are a player, or if you say this to all the girls, or whatever. The trick is this: Don't take it seriously by giving it some logical answer! That's right…women lose interest if you take them seriously!!! It's crazy but that's how they behave. Just blow it off or misinterpret what she's saying as though she is coming on to you. If you fail these tests, she will be gone so fast your head will spin.

* She will start asking you lots of questions. This is what chicks do when they suddenly find themselves attracted to a man they know nothing about. This is your chance to open

up a little and also find out more about her and build a deeper connection. You have to do this, or she will flake later (even if you've kissed her!) Women are the worst flakes in the world! Don't make it too easy for her, make her work for it a bit. Then talk about connections and childhood memories and things you have in common, etc. She needs to feel that this is genuine. This is usually the time when I throw in a few fake vulnerabilities, like pretending I'm shy or insecure about something. I know it's fucked up but women need to see that there are at least a few small holes where they can sink their hooks in you. They get uneasy if you are too perfect.

* Make sure she gets the feeling that you have standards and that you are judging her based on them. Ask her questions that show her you are checking her out to see if she is up to snuff. Women don't like to feel like you are with them only because you can't do any better. They prefer to feel like you have high standards; you can get any chick you want, but you chose HER because she is SOOOO special and SOOOO different from all the others. Yeah, I know.

* Move her to different locations. Take her next door for a drink. Take her across the street to check out some art. The more locations the better.

* Take responsibility for every escalation. A woman will do just about anything as long as she doesn't have to feel like it was "her fault." Make it YOUR fault. Make it "just happen." She will rationalize it to herself later using the same bullshit generator that women use to flake out on dates at the last minute. Don't get her horny until you get her isolated. Believe me, emotional is better than horny.

* Keep the woman always swinging somewhere between validation and rejection. If she feels rejected, she drops out or gets REALLY MAD. And if she feels too validated, she will ditch you in a heartbeat. So push her away (emotionally) and then pull her back in.

* BELIEVE YOUR OWN BULLSHIT. Chicks do not look at your excuses and try to see if they are bullshit or not… because that is the logical thing to do, and chicks are not logical. Rather, what they do is see if YOU seem to believe your own bullshit when you say it. If you look like you do, then chances are, they will believe it too. So the key is to believe your own bullshit, and other aspects about yourself that you want the chick to believe about you too (alpha male..whatever)… because your own self beliefs for some reason will automatically 'impart' to the chick!

* One more thing…many guys make the mistake of listening to female romantic advice. Don't listen to them, THEY DON'T KNOW WTF THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT, and they WILL steer you wrong. They will tell you what they THINK they want, instead of what they actually RESPOND to. And furthermore, a large part of the female sexual experience IS the inability to admit these things BECAUSE they derive sexual pleasure from putting up resistance and being overwhelmed.

If you do things this way, after a few months practice you WILL get laid like a rock star. The guys who get laid are the ones who know what they are doing, because they have practiced on lots of women. Ironically, women are most attracted to the men who are most likely to fuck them and then dump them on their ass – because those are precisely the men who have so many other options because they practice on lots of women. That's why you always hear women bitching about how men are assholes that only want to fuck them and dump them – because those are the men that they gravitate to.

Women tend to wise up when they get towards their 30s, and they start looking for a nice wimpy beta male to settle down with and pay for all their shit. As they get older, they will get more and more desperate to find this guy. Once they do, they will cheat on him with an exciting fun guy like me. (But who wants to fuck some old chick in her 30′s? That's what beta males are for! Heh)

Hey, don't blame me – I didn't make things the way they are. I was just a guy who wanted to get laid. And I do

Suddenly, You're a Criminal

March 6 2011

Imagine yourself growing up as a young boy on the thirteenth floor of a graffiti-covered public housing project ruled by a gang of drug-runners operating from the urine-soaked stairwell next to the crammed apartment you share with your mother and a few older half-siblings who mainly just want you to stay out of their way. Every time you go outside to play, you walk past men in their teens and twenties, lounging around in the thoroughfares of your building, passing the time by smoking drugs, rolling dice, or scaring kids. If you walk past quickly, they'll leave you alone. One of them is probably your father, but no one knows or much cares.

As you grow older and start to venture out further from the building, you learn that older kids from other buildings will beat you up for your lunch money on your way to school, or sometimes just to have something to do. If they see you with a bag of candy or some nice clothes, they'll chase you. You cry to your mother about it, and she storms off in a huff to have a stern conversation with those kids or their mothers if she can find them. She comes back, still angry, so you decide it's not a good idea to interview her about what happened right now. The next day out in the parking lot, you get beat up even worse and the older kids take your only pair of sneakers so now you'll have to walk around barefoot until your mother can buy you a new pair. Your mother storms off again, even angrier this time, and again she comes back without seeming to have found a satisfactory outlet for that anger.

The next day there's a knock at the door. It's a teenager in the flashiest clothes you've ever seen. He looks so cool you'd like to stare at him forever, but your mother tells you to go to your room. They talk in hushed voices for a moment and then he leaves. After that, your mother doesn't go out to look for the kids who beat you up any more. They're still there, though, and now they've got it in for you. You're getting beat up more and more, and it's getting worse, too. One day you're running home for dear life like you do every day now, with four or five older kids from the next block right on your heels. When you reach the parking lot in front of your building, you're running out of breath and you know they'll catch you any second now. Then, a car door opens and the flashy-clothed teenager steps out.

"Hey!", he hollers, "leave that kid alone!". The older kids stop and turn around. Getting out of the back of the flashy teenager's car is a big man with an expression like he had rusty nails for breakfast. The older kids quickly disappear around a corner and the flashy teenager is talking to you now. "Hey, little man, what's up? Hard times around here, huh…". He makes small talk as he closes the distance and puts his arm around your shoulders. "Tell you what, little man, I'll see to it you don't get beat up any more." He's your hero. "Really?", you ask. You can't believe it. Why would he care? "Sure thing, bro, just do me a little favor. You can do that, right?" You're ready to sell him your soul for a little security, so of course you tell him you'll do whatever he needs you to. "Good man", he says and beams a shiny white smile down at you. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a little plastic baggie filled with something. "Take this to Tony in the building on the park corner, you know the one. Just go inside and ask for Tony, give this to him and tell him it's for yesterday. Can you do that for me kid?" You tell him you would but you're scared of getting beat up so far from home. "Nah, man, it ain't gonna be like that", he says, takes off his shiny baseball cap and puts it on your head. "If anybody gives you trouble, tell them you're with J.D., nobody's gonna touch you when you're rocking that hat."

When you go into the corner building, strangers look at you with a respect like you've never

experienced before, even the ones who are big enough to beat you up in a second. When you get back to the parking lot, J.D. gives you a twenty-dollar bill and lets you keep the hat. This is the best day of your life.

Now you're invincible. Your mother cries when she sees the new hat on you, but what does she know, she's not the one getting chased across the yard every day. Besides, it's the coolest hat in the whole world. You're a free man now, and you tell your mother she can't make you take it off because J.D. said you can either wear it at home or you can come over and wear it at his place. You're a free man now, you feel like you've finally arrived. You're a gang member and a drug runner and no one can tell you shit. Life is great.

Ten years later, you're hanging out in the stairwell next to where your mother used to live. She moved out a few months ago after the cops took J.D. and the whole building became a war zone for a while as the boys fought over who was next in line for the top spot. You're smoking some dope, rolling some dice, just trying to pass the time between transactions. The addicts mostly come in the morning before work and in the evening, only the ones with no jobs and almost no money come in between. It's slow in the day time but you have to stay put. This is a 24/7 spot, and customers have to be able to count on that reliability. So you do what you can to make the time go a little faster, you shoot the shit with your friends and reminisce about the good old days after J.D. took over the building but before Marky sold everybody out to the cops and you had to live in your car for a month while half your friends went to jail. You'll probably see them again soon, though. Between Marky's testimony, your prior criminal record and the stuff the cops seized at your mom's house a few months ago, you'll probably see them for fifteen years or so once you run out of the good luck you've been having. Maybe life, if nobody got rid of the guns at J.D's place before the cops came. Maybe today, maybe tomorrow, maybe next year or never.

Maybe you see a kid coming home from school, his face a different tapestry of blue or purple lumps every day as he climbs the stairs past you. Maybe you think you could help him out and have him run errands for you. You're getting tired of running those goddamn stairs all the time.

You can't know about the future, but right now you've got some money and you've got a gun. Today, you're still a free man and no one can tell you shit.

One Health Rule To Rule Them All

March 7 2011

Health: it's more important than you think. Your body is the vehicle through which you experience everything in your life. You only have one, and you have to take good care of it if you intend to maximize the quality of your life. We're taught to think that if you aren't fat, you're "healthy". This is not true. The average Westerner is overweight, and we all know that's not healthy, but even the average non-fat Westerner is not "healthy" in the sense that wild tribesmen who live the way humans are built to live are "healthy". Really, 95% of Westerners are in completely shitty shape, and most don't even notice it. People think they're "supposed to" get tired easily, need a five-hour rest in front of the TV after a work day, and get all kinds of troubles with their bodies that they've come to view as "just natural".

In this crazy culture of ours, figuring out what's really healthy, what you should and shouldn't do, is a huge and time-consuming task, and for me at least, studying what's healthy and what isn't is terribly boring – which is why I love this **simple principle** that can be applied in countless ways:

Cycles.

Almost everything in your body works in cycles.

Like most machines, the different systems in your body work best when they only do one thing at a time. For an obvious example, breathing requires an in-phase and an out-phase, it doesn't work if you try to do both at the same time. Similarly, although perhaps less fatally, the other systems in your body lose efficiency if you try to put them in several different phases at the same time.

Some cycles you should pay attention to:

Food & Drink: Drink. Wait 30 minutes for the liquid to leave your stomach. Eat. Wait 2 hours for the food to be digested. Repeat. Don't eat and drink at the same time – I know "everyone does", but your digestion actually works better if you don't dissolve the digestive acids in extra water.

Sleep: Stay awake until you're tired. Then sleep until you're not tired. It should be that simple, yet most people have trouble going to sleep early enough and end up needing an alarm clock to wake up in the morning, and they're still tired for hours after getting out of bed. People think they "don't have time to sleep" in the evening, but once you get used to sleeping the way your body wants to, you actually end up needing less sleep and being more energetic than you do if you screw with the cycle like most people do.

Exercise: Exercise hard and fast, without taking long breaks. Then rest until you aren't sore any more. Repeat. If you're lifting weights to build muscle, more frequent exercise is not automatically better: your muscles grow in the rest phase, not the exercise phase, and if you start stressing them while they're still recovering (which you will know by the pain you feel when you try to use them – practical, no?) you're just throwing your hard work away.

Mental Work: Work for two hours, then take a half-hour break. Your brain is not designed to crunch numbers for eight hours straight, and your performance declines rapidly once it gets tired. Even when you're buried in an avalanche of deadlines, slacking off for a moment might be the solution, because you will work more effectively when you've rested for a bit.

Those are some of the most important cycles, but there are plenty more – for pretty much any process in your body, chances are it works cyclically and works best if you don't screw with the phases. **If you're uncertain about how something in your body works, you're better off assuming it's a cycle than assuming it isn't.**

Last year, I purchased a pair of shoes which started to chafe something fierce after an hour's

walking. I'm not an expert on the science of getting used to chafing shoes, but I assumed the process was cyclical in nature, so instead of forcing myself to wear those shoes all the time to get used to them, I put them aside until walking in them wasn't painful any more, then used them until they started to hurt again, then put them aside again… without any gritting of teeth or forcing myself to endure any unnecessary pain, I adapted to the shoes well enough to be able to comfortably walk two hours in them every day after a week or two of cyclical walking and healing. Where someone might have had to relegate the shoes to the trash heap, my **knowledge of the cyclical nature of body processes** allowed me to invent a strategy that, for minimal pain and effort, let my body naturally adapt to the new circumstances. (Buying a new pair of shoes might have solved the problem, but I just wanted to see how easily I could make my body adapt.)

This example is also relevant to situations where alternative solutions are not available – **any time you have to get used to something you know your body should be able to adapt to, the quickest and least painful way to do it is to observe the cycle: do it until you start feeling pain, then stop doing it until you've healed completely, then repeat.** Pushing through the pain with gritted teeth is usually not worth it, and not even the most effective strategy.

It's worth noting that some things, such as women's high-heeled shoes, are just plain crazy and even if you can get used to them they're still going to wreck your body with prolonged use, so use your head when deciding if it's even a good idea to adapt to something that your body warns you about through pain. If you decide that it is, then cycles are the way to do it.

Eating and sleeping and exercising regularly might seem like a chore. I hate routines, but I've learned to accept that my body loves them and will reward me if I give it what it wants. If you're married, you will have no trouble whatsoever grasping this concept. If you're not, you may like to think that you're an independent actor who doesn't have to conform to anything – I know I like to think that way – but you're still married to your body and there is no divorcing it before death or a cybernetic science fiction future. You don't *have to* give it what it wants, but it's usually worth it.

One Diet Rule To Rule Them All

March 8 2011

If there's another field of study that's as highly useful and, to me at least, as highly boring as what kinds of behaviors are good for your body, and is therefore in need of a simple rule to give us most of its benefits without having to immerse ourselves in complicated studies, it's what kinds of foods are good for your body.

Our society's nutrition experts constantly produce complex diets up the wazoo and they can't seem to agree on much anything except that there's a whole bunch of stuff you shouldn't eat. There's calorie counting and carbohydrate counting and counting different types of fats and it's all just too much for comfort.

The simple and smart solution comes, like they so often do, from the African savanna where the human species evolved. Basically, whatever prehistoric hunter-gatherers ate is what our bodies are built to eat, and that's what's good for us. There are several "paleolithic" diet variations based on this idea with different tweaks, but my version is as simple as it gets:

Whatever hunter-gatherer tribes ate is probably good for you:

Meat, fish, fruits, nuts, berries, vegetables, water.

Whatever they didn't eat is probably not good for you:

Processed grains, white bread, pasta, rice, chocolate, curry sauce, muffins, bagels, mayonnaise, gummy bears, Pepsi, coffee, vodka.

Fuzzy cases:

Milk – there's some good stuff in it, and some experts recommend it, but others say that adult humans shouldn't drink milk. Lactose intolerance is common and I'm pretty sure African hunter-gatherers did not drink very much cow milk. Personally, I drink milk as I lean towards the opinion that it's probably good, and also because it's a buffer solution which helps regulate stomach acidity, but I'm not going to bat for this one.

Dark bread – Contains lots of fiber and, I'm led to believe, useful nutrients of many kinds. I don't care enough to do the research. Personally, I eat dark bread because I lean toward the opinion that it's good for the stomach and digestive system, because it's an easy packed lunch to transport and consume anywhere, because it effectively keeps hunger away and provides energy for a long time, because I like the taste and because I'm pretty sure that at least it isn't bad for my health. Prehistoric hunter-gatherers certainly didn't eat it, but this might be one of the inevitable exceptions to the general rule.

I also have another rule which says **"if you feel good in the hours after eating it, it's probably healthy"**. I've often felt pretty bad after a single Big Mac meal, but I've lived entire days on nothing but dark, hard rye bread and felt fine, so I have faith in it.

If you want to do the whole calorie-counting thing and buy fifteen books about health foods and memorize everything, that is of course your prerogative, but if you don't, you can just evaluate everything you put in your mouth with one question in mind: did your prehistoric ancestors eat that? If they didn't, then it's probably something you shouldn't have every day. Then you can stop thinking about food and nutrients and move on to something interesting, like how to provide maximum value to the people you communicate with.

“If I Can’t Be Happy, The Next Best Thing Is…”

March 10 2011

This type of thinking is common. Let’s take a closer look at it with the help of a great example unfolding itself from an offhand remark in a recent post by career advice blogger Penelope Trunk:

I feel like I’ve mastered the happiness stuff. I know what makes me happy.

Following a link from there, we find this further explanation:

I think I’m over the happiness thing. I think I am thinking that the pursuit of happiness is, well, vacuous. I don’t think people are happy or unhappy. Because I think knowing if we are happy would require knowing the meaning of life, or the ultimate goal, or the key to the world, or something that, which really, we are not going to find outside of blind religious fanaticism.

Yet, this post of hers is titled “I’m Happy” and in the content we find that she’s made the determination by herself, completely without divine intervention. Interesting, but it gets better in a post titled “5 Reasons To Stop Trying To Be Happy”:

I’m convinced that you cannot have both a happy life and an interesting life; you have to choose one.

…

I don’t want to be happy. I want idle time to let my mind wander because the unhappy result is so interesting.

Now we have quite a theory on our hands:

1. Penelope seems to have decided that happiness is unachievable or undetectable, even vacuous. Another post claiming that she’s happy now seems like an obvious self-contradiction. Is she unaware of the fact that her sudden experiential discovery of happiness should lead her to reexamine the entire basis of her happiness philosophy?
2. She also seems to have decided that a happy life and an interesting life are mutually exclusive. This is apparently based on a well-documented phenomenon known as “The Paradox of Choice”, which basically means that having more choices actually makes us feel less happy with what we end up choosing. The added difficulty of making the choice also adds extra anxiety, further decreasing happiness.
3. The previous point relies on the assumption that having more choices makes life more interesting. It sometimes does, but Penelope seems to treat this as an absolute rule, which to me seems like a great big jump to a completely unfounded conclusion.
4. The implication that an uninteresting life can be a happy one further contradicts the original idea that happiness in unachievable or undetectable.
5. Having concluded that she must choose between a happy life and an interesting one, she chooses the interesting one. What does she think the ultimate goal of her decision is?

I believe a lot of people think in patterns much resembling Penelope’s, never much reflecting on the contradictions inherent in their thoughts, which is why I find it pertinent to take a moment to address them.

1. You'll recall me on the record as saying that we can detect happiness if we pay attention, and I don't think following the instructions laid out in that post is beyond anyone's capabilities.
2. I don't see anything in the process of achieving happiness as requiring one to give up choices any more than one would in an unhappy life.
3. I don't necessarily see that more choices make life more interesting. You can only choose one option out of any number of alternatives anyway, and interestingness is in the option itself, not in the process of choosing. One interesting choice is just as good as fifteen interesting choices, and much better than a hundred uninteresting choices. You'll realize this as self-evident any time you sit down at the TV with your remote and your 500 channels.
4. A lot of people seem to think that happiness is boring, or that only boring people can be happy. I believe this is a logical fallacy arising from (ignorance of) the fact that happiness deters boredom – the happier you are, the less easily you get bored, which is why unhappy people who get bored with things that happy people are able to enjoy can easily be fooled into thinking that boredom and happiness go together – when in fact it's impossible to be happy and bored at the same time.
5. As I've explained, I believe that anyone who decides they'd rather be something else than happy is making a huge mistake and will end up feeling like "this is not what I wanted", whereas getting happiness would give them the desired feeling of "this is what I wanted".

When people live their lives thinking that happiness is not a realistic goal, things get very complicated, because they then start to view something else as a worthy goal and a substitute for happiness, when the fact is that happiness is the only thing our brains are really built to value. Filling your life with interesting things can get you closer to happiness than you were before, and that can fool you into thinking that interestingness itself is somehow valuable, when the value you're feeling is only a piece of happiness in a clever disguise you've made up a different name for.

Losing sight of the ultimate goals of our actions is how we end up wasting our efforts on things that don't really get us what we want in the end. We all fall for it, because this is one of those things that our brains don't have a built-in safety mechanism for… in the hunter-gatherer days, the intellectual pursuit of happiness was pretty much a non-issue, and happier people didn't reproduce better – if they had, we'd all be their descendants and we'd all be happy all the time.

Special thanks to Penelope Trunk for her honesty and example which contributed greatly to this post.

Men Without Direction

March 11 2011

I contributed this post to In Mala Fide, where you can discuss it.

I look around, I see the smartest generation of men who ever lived pumping gas, waiting tables. This is hardly news to anybody at this point.

Men today are heavily lacking something in their lives. Something that used to come to America by the boatload from Europe in the days of Ellis Island and Titanic, something that went to Korea and Vietnam on troop transports and came back to build the suburban American Dream with its white picket fences… and then it went away somewhere, slipped out of sight when no one noticed.

Direction.

We have everything we need to accomplish whatever we want, we've always had it. In a sense, a man is born with all the tools he needs to make his way in the world. A man is a natural resource in himself, he has an amazing surplus capacity for labor which he can use to shape the world in his image. A man is a force of nature.

Any high school physics student will tell you that any force must have a direction. Without direction, force does not exist.

Women are wondering why men don't seem to be accomplishing anything, and men are wondering why we don't feel like it. After all, any of us, dropped on a desert island, would instantly be hard at work building shelter, building traps to catch food, building a world in our own image. The man who spends 12 hours a day playing a video game where his virtual wizard kills virtual monsters controlled by other men at other computers would build up his desert island just as would the investment banker making millions on Wall Street or the charity worker leaving his affluent home to build houses for flood victims in the third world.

The video gamer is not by nature lazier, less capable or more self-involved than the charity worker. He's applying just as much force every day, but in a different direction. I have it on good authority that some of these video games are very hard work. They require commitment to a group of co-players who expect to rely upon the individual group member, they require immeasurable amounts of drudgery performing some repetitive task to slowly and painstakingly amass various sorts of points required in the games, they require periods of absolute concentration ranging up to several hours with a minimal margin for error in order to complete some task in the game – and they can require a large group of co-players to take that same hours-long period of their days to help each other in a simultaneous effort to complete the game mission.

I think building houses for flood victims sounds easier, to be honest.

Why are these men doing something that can only be described as "work" for no compensation and no apparent payoff? There is a payoff, of course, there always is. For anyone familiar with the origins of the human race and its instincts, the answer is obvious: they are hunting. They are forming tribal groups, going out on a hunt, facing adversity and challenge, and enjoying the sweet sense of victory and comradeship. This is what men are built to do, and what we naturally want to do.

The fact that the only place for many men today to do it is in a video game… that's the worrying part.

Our jobs, our lives, our families – all is devoid of meaning in this confusing modern world. The link between survival and action has been severed. On a desert island, you'd know you had to build something in order to live, but you would enjoy the work – its purpose would make it enjoyable. If I

showed you a field of rocks on the other side of the island and told you to stack them in a big pile, you'd be instantly bored – there's no way I could get you to do it without threats or bribery. If instead I showed you a field of rocks and gave you blueprints for a stone cottage, you'd work all day and all night of your own initiative, and you'd like it. A man feels naturally compelled to do useful things to improve his life. Any boy will practice fighting skills all day, but if it gets too "wax on, wax off", he loses interest. If the connection between purpose and action gets fuzzy, the mind loses direction.

The word "direction" means two things. One is like a compass point: an imaginary line stretching out into infinity. That's what we talk about when we say a force has a direction. But "direction" also means advice, instruction, leadership. The two concepts are really much the same: what a leader does is point the way. A man can lead himself, point his own way and give himself direction, as in the case of a man stranded on a desert island who will naturally start building a shelter, or he can choose to follow directions from a leader – and really, what is "leading"? To "lead" is to go first, to follow a leader is to take the leader's direction – literally – if you follow someone across a physical space, what you are doing is going in the same direction they're going, after them.

With all the recent discussion in men's circles concerning leadership and what a leader is or isn't or should be or shouldn't be, I get to questioning how much really needs to be said about it. A leader is someone who goes first, points the way, gives direction. A leader is made by a follower. All that being a "good leader" entails is making sure that to follow you is a good choice. If you go behind someone else in their direction, you're a follower. If you go in your own direction, you're a trailblazer. If someone comes after you, you're a leader. All of us are all these things at times, and all are valuable ways to improve yourself. Learn from those whose path you see as rewarding. Make your own path where you need to go if none is available. Evaluate and improve your path with the input of those who follow you. Whether you're the first or second or hundredth man to go in a certain direction is nothing but ego food. What matters is the direction you're headed in.

And men today, as a group, are terribly lacking direction. We've lost the connections between our actions and their purpose. Women are hardly doing any better, but let's just stick with men for now. Ask a man what he's doing. Ask him why he's doing it. Ask him what he hopes to achieve, what that result is supposed to get him, why he wants what he thinks he'll get. It doesn't take many rounds of "why?" to confuse the average man. Ask these questions of yourself. If you can't trace the purpose of any action to its final destination, you're probably lost, and you may well be applying your force against yourself. Why are we going somewhere if we don't even know where we want to be going? Where is it going to take us?

The trouble with a lack of direction in a man's life is not only that he doesn't get any closer to where he ultimately wants to be going, but that all of us men, naturally, still have the overpowering urge to do something, anything, to change things for the better. So, maybe we start doing something even if it isn't the right thing or the smart thing to do. That's where it gets real insidious, because when we're doing something we *feel* like we're making things better, even if we're really not. Our brains assume that what we're doing must be the solution, because 50,000 years on the African savanna, it pretty much always was. It wasn't hard to figure out when you needed to kill a zebra, when you needed to run from a lion, when you needed to make a spear and when you needed to fight a rival tribe. Things didn't get muddled up very often, and we never developed instincts to question if what we're doing is really what we should be doing.

Today, nothing is simple. There used to be one career, hunter, now there are thousands. There used to be three or four age-appropriate, healthy, available sexual mates, now there are millions. There used to be a few wise men you would listen to and a few fools you wouldn't, now there are countless strangers on the internet telling you to question everything you believe in and you know next to nothing about them. The amount of directions has exploded into an impossible maze that our brains are not built to deal with.

We think we like the freedom to choose, but we really don't. Too many options cause anxiety,

doubt, paralysis – and we can end up not really going in any direction. We can end up playing video games all day every day. At least someone whose main life goal is to get that wizard to level 80 knows where he wants to go and knows how to get there. He feels like he's acting with purpose when he moves those pixels around on his screen hour after hour. He enjoys it. The man who moves numbers around on a computer screen in a cubicle farm for a multinational corporation doesn't much know or care where those numbers ultimately end up. All he really knows for sure is that they aren't going to further his personal goals outside the cubicle farm one bit, and he probably doesn't even know why he's working a job that he hates anyway… he knows he needs money, but how much, and why that amount, to accomplish what goals, and whether this is the way he should be doing it… when a man starts asking himself these questions, he feels confused, unsure, unsafe even. It's easier to just put his shoulder to the wheel and concentrate on working hard – when he does that he can *feel like* problems are getting solved.

What do you really want? Do you want to solve problems, or do you want to *feel like* you're solving problems? When you get off the beaten path and start making your own, it can feel like you're going backwards for a long time. And it'll be hard – blazing a trail through the muck and the bushes and the snow and the swamps is hard. It'll always be hard. But, you'll be doing it for yourself. You'll know why you're there and hopefully you'll have an idea of where you're headed, and that'll make all the difference. You have all that surplus capacity and life isn't about doing what's easy. Life is about doing what's rewarding.

You have all that hard work inside you, just sitting there in storage. What are you going to do – not use it? Work is nothing. I'm not worried about running out of energy, I can always make more. Why do you think I'm writing long articles for strangers on the internet? Do you think it isn't hard work? Do you think I don't like it? It is hard work and I like it – because it has a purpose for me.

I could be watching TV right now. I choose not to.

If your life is less than perfect, it isn't because you don't have what it takes. You have what it takes. You were born with what it takes. As a man, you are a force of nature, and all that force needs in order to shape the environment in its own image is direction. Hard work isn't hard. Hard work is the most fun you will ever have. Find your direction, find leaders to follow and trails to blaze. Don't worry about finding people to follow you. If you make a good trail, they'll come, and if you don't, you'll be alone up shit creek with your dick for a paddle, and that's what's known as an adventure. As a man, you naturally crave adventure. Adventure is great.

When you're moving without direction, every step feels like a thousand miles. When you know where you want to go, you feel like running as fast as you can all the time. You feel like you can rest when you're dead. Don't be discouraged by hardship – hardship is only outside you. It doesn't turn into suffering until you lose direction inside your head. If you want to live an easy and unhappy life, go with the flow and do what everyone else is doing. If you want a hard and fulfilling life, find your direction and forge ahead. Work is an unlimited resource, you'll always have more. A journey of a thousand miles begins under your feet, and as soon as you take the first step you'll feel like you can take a thousand more and enjoy each one. When you do that, you know why they say it's about the journey, not the destination. You never "get where you're going" in life, because you'll always want to be going somewhere new. Your natural state is to be in motion. When that motion is taking you in a rewarding direction, you never want to stop.

Need help finding your direction? You're not the first. Just take direction from those who are what you think you might want to be, and see if you like the path. If not, switch to a different path. It's not a big deal, it's nothing but some work. It's an adventure and it's the best time you'll ever have.

Sex and the City of Mean Girls

by Delusion Damage on March 11, 2011

I'm watching "Sex and the City". Yes, at first it felt like my brain was being slowly poisoned with some sort of insidious paralyzing agent, but I persevered, since in this age of societal decline the most disheartening aspects of popular culture are often the ones that can tell us the most about it.

The girls who grew up watching Sex and the City during those crucial teenage years of looking for role models and examples of what a grown-up woman is supposed to be like are now approaching their 30th birthdays, closing in on the age of the show's characters.

And they have learned well, at least judging by the words of former teen icon Lindsay Lohan:

"*Sex and the City* changed everything for me, because those girls would just sleep with so many people."

Herself an idol and a role model for a younger generation of girls, Lohan, to most men another pointless celebrity among a sea of irrelevant celebrities, is to me more of a tragic figure very symbolic of our times:

Cast in her breakout Hollywood role at the age of 11 or so, she outshone established star Dennis Quaid in 1998′s "The Parent Trap", completely carrying the family comedy from beginning to end in a demanding dual role as a pair of identical twins. Her charisma and talent at such a young age impressed all and sundry – she was heralded as the next big star, and audiences everywhere waited eagerly for her to grow up to be one of Hollywood's biggest names.

By 2003-04, she had grown all the body parts that any Hollywood actress, no matter how talented, needs in order to pull in the big bucks, and nothing more stood in her way: 2003′s "Freaky Friday" and 2004′s "Mean Girls" took the box office by storm and put her firmly on that predicted trajectory to fame, riches and everlasting glory.

Then… then something seemed to go wrong. The media outlets that had previously sung her praises as the next big thing were suddenly only reporting arrests for drunk driving and visits to rehab. In the span of the next five or so years, her career prospects dwindled as Hollywood came to see her as unreliable, and that crucial ingredient of success – her more-than-fair share of natural beauty – entered an equally steep decline. I don't know if the rumors of drug use were ever officially confirmed, but let's just agree that whatever does this to a person in the span of a few years probably didn't come from the supermarket:

What's left for Lindsay now? A romantic lead in a summer blockbuster as a sweet thing for audiences to lust after for decades to come? If I had to take a guess, I'd check the box that says "no". You're free to make your own predictions…

More likely, she'll end up something like her role models from Sex and the City, jumping from bed to bed, pipe dream to pipe dream, wondering why nothing sticks and blaming alternatively herself and everyone else. If she didn't see it watching the show as an adoring teenager, she'll probably see in her own life what the rest of us can see in Sex and the City: those women don't seem to be very happy very much of the time. The reason seems to be obvious: the Sex and the City gang of women has two major problems which they keep putting in their own way.

First of all, they think they should be able to behave like men and enjoy it. They can't, of course, but they never seem to learn. Modeling their own sexual behavior on that of the men around them whom it works fine for results, time and time again, in unhappiness. These women just don't seem to get that they are never going to feel the same way about sex as men do. And all the while, the audience is being told that they should be able to.

Secondly, the entitlement mentality pervading the show defies measure: none of the women stop for a second to consider what might be wrong with them that they should fix in order to improve their relationship prospects. It's just "I'm perfect so why doesn't anyone want me?" all day every day. All the 1.2 million single men in New York must just have something wrong with them, plain and simple, or else they would jump at the chance of a catch like these frequently intolerable, over-the-hill women who seem to think that their lucrative careers somehow make them the hottest thing on the block – another classic projection of "what works for men must work for women".

What's in store for all of Lindsay Lohan's contemporaries who took the Sex and the City lifestyle to heart as a life goal in their teens and are now reaching that stage where they're about to discover that it's actually a show about unhappy women facing the sucker's payoff of their terrible decisions and worse attitudes?

How delighted are they going to be to discover the toll that partying hard every night and bringing home bartender after personal trainer after aspiring artist eventually takes on their minds and bodies?

Only one thing seems certain: one day they're likely to run into that one man who's perfect in every way, but just doesn't seem to want to commit to them no matter how hard they try to analyze his motives over drinks with their girlfriends or how many tantrums they throw.

Just like in Sex and the City.

What Are You Good For?

March 12 2011

Do you know? If a person chooses to interact with you, what's in it for them? Nobody's going to give you a free lunch in this world. It's all about value.

Everything Is Value and Value Exchange

The reason people interact with other people is that it enables them to get something they couldn't by themselves, or to get something they could get by themselves but easier. Putting up with other people is an effort, and nobody makes an effort unless they're getting something out of it. Money, love, friendship, food, relief from boredom, knowledge, etc… they all have some sort of practical value to a person. An uncomfortable truth is that they can all be measured against each other in terms of value, and we all do this subconsciously all the time when deciding which interactions to pursue and which to avoid.

All interactions between people are basically value exchanges of some sort, even if some interactions such as robberies only provide value to one party. Nobody ever starts an interaction they don't think they can get some kind of value from.

Understand what value you are providing to people you interact with, and understand what value you are getting in return. *Understanding which part of your interaction effort is producing value and which isn't, you can reduce your wasted effort and increase the value you're providing to other people – which will enable you to get more value from them as well.*

People automatically adjust to the value they're being given in subconscious and conscious ways:

1. Emotional attachment – when you give somebody a lot of value, they automatically start to like you. It's in our nature. The more they like you, the more they want to give you value in return.
2. Logical analysis – when people realize that they're getting lots of value, they're going to see it as a priority to hold onto that stream of incoming value. They'll make more concessions and go out of their way to please you, if you know what I'm saying provide value to you in return, to make sure that keeping the exchange going is worthwhile for you like it is for them.

There are times when you can get exploited for your value, but you don't have to be nearly as careful about it as you might think. People love value, and if they get a taste of it they will usually adjust their behavior to match your value-providing level and cause a mutually beneficial exchange to emerge. They won't always do it automatically, if they think they can get away with taking value without giving any, many will try that, but as long as you make sure not to give them that choice, nearly all will take a fair deal.

People are very sensitive to changes in the amount of value you give them, and they will usually pick up on subtle signals. There's no need to tell your wife "You know, I read this value thing on the internet and I realized that you are not giving me as much value in this marriage as I am giving you". It won't work, either. Telling people "you should give me more value" is not effective. Most people don't consciously think about every instance of communication as a value exchange, it's more muddled up and emotional – the realization of the value exchange is mostly only in their subconscious, from whence it surfaces as emotions like gratefulness or anger if the exchange is unfair to them.

That doesn't mean they're not aware of it. They are very aware of it, and the way to tinker with it is what psychologists call "conditioning": in layman's terms, it's basically what you think of when you think of training a dog. When you see desirable behavior, give an immediate reward. When you

see undesirable behavior, give an immediate punishment. Getting secretly angry and holding a grudge for a week before suddenly exploding in anger gives the other person no clue as to which behavior originally triggered it. Neither does getting secretly happy and getting them an extra big present for Christmas.

You must connect the reaction to the original action in order for it to work as a signal. It should be subtle enough to be able to pass as a subconscious emotional reaction – the best effect is achieved when you appeal straight into people's subconscious value-exchange-analysis system which automatically draws the right conclusions. If you come off as too calculating, people may think that you're trying to screw with their *perception* of the value exchange in order to scam them. Those who are much more emotional than they are logical may even interpret your logical analysis to mean that you don't feel the emotional attachment to them that they thought you did, and that you in fact probably do.

Example: Enforcing fair value exchange through subtle signals

Wrong:

Alice: Come to my cousin's wedding with me.

Bob: What value are you going to offer me in exchange?

Alice: ???

The emotional Alice will feel like Bob doesn't care about her because in her mind, emotional considerations always supersede logical considerations. In Bob's logical mind, how much he cares about Alice has nothing to do with whether he wants to go to a wedding or not, and he thinks Alice should understand this but she doesn't.

Right:

Alice: Come to my cousin's wedding with me.

Bob: I don't know… weddings are boring.

Alice: Come on, I'll set you up with a hot bridesmaid.

Alice's subconscious automatically realizes that the value exchange needs to be made better for Bob in order to make it worth his while. Emotionally, the feeling that Bob doesn't care about her isn't triggered because Bob's reply is ambiguous enough not to be thought of as calculated. As a result, Alice gets the value she wanted – a friend to accompany her to the wedding – and Bob gets enough exchange value – a hot date – to make it worth the effort.

The Purpose of Communication

It's not to "share" or "express yourself" or "inform", no matter how much people may tell you it is. Communicating with another person is just like any other action: result-oriented. There is something you want, be it a service, an item, a feeling, a strengthening of social bonds etc… again, you may not be consciously thinking about it, but all communication is results-oriented. Your instincts have made sure that you don't ever feel like communicating unless there's something to gain. In terms of value, the function of communication is very simple:

The purpose of any communication is the response that you get.

All too often you run into people whose attitude is "I say what I want and however people react to it is their problem". Well, that's bullshit. Those people wouldn't be saying anything at all unless they were looking for some specific desired response. The reflexive "I don't care" is just an ego defense mechanism, and quite often a self-fulfilling prophecy: convincing themselves that they don't want a desired response, they can sabotage their own effort and keep themselves from getting it.

Accept that any time you say something, you want something. Know what you want and deliberately shape your communication to that purpose. If you tell someone "I really like your painting" when what you actually mean is "I want you to give me the painting because I like it so much" is too ambiguous: it might just as well mean "I really like *you,* but I don't want to be too forward about it" or "I want to acknowledge that you have real talent, but that doesn't mean I want it on my wall". If you want the painting, state your intention: "I really like your painting. Can I have it?" Say it with a smile and it's not a demand. If they don't want to give the thing away, they should feel perfectly fine about saying so, but if they do, they will be left with no doubt about the fact that you would be delighted to have it.

This all seems so obvious written down, but as is often the case, we make these mistakes in the field without even noticing. People tell each other they're upset about something completely different than what they're really upset about, accuse when they should be explaining, threaten when they should be asking, and end up not getting what they want and instead causing unnecessary extra problems.

Especially when you're being influenced by strong emotions, purposeful communication easily goes out the window and issues which could have been resolved in three well-constructed sentences can turn into shouting matches that end up being bigger problems than the original issue. Especially at those times, although ideally at all times, consider what you're about to say, consider what kind of response you really want by saying it, and consider how you could improve on your wording to more effectively get that desired response.

"Think before you speak" is a wisdom old as dirt, still going strong. It gets misunderstood too, some think it's for the benefit of others so you don't hurt them with your words, or they think it's to avoid making yourself look stupid by saying something tactless, but its greatest value is really in helping you get what you want. The purpose of any communication is the response that you get, so think about the response before you communicate. If you know someone is going to react negatively to something you're about to say and you think "I say what I want, it's their problem", you're really just hurting yourself and it is in fact your problem. Why would you issue communication whose purpose is a negative response?

Sure, sometimes people are not going to like what you say, but before you say it you can try to make sure that the response you get will be one that gives you value. Usually, that's best done by putting value in your original communication – people have an instinctive way of reciprocating in kind.

Make Your Communication All About Value

When I communicate, I think about value a lot. In fact, it's almost the only thing I think about. Whether what I say is going to meet with popular approval or not, whether someone thinks it makes me look stupid, whether it puts me in a difficult position socially, whether saying it makes me feel one way or another… none of these things matter as much as value. Getting caught up in social status, public opinion and other "ego food" does not make for a good life. These things have *some* intrinsic value in that they can help you get other things you may want – but this value is much less than the ego value most people are chasing in them. Even so, if you take a small "hit" socially, making a sacrifice in order to offer value to those around you, you'll likely end up getting so much

value given back to you it'll more than make up for it.

As someone who cares little for social status, you're at an advantage in trading value with people who care deeply about social status. They'll value a social "hit" you take as a much bigger sacrifice than it is for you, and their reciprocation will be based on that inflated value – what you get back will be repayment for falling on your sword when all you really did was cut yourself a little bit. This is the basis of value exchange – people value things differently. The less you value what you give away the greater relative exchange value you get for your sacrifices.

When you hang out with your friends, when you do your job, when you write your blog… whenever you are communicating, you should be thinking about value. I'm thinking about value right now. How can I compress the greatest amount of value into these words, in a way that will enable the greatest amount of people to extract maximum value from them?

This is how I think when I write. I don't have the next fifteen articles planned in advance – I have a Notepad list of topics which I want to write about in the future because of their great value, but many of these articles come about simply because I realize that they just have to be there for you to get maximum value from the other ones. I'm writing about something, and I realize that an understanding of it relies on something even more fundamental that just has to be explained in its own article.

The next article I'm going to write is about understanding violence. I've wanted to write that one for a long time, but I just wouldn't let myself do it before I had this one ready to give it more depth. Reading this, you probably haven't been thinking "wow, this really relates to violence a lot", but when you see how they fit together you'll gain access to added, previously hidden value in both articles – this one will gain more depth for you as you think about it from a viewpoint involving violence, and the understanding of violence laid out in the next article will gain more depth from being thought about using the terms from this one.

This is a conscious goal I have when writing: each article has its own value, but it's also going to have added value as a part of the foundation for future articles. I'm not randomly picking topics to write about – I'm building a huge web where everything relates to everything and each idea is supported by a foundation of other ideas which can be relied upon to explain it and to deepen your understanding of any one idea that you may not fully internalize from just one article.

Can you copy this into your own communication? If you're currently known as "that guy who knows some interesting factoid about almost anything", this is what will make you into "that guy who can comprehensively explain almost anything". Think about value as the highest priority in all your communication, and you'll start becoming "that guy people shut up and listen to".

You're going to be communicating with people today, or tomorrow at the latest. Will you make an effort to give them value? You have massive value in the form of knowledge in your mind right now, and a lot of it is stuff that the people you communicate with don't have. No one knows exactly everything someone else knows. I've seen enough to believe that there's nobody on earth who can't teach me at least something. Sharing knowledge is simultaneously the greatest value you can give and the smallest sacrifice to make. The return on investment you get in exchange for that value is massive. Share some knowledge today. Tell your friends and colleagues about some profound wisdom you've got stored away in your head, or some book or movie that you learned a lot from, or if you've recently discovered a valuable website, you can tell them about that if you know what I'm saying. Show that you care and throw around some value. That's what I'll be doing.

Are You Asking To Get Killed?

March 13 2011

Most people in our society don't understand violence. We're taught to feel like it's a "bad" thing to even think or talk about, and what this leads to is that most of us never learn much anything about it. That's not a good thing.

Those who are furthest removed from violence in their daily lives are the most vulnerable to it when they suddenly run into it on a dark street precisely because they don't understand it and therefore act stupidly and end up "asking for it" and getting killed. Most churchgoing taxpayers just have no idea how violent people think. Women, especially. **If there are any women you give a shit about, you will make sure they know about this stuff. They probably have no clue about any of this, and it may one day save their lives.**

Men are usually slightly better prepared. It's rather difficult for us to get through the mandatory twelve years of school without participating in at least a few scuffles, or at least learning how to avoid them in a male-group dominance hierarchy largely based on the ever-present implicit threat of violence. We at least learn the fundamentals. A woman can go through her entire life without ever as much as punching anyone or getting punched, or even imagining that there exists a threat of running into violence if she behaves badly.

Until that one fateful night when she's walking to her apartment building through a deserted parking lot and runs into one of the many people who walk the same streets the rest of us walk, but who live a life of violence all day every day.

The phrase "asking for it" is known by everyone, and a fair share of men know what it means. A fair share of loud-mouthed idiots holding educator positions have no fucking idea, and these dumb-ass bullhorns end up getting innocent people killed by telling them that "no one ever asks for violence". In reality, asking to be violated is the *very first thing* plenty of people who know very little about how violence works will do when confronted with it.

Another idiotic and dangerous delusion perpetuated by our beloved educators is that "communication ends when violence begins" or some similar variation on the notion that communication is verbal and to use violence is to end communication. This is all ass-backwards too. *Violence **is** communication,* and if you can't understand the language you're liable to get hurt a lot worse than you need to.

Five Types of Violence

The language of violence comes in a variety of dialects, and if you don't know which one you're dealing with you can end up inadvertently asking for more.

1. Self-Defense or Defense of Others
2. Emotion-Inspired Violence
3. Crazy Violence
4. Recreational Violence
5. Violence as a Tool

Self-Defense or Defense of Others

This is the easiest one to avoid, and the one most of us are probably familiar with. Basically, if you don't assault people and don't threaten to do so or look like you're about to, you're mostly guaranteed to steer clear of this type of violence.

Emotion-Inspired Violence

When people get angry at each other, this type of violence sometimes emerges. It can mostly be avoided by not getting on people's nerves too much, and not associating with people whose tempers are unusually volatile.

Still, this is not always enough. Most men learn in the schoolyard that there's a point beyond which it's not wise to annoy people, but women can sometimes get through their 12 years without acquiring that wisdom. To an outside observer, it can seem like some women just have no self-preservation instinct at all. We've all seen a woman just go off like a fire hydrant, running her mouth and spewing out insult after insult at someone who's visibly getting madder and madder for every second, closer and closer to losing self-control, and yet the stream of bitching just doesn't stop until eventually the recipient goes over the edge and unleashes a violent outburst. There's no need to talk about whether short-tempered people "have the right to" get violent when angry – it's just not going to stop happening no matter who says what. If you want to avoid it, you are going to refrain from pushing them over the edge. That's it, there is no alternative solution.

Crazy Violence

Some people are crazy. Sometimes, they use violence on you for no good reason that you can understand. That's unfortunate, but fortunately these people are rare in the street. Much more damage is caused by people who don't understand violence to themselves, because they end up thinking that all violence is crazy violence and that their own actions don't have any effect on whether there will be more or less of it.

Recreational Violence

Some people are just looking for someone to fight or rape or stab. Some people just like making others suffer. They're probably not completely healthy, mentally, but they're not completely crazy either – they like hurting you but you can still affect their behavior with your own actions to a degree. People choosing to live with abusive spouses know that they're going to have to take a certain amount of recreational violence anyway, and that it's best not to put up a fight and add an extra serving of angry or defensive violence to the obligatory platter of recreational violence. Most people don't understand why someone would stay with an abusive spouse. That's because they don't understand violence. They think all violence is completely horrible and worse than anything in the world. In reality, a little bit of recreational violence can be a price worth paying for other benefits of a relationship, and for many it is, especially if the alternative is not having a place to sleep.

Violence as a Tool

This is both the most dangerous and least dangerous kind of violence. Many of us know it from our childhoods – a bigger kid who wanted a toy you were playing with would simply take it and if you resisted, violence would be used as a communication tool to make you change your mind. The communication would be a simple non-verbal message: "I will hurt you until you give this to me". When you gave up the thing, the violence would stop. Very simple, yet some people forget this dynamic by the time they grow up, and that ignorance can get them killed real fast when they run into the wrong individual.

There are people who use violence as a professional tool, all day every day. Muggers, gangsters, and assorted hoodlums of all kinds have kept on using violence for persuasion purposes ever since those toy-grabbing days, and twenty years later, they've gotten very very good at it. Resist their demands and you can get hurt very bad very fast. These people will kill you much faster than the angries or the crazies, but the good news is that if you just give them what they want without

making trouble, they'll let you go free and clear – most of the time. They don't especially "want to" hurt you, but they will until you comply.

This is the type of violence you're most likely to encounter in your apartment building parking lot, and it's also the kind that's most likely to do the worst damage to you if you don't understand how to deal with it.

Asking For Violence

If you avoid violent people in your daily life and don't go out of your way to make others lose their temper, you can feel pretty safe about most kinds of violence, and your greatest fear in this area will likely be the unexpected thug who could appear from behind a parked car at any moment and want your money, or something else. Being suddenly "attacked" in the street is the main scenario where knowing how professionally violent people work can do the most to save your life and health.

First of all, you're not being "attacked" until actual violence is taking place. And usually, actual violence doesn't take place until you refuse the professional's demands. Know that when a thug approaches you and asks for your purse, that means he's picked the location, he's picked the time, he's picked a target whom he's evaluated as not being able to fight him, and he's an experienced professional. He's made a prediction that this interaction is most likely going to go the way he wants, and his prediction is most likely correct. He's probably also carrying some kind of weapon, because, well, why wouldn't he? He uses violence at work all day and a weapon makes his work a lot easier. Also, his life probably includes dealing with people who are as dangerous to him as he is to you – the kind of people you will never meet and might not even want to imagine existing anywhere near where you live. Hardcore professionals who make this thug want to piss his pants. So yeah, he probably walks, sleeps and goes to the bathroom with a weapon because of how scared he is of those people.

You are being approached by a well-armed, experienced professional who has made sure that you are alone and no one is close by who can help, and when he asks you for your purse or wallet or whatever, if you are one of the people who doesn't recognize a violent situation on sight, you'll probably say "no".

That's not a smart thing to do.

It's not a problem for him. He's seen this before. You're the fourth person to say "no" today. You're the fourth person today he's going to punch in the face with his knuckleduster and his twenty years of practice punching people in the face so that all the front teeth fall out. You're the fourth person today who's going to bend over clutching your profusely bleeding face like your type of people always do, so shocked that you were just subjected to violence that you won't even think about reacting in any useful way before he's pushed you to the ground and broken three of your ribs with his steel-toed army boot. They're probably your first broken ribs ever. For his army boot, they're the nine hundredth, the nine hundred and first, and the nine hundred and second, and the boots are just two years old. Then it's time to give you a few extra whacks in the back of the head if you're still holding onto your belongings too tightly, grab your stuff, and go to Burger King for dinner. Just another day at the office for him. Maybe he'll have the Double Whopper today.

When you wake up, people are shouting around you. You wonder where you are and why everything looks blurry. You think you hear sirens before you pass out again.

When you wake up in a hospital bed, the nurse tells you it's Tuesday. You seem to remember it being Saturday. The nurse tells you you've been in and out of surgery, you've been on an IV for a couple of days to make you sleep so you could heal. You had a pretty bad concussion and lost a lot of blood. You're lucky, she tells you. They didn't know if you'd make it.

A police officer comes to interview you. He looks bored. "Do you remember what he looked like?" You don't, really. Maybe his race or clothing, nothing specific. He hit you in the face with some

kind of metal thing, you tell the officer. He pushed you to the ground and kicked you and you thought you were going to die and it hurt so bad and you've never been so scared and it was horrible. The officer is bored. "So you didn't see what he looked like?". No, you didn't. But they'll catch him, right? "Don't hold your breath", says the officer and then he's at the door. "Wait!", you yell, "isn't there something you can do?". You can't believe this monster is just going to walk freely around and keep doing the same thing to more people, and you could stop him if only you remembered what he looked like, but damn it, you can't. "Well,", says the officer, "you can come to the station, file a report and look at mug shots". Then he's gone.

A friend comes to visit you in the hospital. He asks what happened. You tell him that this guy came and told you to give him your money, and you said no, and then you tell him how horrible it was and how you were so scared and thought you were going to die. He looks at you like you're insane, and says: "*You told him **'no'**?!*"

You get offended, and you scream at him because you feel like he's implying that this horrible injustice that just randomly befell you… *you feel like he's implying that it's **your fault***! How dare he!

…but the truth is that if you'd only not done what you did, then what happened wouldn't have happened. You would've walked home in good health and knocked on the neighbor's door and asked to use their phone. You would have called this friend and told him you got robbed. You would have waited in the neighbor's apartment, admired your beautiful smile in a mirror and sipped on some hot chocolate while waiting for your friend to pick you up in his car.

Identifying Goal-Oriented Violence

Violence, when used professionally, is goal-oriented. Unless you live the kind of life where you have to deal with those aforementioned hardcore professionals whose goals specifically include grievous bodily harm, you're only likely to run into the kind of professional users of violence whose goals include getting something from you – usually money, maybe sometimes sex.

The dynamic of goal-oriented violence is very simple. It's like a board game with really simple rules and it has 5 steps that you can move between:

1. First, they try to take something from you, either physically or using a verbal request.
2. You will make a choice to comply with the request or refuse it.
3. If you complied, go to step 5. If you refused, go to step 4.
4. You get hurt, then go back to step 2.
5. You're free to go home.

There are a few variations. Sometimes you get hurt right off the bat and only get the request after the first round of hurt. That's just bad luck but you can still avoid further hurt by playing step 2 right. A very common variation is one where each time you return to step 4, you get hurt worse than before. Some professionals play according to a rule where if you rack up so much damage that they're likely to get serious police attention for it, they change step 5 in a way where instead of letting you go home and identify them in a police lineup, they kill you.

Don't worry about the rule variations, though: your best strategy with all of them is always the same. Just give the motherfucker what he wants and the damage will be minimized.

The other important factor in minimizing the damage is to make sure that you don't inadvertently ask for an extra serving of one of the other types of violence…

Asking For *More* Violence

People make all kinds of mistakes that result in them getting hurt worse than they need to be.

Not realizing what game is being played:

Sometimes, people are so unused to violence that the possibility of it doesn't even enter their head. They think they're having a discussion with the criminal, when in fact what they're having is step 1 of the "getting robbed" game. Trying to convince the criminal not to rob you is the same thing as refusing to comply with his request.

Examples of phrases that can buy you an express ticket to hurt include:

- "My boyfriend will be right here"
- "I don't have any money"
- "Please don't hurt me"
- "I'm calling the police"
- "I'm a black belt in Karate"
- any kind of disrespect or profanity

Not only will you get the goal-oriented violence for your implicit refusal, but you're also likely to get him angry and that might add some extra anger-inspired violence to your plate.

Trying to fight:

Sometimes, people think they can defeat the thug in a physical altercation. Usually, they're wrong. Remember that he's already thought about it and decided that you're weak, remember that he's very experienced with physical altercations, remember that he's most likely armed, and remember that the previous ten people who thought they could take him obviously couldn't or he wouldn't be here with you now.

Sure, sometimes you can get lucky, but if I had to bet on your chances, the odds I'd give you would be something like this:

- If you're a normal woman: 99% chance you will get badly beaten and possibly raped for making trouble, or maybe shot or stabbed if the thug is in a hurry. 1% chance you get super lucky and manage to hit his childhood football injury, allowing you to escape.
- If you're a normal man: 45% chance you will get shot, stabbed or otherwise introduced to a lethal weapon. 45% chance you will get badly beaten. 10% chance you get lucky and manage to beat him up, getting yourself bruised up quite badly in the process.
- If you're a young, healthy man in great shape and a black belt martial artist in a real martial art that isn't some silly showmanship crap: 35% chance you will get shot, stabbed or otherwise introduced to a lethal weapon. 20% chance you will get badly beaten because he's also been trained to a black belt level by the mean streets. 45% chance you beat him up.

Plug in whichever option applies to you and consider whether those are chances you would like to take for whatever's in your wallet? Probably not.

By fighting, you will force the thug to use all the violence he can muster in self-defense, and that's likely to be a lot.

Special honorary mention: trying to kick him in the balls

Please don't kid yourself you can do this. It doesn't work like in the movies. Some poor dumb-ass tries it with your thug every week, and every week he catches the leg with his knee, which is very easy to do and a very fast, almost reflexive action that can be performed perfectly almost every time once you get used to doing it. Every week, the thug beats some poor dumb-ass into pudding for thinking he's goddamn Jackie Chan with a suit and tie.

Both defensive violence and anger violence are likely to be unleashed upon you if you try this.

Asking For a Fight to Continue

Some people are looking for a fight. If you happen to be the nearest available fight for the moment, it'll do you good to know what constitutes asking for more of this kind of violence and how to avoid it.

It's a natural urge in men to compete with each other physically, and we see this in the schoolyard all the time. What every man learns is that this schoolyard competition, while partially recreational, is also goal-oriented in the sense that the goal is to make you submit. Your goal, on the other hand, may be to establish your own status as a tough guy by laughing in the face of your abusers and literally *asking* for more. Nothing makes you look tougher than "Hey, I'm not really feeling that, hit me harder, please?". As long as you keep behaving defiantly, trying to resist or hurling insults, the violence will continue, and the longer you stay tough, the more respect you gain.

Even as adults faced with a completely different kind of situation, they can still have it in their heads that something can be gained by not admitting defeat. In the schoolyard, it's noble to show that you can take punishment and keep asking for more, but where this notion gets really dangerous is when you're grown up and dealing with people whose goal is to make you submit not for sixth grade respect points, but for professional reasons. They don't play games and you can get hurt very badly very fast. Granted, these are the people you're probably going to have to be pretty shady yourself to even run into, but I just have to mention it because we all remember that scene from Fight Club where Lou of Lou's Tavern comes to take back his basement, and Tyler Durden just takes the beating and laughs, eventually winning the right to use the basement, and I bet quite a few men feel like that's what they'd want to do in a situation like that.

I know we all love that scene and think Tyler Durden is really cool, but your life is not a movie and you're not Tyler Durden and if that guy Lou had been a serious professional he would have just shot Tyler Durden in the leg and walked out instead of starting a shouting and punching match. Then he'd have been back the next day to see if anyone was still in the basement, and anyone who was would probably have been buried in an abandoned industrial lot by that evening.

Women don't always get the "honor points" dynamic at all and may not even understand that refusing to signal submission is literally interpreted as "hit me harder, please?". If they find themselves being assaulted for recreation, some of them may get it into their heads that as long as they don't submit, the assailants don't "win". If all they had to do was endure a set amount of violence, this might be fine, but what often ends up happening is that the assailant hears the "hit me harder, please?" in the refusal to submit and gives the victim what she's asking for. Something that might just have been a robbery can turn into a robbery-and-rape, a simple assault can turn into a rape-and-stabbing, something that might only have been a few bruises and wounded pride can turn into something that kills you.

When the assailant's goal is to make you submit, the rules of goal-oriented violence apply, except that it's a lot less professional and can go on indefinitely and take on all manner of unseemly forms that the assailant's twisted mind happens to find amusing. Every time you defy him, it's back to the step where you get hurt, and those who enjoy recreational violence are likely to enjoy making it last a long time, so they're more likely to keep hurting you over and over but not enough to make you unable to keep resisting… until they decide it's time to end the fun, at which point, if you've been pissing him off for the last half hour the show's finale is probably going to be a lot worse than if you'd just complied.

What About Self-Defense?

Maybe you think you're a tough guy. Maybe you think you know the risks and you're a bad enough dude to take them. Someone has to be, right? Why not you? After all, you've trained with this, that and the third, and you were a soldier and killed enemies with your bare hands and you're practically

Rambo and besides, you're the main character of your own movie and you can't die. I'm not going to say *nobody* should take on a street thug attempting a robbery – there are people who can do that with relatively little risk, but I'll tell you one thing, if you've read anything in this article that you didn't already know better than your name and phone number, then you are definitely not one of those people.

How To Save Your Life

The best time to deal with violence is before it happens. If you can avoid situations where violence might happen, that is of course the thing to do. If you can't, you need to be aware of when you are in such a situation – if you stay in denial about what's happening, you're liable to get hurt worse than you would otherwise. If you do end up getting hurt, identify and understand which kind of violence is in question, and you'll be better prepared to act in a way that'll give you the best chances of getting out of it in good shape. An ounce of prevention in the form of learning this stuff now can be worth several pounds of cure, more than it's even possible to do after those teeth and ribs are broken – so *make sure to pass this information on to anyone you don't want to see lying in a hospital bed, face wrapped in bloody rags.*

The Basics Of Game

March 17 2011

This article is part of a series:
The Basics of Game – Advanced Game – The Highest Level of Game

What is "Game"?

Game is, in short, the skill of displaying attractive behavior – particularly, a man's skill of displaying the kind of behavior that makes women sexually attracted to him. Yes, what determines whether women are attracted to a man is in fact his behavior much more than his looks, money or nice personality. Evolution has shaped women to be attracted to those men who display signs of high social status. The signs that really matter aren't expensive cars or slick suits – those didn't exist when women's instincts evolved. The signs of status that most strongly attract women are behavioral – a high status man naturally behaves in a different way than others because of the privileges afforded by his social position.

Some smart men figured out that they can display those high status behaviors to make women attracted to them. These men formed communities where they shared their information and experiences with each other, honing their skills at playing the game of attraction – the skill of attracting women became known to many simply as "**game**", and its practitioners as "**players**".

Game is not deception. Whether a player really has high social status or not doesn't matter – even when the women know a player is a broke drunkard on welfare, they still can't stop themselves from being attracted to his high status *behavior*.

The word "player" has a negative connotation especially among women, and certain groups of game practitioners prefer to call themselves "**pick-up artists**". While "player" can refer to a man who just naturally has game and has always been able to attract women left and right, "pick-up artist" refers specifically to one who consciously practices game as an art, honing his skills through deliberately challenging himself to perform better.

Pick-up artists long ago figured out the importance of a fact I've expounded here before, that all human behavior and emotions can be traced to our evolutionary past, and they have studied that past to better understand sexual attraction. They delved into biology, observing herd behavior in our close primate relatives, since people once lived in herds much the same way, and borrowing terms like "**alpha male**" for the dominant male in the group from biologists. In applying this term to human men in our modern society, they've appropriated "**beta male**" for non-dominant males and "**omega male**" for those males who are the lowest of the low, the ones no woman would really feel desire for.

Some of the most fundamental findings pick-up artists have made in evolutionary biology are these:

- Women are attracted to alpha males to the almost total exclusion of everyone else. This means that all women in a group are most likely to be attracted to only one man, and it's most likely to be the same man for all of them: the alpha male.
- The alpha male is attractive to women specifically *because* he is the dominant male, the one with power over all others and freedom for himself. A man does not become the alpha male by being attractive – he becomes attractive by being the alpha male.
- Traits of the alpha male include:

1. He is the leader of other men as well as of women.
2. Women are universally attracted to him.

- His position leads the alpha male naturally to behave in the following ways:

1. Not get obsessed with one woman, since he can have any woman he wants or all of them.
2. To always be confident, never nervous or approval-seeking, since he is the big boss and what anyone else thinks matters little to him.
3. To be more satisfied with his life than other men, and to show it.

- *Women will automatically feel attracted to any of these behaviors in a man:*

1. *Leading or dominating behavior.*
2. *Signs that other women are attracted to him.*
3. *An attitude of indifference to what any particular woman thinks of him.*
4. *A confident demeanor.*
5. *Seeming happy and satisfied with his life.*

These are some of the most important traits pick-up artists try to embody.

I addition to general guidelines and mindsets like these, pick-up artists have also developed "**routines**", rehearsed series of speech and action for use in attracting women and getting them from the initial meeting to sex. Through their experience, they discovered that women are, by and large, very predictable. What gets a positive response from one woman is likely to work well with others also. Pick-up artists memorized what they'd said and done that women reacted well to, and they practiced these things with other women, testing new variations and improving their performance until they could be confident to get the response they wanted almost every time. Finely tuned and time-tested routines were, for a while, the cutting edge of the pick-up arts, and they are still used to some extent by practically all players. Heavy reliance of routines is most common in aspiring players who are just starting out and need really clear instructions to follow until they advance to a level where they know enough about the game to effectively apply more general principles without having a script to follow.

Like any complex skill, Game is a journey more than a destination. One day's study will get you results, another day will get better results, and after ten years you can still improve. You don't need to study game for X amount of time before you're "good enough to use it". If you didn't know anything about game before reading this article, you can still use what you've read here if you go out to meet women right now. I would suggest, though, that you read more first.

Game articles on this site suitable for beginners:

- Game in 5 Minutes

This article is part of a series:
The Basics of Game – Advanced Game – The Highest Level of Game

Advanced Game

March 17 2011

This article is part of a series:
The Basics of Game – Advanced Game – The Highest Level of Game

A man's journey from AFC (average frustrated chump) to PUA (pick-up artist) usually consists in a large part of learning routines, principles, and the mental attitudes and body language of an alpha male.

He collects practiced actions, reactions, and ways of being and doing. He consciously studies how the ideal alpha male would behave in any situation and makes an effort to imitate those behavioral models in his own life. An answer to every question, a contingency plan for every eventuality… the advanced player builds a tight net around the probabilities of life, reducing and reducing the chances that a situation will find a way to slip out of his control. Whatever happens in the game, he knows how to play his hand.

Where a beginner can slip in and out of "game mode" when situations take him by surprise, the advanced player does not falter. He lives the game, and the game lives in him, always looking for a chance to jump out at an unsuspecting target. A beginner can go out and try to "be a player" for an evening, then return home and be an AFC with his family. An advanced player isn't "being a player" – he simply is one.

Game articles on this site suitable for those aspiring to the advanced level:

- The Why Women Can't Figure Out What Men Want Series
- Game In The Time Of Mind-Numbing Stupidity

Game articles on this site suitable for beginners (that even non-beginners might still find worth reading):

- Game in 5 Minutes

This article is part of a series:
The Basics of Game – Advanced Game – The Highest Level of Game

The Highest Level of Game

March 17 2011

This article is part of a series:
The Basics of Game – Advanced Game – The Highest Level of Game

A player can memorize everything ever written about game, practice every conscious aspect of his body language down to the finest detail, collect thousands of hours of field experience with countless women, and internalize his game until it's almost reflexive, but he will still not have reached the summit – he will still be trying to act like an alpha male, doing the things that he knows alpha males do.

The highest level of game is not found in consciously doing what the alpha male does *because* that's what the alpha male does – the highest level of game is simply *being* the alpha male. Routines and practiced skill sets have their place in earlier stages, but the true alpha male doesn't need them. He doesn't need to do anything special – he simply *is himself* and women are drawn to him for the person that he is.

The "natural" who unconsciously displays alpha characteristics is not likely to ever reach the highest level of game – the world isn't built to raise the ultimate alpha male naturally. It takes a conscious effort to study the deep recesses of human nature and separate the true essence of man from those characteristics inserted by our modern unnatural environment. The study of game is a process by which a level can be reached where the study of game starts to lose its relevance and the study of how to be the man you want to be, the best man you can be, becomes more important. Only a man who deeply understands who he is in the world can reach a state of mind where he naturally embodies all the conscious and subconscious characteristics of the ultimate alpha male. Faced with a man at this level, both the unconscious natural and the conscious player will lose.

The closer you become to the best man you truly can be, the less you will need to rely on tricks and routines to attract women. The best man you can be, the man you really want to be, the ideal you would probably want to strive for regardless of it having any effect on women – he is a true alpha male. If you become that, women will simply see that you *are* the alpha male and they will come to you, game or no game.

Improving your success with women and improving yourself in other areas of life are connected – both affect each other. You can lean more toward either path and they can, to an extent, function as replacements for each other. Game is not the only path, but it can be a very rewarding one. Game in itself, however, is always only a means to an end – conscious mastery with women – that's not your ultimate goal in life. You may want mastery with women, but it's not the only thing you want. Ultimately, the man you want to be is not only a master pick-up artist but generally the master of his life, completely happy and satisfied with every aspect of it.

Articles on this site that can help you become master of your life:

- All of them, hopefully, but in this context especially these:
  - The Final Destination
  - What Are You Good For?
  - Where Does Happiness Come From?

This article is part of a series:
The Basics of Game – Advanced Game – The Highest Level of Game

Loud Noise, Weak Signal

by Delusion Damage on March 15, 2011

"Every night I talk to God, but he don't say nothing back"
-rap lyrics, "50 cent"

When you talk to people, they will likely say something back. When you talk to people on the internet, you're almost guaranteed that most of the people who say something back will not be the ones your communication was intended for. Anything you say will be misinterpreted to suit the needs of a slew of respondents – and I use the word "respond" generously, since it implies actual consideration of the message that has been received – who really just want to yell their favorite delusions at other people in order to bolster their own sense of trust in them. These people aren't having a conversation with you, they aren't even arguing with you – the constant, loud repetition of a delusion-affirming mantra is a solipsistic activity. It requires another person only in the capacity of recipient – the flow of information is one-way: these people are only sending, they will not receive no matter how cleverly you respond to them. It's a broadcast, not a discussion. Trying to have a conversation with such a person is like trying to have a conversation with your TV – it will say something back, but that doesn't mean it understood or even heard what you said to it.

Like an echo chamber, the internet will send back noise for any noise you put out into it. Most of it will be just that – noise. Some of the noise will be cleverly disguised as words, but do not be fooled, that doesn't mean communication is happening.

The signal put out by The Spearhead is starting to gain more power now, and the noise coming back from the various voice-activated loudspeakers of the great virtual echo chamber is growing louder in response. Like we've gotten used to the fact that most email is spam, we will have to get used to the fact that most responses to thoughtful writing are not thoughtful writing – they're just the auto-responses of mechanistically operating entities which parsed your message, detected a close relationship between the words "feminism" and "bad" and automatically generated a pre-fabricated response for you. There was no higher thinking involved, it was just an instinctual reaction to noise, like a little girl who hears an animal bleating and bleats back.

The Spearhead readership like the audience of all media is comprised of two categories: those for

whom the message is intended, and the rest. The people who are being written for – the ones who receive the communication, interpret the signal correctly and understand the message – are not likely to say anything back unless they have something to say. They are, by necessity, people who think, and that means they usually think before they talk. They try to make sure their communication is laden with value for those who receive it. If they have nothing of value to add, they will likely not respond. Some will take the time to write up a short thank you comment, but the signal coming back to The Spearhead from its intended audience will always be weak compared to the noise coming from the voice-activated auto-responders. For every signal that comes back from a reader who appreciated the message, there are more who appreciated the message and found nothing of value to add to it, thus remaining silent.

The much more vocal segment of the audience is those readers who are not being written for. They are the ones who will not think about the message – they will not decode the signal past a few words that will allow them to do what they want to do: relegate the message into their private "bad" category and yell their own never-changing mantra back at its source. Where they find their trigger words – a well-written article, an offhand comment to that article, it doesn't matter. What matters is that these people are looking for an opportunity for self-affirmation by yelling their deluded beliefs at other people, and as soon as they see their trigger words, their brain registers such an opportunity and they start yelling.

The content of their yelling will not be a response to the content of your message. It will more than likely be a direct reflection of what happens in their head: relegating your message to the "offending" category. This will usually manifest itself in a response as some variation on the basic "offending message – must be yelled at and silenced" directive:

The Spearhead outputs a relatively controversial signal that will get caught in the "offending message – must be yelled at and silenced" filter of many, many people with a dire need to affirm their delusions through the yelling of mantras. It will also be received by many who appreciate the message but say nothing back. In what The Spearhead hears back from readers, the noise will likely always be much stronger than the signal.

Our editor in chief is burdened with a difficult balancing act: putting out an effective message for those who are its intended recipients while simultaneously exercising control over the most controversial articles in order to keep the reactionary noise at a manageable level where the weak signal sent back by those who appreciate the message can still be heard.

The fact is, if you aren't being opposed, you aren't saying anything new. You aren't relevant. Right

now, The Spearhead is very relevant: the sheer amount of noise coming back from the opposition is a testament to that. Everyone who was ever right about anything fought an uphill battle against the reactionary noise of the masses who always cling to the old for a sense of security, trying to bleat as loud as they can to drown out the offending truth. If ever a time comes where the signal from those who appreciate the message measures up to the noise from those who are offended by it, it's a sign that it's probably time to reevaluate how relevant the message being put out is.

And at times when the response seems overwhelmingly negative, we'll do well to remember 50 Cent's relationship with his God:

Every night we talk to men but they don't say nothing back.
That doesn't mean they don't hear us.

Delusion Damage specializes in exploring the hidden causes of everything and figuring out how to make a lifetime as a man in the modern world the best it can possibly be.

Men's Liberation Through "Game"

by Delusion Damage on March 18, 2011

The fundamental contract between the sexes, put down in law as the institution of marriage, unchanged for countless generations, was essentially this: the man provides the woman with food and shelter which she is unable to acquire on her own, and the woman in exchange provides the man with sex and children which he is unable to acquire on his own. It was understood in what's called "the spirit of the law" that the wife was entitled to access to the husband's income and whatever material wealth came thereof, and that the husband was entitled to access to his wife's reproductive system and whatever offspring came thereof.

The contract worked great for a long time, but like all good things, it eventually came to an end.

The "women's liberation" movement liberated women from their part of the deal – today men (as the majority of taxpayers) are bound by law to support women (as the majority of recipients of welfare, affirmative action, divorce settlements, alimony, child support, and other gender-biased wealth transfer programs in a similar vein), but women by law owe men nothing in return.

Even within marriage, only one side of the contract has survived: in the event of divorce, the high-earning spouse (usually male) is bound by law to support the low-earning spouse (usually female) through aforementioned wealth transfer programs, but he is not entitled to custody of children or monthly payments in the form of sexual access, which is what the logical counterpart of alimony would be.

Why do men continue to take such a devil's deal?

Overwhelmingly, the answer seems to be what it has always been: for sexual access. When a man has managed to get hold of a decently tolerable and OK-looking woman who's giving it to him on the regular – not an easy accomplishment for most men, given the sorry state of the supply of young women – the woman usually can, and usually will, pressure him into marriage using an implicit or explicit threat of withholding the supply of sex he's worked so hard for. Most men cave and take the deal, bad as it is.

There are happy marriages, of course, where both parties genuinely want to commit to each other for life through an age-old ritual in front of their communities and families, and be recognized by law as a unit, and maybe some of them never regret it – but it takes only a cursory look at divorce statistics to conclude that these happy marriages are in the minority. Most marriages are not like that – most people settle. Most men don't particularly want to get married – they only do it because their wives want it, and why shouldn't they! The wives have everything to gain by marrying, the husbands nothing but the assumed promise of a continued supply of sex – and that promise is often broken once the papers have been signed.

Now there's even "rape within marriage" – the final word on exactly what rights the law thinks a husband has in a marriage. When before the wife's sexuality was his property which he bought by fulfilling his part of the deal, he is today still forced to pay the price but no delivery of goods is guaranteed.

With women long since liberated from having to offer sex in exchange for the husband's resources (labor, income, wealth etc.), we are now living a time where men are finding liberation from having to offer women resources in exchange for sex.

This facet of "men's liberation" comes in the form of a practice commonly known as "Game" – the scientific study of how to make oneself so attractive to women that they will offer one sex for free.

"Game" removes the main pressure forcing men into unwanted marriage by ensuring abundant sexual access to a variety of desirable women without having to trade them anything substantial in return. A man skilled in "game" feels much, much less inclined to marry than a sexually frustrated man trying to hold onto the one woman special enough to open her legs for him.

The common ground between the "game" sphere and the men's rights sphere is obvious: men's rights advocates have a need – the need to reduce the unilateral enslavement of men through marriage – and advocates of "game" have a solution that will do it. Many young men ignorant of "game" would take, and as the statistics show, are taking, a marriage with sex and unfairly stacked divorce laws over no marriage and no sex – but few young men would take any marriage over the prospect of free and abundant sex with a variety of attractive partners.

The benefits of "game" to the men's movement don't stop there. The delusional belief that wealth built up through hard work in the soul-sucking corporate machines of our time is required to attract women is endemic among men – learning "game" changes that. A man who learns "game" has little incentive to continue being the taxpayer who supports women living on gender-biased government handout programs. The more men learn "game", the more the government must curtail its expenses.

"Game" is also beneficial to men as individuals. A demanding self-improvement effort, it tends to draw its practitioners onto constructive paths in life that lead them to improve their circumstances in other ways as well. Self-improvement gets into the blood of a man who practices "game" regularly, and this is evident in those men who have reached the highest levels of game. They have not only acquired a skill set but have undertaken an effort to rebuild themselves from the ground up, deprogramming the harmful delusions feminized society raised them into and finding out for themselves what it means to be a man and how to be the best men they can be – the experience of practicing "game" provides such a stark contrast against the lies a man is fed by our culture and education system that it automatically wakes him up to question more and more of what he's been told. He stops buying the party line and learns to think for himself about how he really should live his life, learning to ignore popular propaganda about what a man should be and how he should act – another goal close to the heart of any men's rights activist.

If men's liberation is a strategic goal, encouraging them to learn "game" should be a tactical one. Its positive impact on men's rights in the real world is simply too great not to be utilized.

The Herd Giveth and the Herd Taketh Away

by Delusion Damage on March 18, 2011

in Featured, Gender War

"…want you to make me feel
like I'm the only girl in the world
like I'm the only one that you'll ever love
like I'm the only one who knows your heart
only girl in the world
like I'm the only one that's in command
'cause **I'm the only one who understands**
how to make you feel like a man
yeeeee-eaaa…"
- Rihanna, "Only Girl In The World" (emphasis mine, because yeah, I see what's going on there, even though this article is not about that)

Have you heard that women have a deep, innate desire to blend in and be the same as everyone else?

Have you heard that women have a deep, innate desire to be uniquely special little snowflakes?

Have you heard that online mischief has become an outlet for young men angry at being helpless and hopeless in the real world because they are not valued by women and feminist dominated society?

Have you heard that the American workforce takes exploitation lying down?

Have you heard that our modern age is rife with the fallacy known as argumentum ad populum; the idea that because something is popular that is proof enough that it is good?

Have you heard that men aren't "manning up" in support of masculine values?

Have you heard that most men are unable to shoulder the burden of leadership?

Have you heard that men are not taking initiative and control of their own lives?

You've heard a lot, but have you heard about the underlying cause that connects all these phenomena to each other?

Have you heard about **the herd**?

Advertisement

Most people haven't. Most people don't even know that for 99% of the time the human race has existed, we lived in tribes of about 50-150 individuals spread out on the African savanna, and that the ways of thinking and behaving that we evolved thousands of generations ago, suited for optimal survival and reproduction in those conditions, are still what we're using today.

Everything I've listed above goes back to what was, for our ancient ancestors, a fundamental facet of survival – something that's still embedded in the fundamental wiring of the brains carried around by all modern women, and the truth about which their "equality"-obsessed institutions would give anything to hide.

Absolute deference to the herd.

Up until a few thousand years ago, a woman could not survive without the support of the herd – it was simply impossible.

A man could go out in the wild on his own, hunt his food and defend himself against predators. It would be difficult and dangerous, but he could have a decent chance at making it on his own until such a time as he decided to band together with others again. A man had options. If the herd was pissing him off, he could withdraw his support from it and go his own way. A man was naturally a power plant – his labor could support not only himself but others as well. A man was an asset to the herd, and the herd to the man, but he could take it or leave it.

Not so for a woman. If a woman were to fall out of favor with her herd, she would die. No ifs, buts or second guesses, do not pass go, do not collect $200, go straight to an unmarked grave in some lucky lion's den. Weak, soft and likely saddled with children or pregnancy, a woman couldn't muster enough labor to even support herself let alone possible offspring. She needed the support of a man of her own, or the collective support of the men of the herd, or she would die.

Nothing was as important for a woman's survival and that of her children as being socially accepted. That imperative to survive, imprinted deep into the female brain by countless years of natural selection, is still there. Even today, nothing is as important to a woman as being in good favor with the herd. There is only one general case in which women can, with any reliable frequency, be seen going against the wishes of the herd – when they're catching a man. The scientific explanation is simple – the entire surplus labor supply of a privately owned man, caught in the net of a sexual pair bond and never set free again, can do even more for her than a share of the collective plate.

It is in this special case when the seeming contradiction in female behavior appears – where normally she'd do everything she can to be just like all the other girls, not to single herself out in any way for instinctive fear of being kicked from the herd, she must now do the opposite. In order to ensnare a man so completely that he can be relied on not to break free from her spell until he's fed and protected the children through their helpless growth phase, she must make herself seem so incredibly special that there's simply no other woman he could even consider sharing some of his – now, her – surplus labor with. She must indeed make herself the only girl in the world for him.

The underlying mechanism is the same – the prime directive to make sure she's always provided for by someone else – only its target changes from the collective to the individual, and the behavioral manifestation of the dependence instinct changes to what can on the surface seem like its opposite. It's the same instinct of unfaltering attachment to a meal ticket, with a new coat of paint.

Due to the paramount importance of fitting in for survival, the idea that anything popular is good is irremediably built into the female brain. Human brains have not changed since tribal times. Today's woman is still looking for the approval of the herd before anything – no matter how harmful, how illogical or how ridiculous a thing is, if it's popular, she must have it, love it and defend it with all her power. It feels to her like a matter of life or death – because that's exactly what it used to be.

Give women money, they'll buy what they think others are buying. Let them vote, they'll vote for what they think others are voting for.

Give them influence over every aspect of society, and every aspect of society will be permeated with the idea that everything popular is great and all other alternatives are death. Give them control over education, and they'll discourage experimentation, achievement and discovery, extolling the virtues of conformity, conformity and conformity. Ordinary will become the new extraordinary.

Give them a majority share in the workforce and fill the rest with boys educated by the twelve-year feminine conformity program mandated by law, and you'll get a workforce that'll take anything lying down. Give them sole custody and put their fatherless male children in female-run conformity training for their first twenty years, and you get a population of men who won't lead others or even stand up for themselves.

Give them all public spaces and institutions, and they will reshape it all in their own image, leaving only the wild west of the internet as a place for that fraction of their male children who just couldn't be beaten into the mold to lash out in reaction to the abuse.

This is simply what happens, none of us can choose to go against our innate programming. We do what we must because we can. A woman must conform at all times in order to feel safe, and she will naturally project the same dynamic onto everyone around her. You can hardly assign blame for that any more than you can for breathing or eating – we do these things because we start to feel terribly uncomfortable as soon as we don't.

The feminine drive for conformity works nicely when it's in balance with the masculine drive for excellence, but we didn't have the luxury of being born into a time like that. Most of us can also thank our lucky stars for not growing up in conditions leaning too heavily toward masculine patterns either – those environments exist too, and they are in many ways even less decent places than ours.

Comparing the urban jungle with the affluent suburbs provides a conspicuous example of how the equilibrium between opportunity and security determines what position a social environment will assume on the spectrum between masculine and feminine values. The lack of security in the ghetto and the enticing opportunity of a quick fix through success in its criminal gangs promote a "get rich or die trying" approach to life, whereas the monotone stability of life in the suburbs combined with a perception of an inevitable future of more of the same until the end of time itself embeds grating, soul-sucking routine in the lives of their inhabitants.

A decrease in our society's currently heavy skew toward feminine values will require a decrease in the security-opportunity ratio. I'm certain the imbalance will correct itself one way or another, as I've written about previously. I'm not seeing any increase of opportunity on the horizon – in fact, bureaucracy control of a "free" man's life is constantly getting worse. That leaves only one option – the change will most likely come about through a decrease in security.

Women aren't about to willingly relinquish the political power men have given them, and sooner or later men are going to realize that women don't really "have" the real power even now – they are only borrowing symbolic exchange tokens for it. Like paper money, women's political power is only valuable as long as the men who issue it back up the imaginary currency with real economic and military power. In practical terms, real power – life and death power – always rests with men, and the worse the pressure on men in our society becomes, the rougher the backlash will be when men have had enough and, if women won't negotiate, unilaterally restrict the political power that's

been lent to women by devaluing it relative to that which backs it up - the only real form of power that has ever meant anything in this world.

In plain English: women don't have any "rights" expect those that men choose to uphold through use of force – women have no force of their own to use in defense of their "rights." Whatever of women's "rights" men get tired of protecting will cease to be.

I challenge you to find a truth more politically incorrect than that.

Luckily, women are good at conforming to the demands of the herd and will not be putting up more than token resistance before settling amiably into their new roles, whatever those may be. Women have worked hard for their liberation, but it looks like they're going to push the envelope all the way to that inevitable point where they can't sneak their privileges under the collective male radar any more – indeed the very event of me writing this and you reading it is something of a sign that that time is already dawning – and when men do wake up to how free women have become to walk all over them, women's liberties will likely be scaled back far beyond current levels. History, it seems, is not without a sense of irony.

The Shotgun Approach To Life

This article is relevant to your life, I promise. It starts out sounding like it isn't, but when you get to the second half of it you'll realize the benefits of the first half. This website is not my diary and I don't write about myself unless it's relevant to some useful point I'm trying to make.

Today, I am ashamed* to say, I've spent almost the whole day explaining myself.

*this choice of words is not meant to imply that I do now or have at any specific point during the events described in this article actually experienced the emotion of shame, but instead to communicate in as few words as possible my realization that I have done something I should not have done.

I've spent all day responding to comments on a couple of articles I recently contributed to external websites. A whole, long day during which I could have been writing a new article, or several, that you could now look forward to reading. However, I didn't do that, because while I was indeed writing, I was writing responses specifically tailored to a fraction of the readers of my previous articles, and then a fraction of those who responded to my responses. This being the case, most of what I've written today is probably not anything you would want to read.

When enough people read what you've written, a fair few of them are bound to misunderstand your writing and request clarification of your point (a number of these requests may be worded as some variation on "you are stupid and wrong"). It is very easy to fall into the trap of trying to explain yourself to people who didn't get it the first time – but the fact is that the people who didn't get it the first time are also the same people who will probably not get it the second time either.

Explaining yourself puts you on a course toward diminishing returns:

- You are now only talking to the part of the audience (probably a small minority) who did not understand what you said the first time. The value of your communication for the rest of the audience is now zero.
- You are now talking exclusively to the people who are least likely to understand you. They will get much less benefit from the work you put into communicating with them than would a similar number of the people who understood you the first time if, instead of explaining yourself, you moved on to telling those people about the next thing.

Each round of re-responding you engage in multiplies both these effects.

Today, however, I fell into the trap. So many of the complaints about my writing seemed to be essentially the same ones that I thought I'd just quickly respond to the most common ones… and then I got a complaint about my response and realized that an even more detailed explanation would be required… and before I knew it, I ended up writing a one-hour explanation about something utterly trivial to my original article for just one person who might, for all I know, just have been arguing with me because he wanted to argue.

I only woke up to the reality of diminishing returns when I found myself responding to someone who had quoted and taken issue with specific passages from my various articles with this:

I'm sorry if you did not understand the intended meanings of these passages in the context of the articles you picked them from – the case with writing is unfortunately such that if I took the greatest care to explain the implications and limitations of each sentence to the extent where they would be impossible to misinterpret, the length of each article and the learning-to-reading-time ratio for its reader would approach the point where no one would read them. This being the case, I try to strike a balance where the article will be concise and informative for most readers, and misunderstood only by a few.

And that's when I saw it: in that moment, I was doing something very similar to what I had just said I try not to do. There it was in my own words, the past me telling the future me: "Wake up, dumbass, you are wasting people's time just as much by writing for one reader who didn't get you the first time as you would be if you wrote your articles in painstaking, unambiguous lawyer-speak so nobody could misunderstand what you mean. Most readers get you just fine as it is, and the benefit to the few would not outweigh the damage to the many who'd have to wade through oceans of explanations for something they already thought was obvious in three words." Look back at the beginning of this article. How horrible would it be if I wrote everything like that? You would probably not love me like you do for constantly thinking about how I can give you my very best feel like reading it.

This principle of diminishing returns with tighter focus isn't just limited to me.

Do you know the ways in which it applies to your own life?

When communicating, do you keep explaining yourself to a fraction of the audience who just won't understand you?

When working on a project, do you keep trying to make the result just a little bit better and just a little closer to perfect even when it was good enough after a fifth of the time you spent on it?

If you clean your house or weed your garden, do you spend most of the time trying to get into tiny unimportant corners when you could get 80% of the results in 20% of the time?

If you work out, do you keep trying to improve on the same muscles that you've already exercised so much they don't really want to grow any more?

Where are you wasting time and effort?

The well-known "80/20″ rule states that 80% of the results in pretty much anything come from 20% of the work and the remaining 80% of the work really only produces 20% of the results. Once you eliminate the ineffective 80% of the work, you often come to the realization that the rule still holds… that of the work you are now doing (which is 20% of the original work), still only 20% of it (which is 4% of the original work) produces 80% of the results you are now getting (which is 64% of the original results)…

Having been chastised by my past self today for my mistake, will I fall into the same trap again? Maybe, but I will surely try very hard not to – and I bet I'll remember the lesson better after this.

Sometimes in life, you need laser focus on getting that one thing just perfect, but a lot of the time, the best effectiveness for your time and effort is achieved with the shotgun approach: take aim once and fire in the general direction of your target, some of the shot will hit the target and some of it won't, then move on to the next target. Staring through a sniper scope for half an hour trying to put each perfectly straight-flying bullet right through the bulls-eye usually isn't worth it.

When faced with a task, ask yourself: is this a sniper situation or a shotgun situation?

I know someone who measures the ingredients in every cake and pasta sauce recipe with the utmost care like he's a chemist making the cure for cancer – "…but I don't want to get it wrong!". "If you get it wrong", I tell him, "guess what: the sauce is a little less 'just like from an Italian mother's kitchen' and you probably won't taste the difference. Do you not value your time and effort more than that?" He doesn't.

Today's featured insidious form of delusion damage that permeates all our lives without us even knowing is this: the delusion that we're in a sniper situation when we're really in a shotgun situation damages us by causing us to waste most of the effort we make in that situation. 80% of it, according to some.

It works the other way around, too, but there it's usually more obvious: if you need to do something carefully and you do it haphazardly, it's probably going to let you know by exploding in your face.

Make Your Relaxation Time Work For You

March 20 2011

You have **A** hours in the day that you can use to make your life better. **B** of those hours you probably spend doing things like working at your corporate job, driving to and from there, shopping for groceries… things that, in the short term at least, "need" to be done. You could eventually become self-employed or rich enough to hire a grocery-shopping assistant, but on the time scale of today and tomorrow, there's a bunch of stuff that you must do because no one else will do it for you.

Then, hopefully, there's the time you spend on activities that aren't pressing concerns on the one day time scale but still need to be done lest the future punish you for neglecting them: exercising your body, being a parent to your kids, etc. – let's call this time **C**.

A – B – C = X

If you can't find **X** in your day, then this article is not for you, but you may want to look into whether you really need to be doing everything you're doing. For most people, however, **X** is the main portion of their "free" time… and what does **X** entail?

For most people, **X** entails what's maybe the biggest waste of their time and one of the biggest servings of delusion damage they wolf down in their lives.

Most people believe they "need to relax" after a "hard day" and "don't have the energy" to do anything constructive. They mentally split their time into "on" time and "off" time, a time to work on something useful and a time to recharge with something fun and useless.

Luckily, your friendly neighborhood reader Kyle wrote in with a suggestion that brings this assumption under the knife:

Hey,

I just found your site yesterday, as I was leaving for work. I have been reading it since I got home from it, and I have to say, the things you have said really resonate with me, and I will for sure be watching this site.

Additionally, I would really like to hear your take on low impact recreational activites (e.g., TV, video games, reading, music).

Thanks again,
Kyle

I'd like to thank Kyle for his kind words and for drawing my attention to something that's probably relevant to the lives of many other readers.

Entertainment. What good is it?

The value of entertainment to most people is simple: it gives you a way to avoid grating boredom while not requiring much of an energy output on your part. A really great movie that you've looked forward to seeing for three months can be more than that: it can be a genuinely pleasant experience that you'll fondly look back on later, but most of the time people consume entertainment it has no future value: its only value is to keep you from getting bored while you rest.

Switch on the TV, switch off your brain. Recharge. Switch off the TV, switch on your brain. It's now five hours later and you have to go to sleep. That's five hours you are never going to get back, and did you really even enjoy it while it lasted? …or were you just existing, your brain in offline mode, not really liking it but not really disliking it either?

The idea that we feel tired after work because our brain's energy is "used up" and we need to "switch off" to recharge it is mostly a delusion.

I've worked jobs where I felt dead tired after two hours, and others where I could go for twelve and be disappointed that I had to quit working to go to bed. What's the difference? It's not how demanding the work is, objectively, nearly as much as it is your experience of the job.

Imagine yourself working as a number cruncher for Cubicle Farming International Inc., moving sums from one column into another column all day every day… how long could you do it before you got bored? How long could you do it before that boredom turned into legitimate suffering? If you experienced that suffering all day, how drained would you feel when you finally got home?

Imagine yourself working as a director on a teen drama, coaxing heart-wrenching performances out of exquisite specimens of youthful beauty over and over until you get it just the way you want it, all day every day… how long could you do it before you started to suffer? All your life, maybe a little longer? When you got home after a day's work, would you feel drained and shiftless? Would you feel like plopping down in front of the TV, cracking open a beer and just switching off? …or would you come home feeling full of life, energetic and ready to do something?

When you feel tired after working at the office, what you're feeling isn't the kind of fatigue that comes from mental exertion as much as it is the kind that comes from prolonged suffering. Mental exertion does tire you – but mental suffering tires you a lot more and a lot faster, and it's probably responsible for the majority of what you feel when you come home from work. You feel like you're tired of *working*, but what you really are is tired of *suffering*.

If you worked all day at the cubicle farm and came home "too tired to work any more", and you were then offered the opportunity to spend the evening as a director on a teen drama, would you still feel "too tired to work"? The work of a director is a lot more demanding than moving the numbers around, but even so, you might notice yourself suddenly finding a whole bunch of unused energy still stored in your brain and ready to go.

If you have a job that you can do without the suffering getting too extreme, you'll find that you do indeed still have the energy to do something constructive in the evening *as long as it's exciting.* Your energy for putting up with boredom and suffering may be low, but your energy for "doing" may not be. The tired feeling in your brain does not mean you need to switch off completely – it just means you need to switch to something that doesn't make your brain want to die. Many people relax with video games – now, video gaming is hard, maybe harder than your job, but you can relax with it because it's not suffering. The workday doesn't drain you of thinking-energy, only of suffering-energy.

Since "relaxing" doesn't have to be "switching off", you would, all other things being equal, probably want to use that time for something constructive that would make you a better future while simultaneously performing the function of letting your brain rest from suffering – but maybe not from thinking. Think of all the hours you've spent on entertainment that didn't do anything for your life in the long term. Imagine if you'd spent all that time doing something that entertained you *and also* improved your life.

You might consider reading this website "relaxing", even "entertaining". I certainly hope you don't consider it "suffering". You could be watching MTV's Super Sweet Spoiled Teens With Low Self-Esteem right now, and let's for the sake of argument say that you might even be entertained and relaxed by it – but given a choice, wouldn't you rather learn something that could make your life better in the process?

I decided quite a while ago that I would, and I'm going to share my habits with you. These aren't absolute rules, I'll make an exception in a special situation – if I have to sit 10 hours in a plane and the airport bookstore has nothing that's both enjoyable and informative, I might take something that's just enjoyable, but given a choice, I generally try to make my entertainment conform to these

rules:

- I never turn on the TV without knowing that something I really want to see is on.
- When I do watch TV shows, I do it differently from most people:

1. I choose the series carefully, and do a little research first – if the critics love it, it's probably not completely vacuous and I can learn something from the time I spend watching it. As it turns out, several TV writers are deep thinkers and they put philosophy and life lessons into their work. Why not? If I were a TV writer, I would. I look for series that get acclaim for their information content, and of course I also look for the kinds of things that I enjoy in a TV series. I also look for series that have complete story arcs spanning several years of air time, because these tend to be both much more enjoyable than the ones with a new plot every week as well as much more likely to have the kind of writers who explore complex ideas applicable to real life, philosophical or otherwise.
2. Once I've found a series that I have reason to believe will be informative, providing me with new ideas and sparking new thoughts, as well as enjoyable enough to qualify as serious quality time and not just not-quite-bored time, I get the entire series and watch it from beginning to end in rapid succession, usually not having more than one series half-watched at a time. Doing this, I've noticed that not only do many TV shows explore larger philosophical ideas over the course of several episodes, but that the enjoyment value of the show increases immensely when you don't have time to forget the tiny details from previous episodes that add tremendously to later episodes. Watching a complicated show with intricate plot lines in one sitting makes every episode at least twice as good as watching them all a week apart, the way they're shown on TV. If you watch it on air and miss an episode here and there, consider the enjoyment value of the series cut to a fifth of what you'd get my way.
3. If the show starts to "jump the shark", I'm pretty patient with it if I think the writers are smart and will bring it back to its former glory in later episodes, but if it goes too far into the land of no plot and no thought-provoking ideas, I cut my losses.

- Video games: I've been known to enjoy the occasional video game, but they too are mostly ones with intricately philosophical story lines – I dig one out every few months and play for an evening, but generally my view is that if I have the energy to play a video game, I have the energy to do something constructive and just as enjoyable, like reading/watching something informative and thought-provoking. Video games tend to lose out to books, films and TV series in those areas.
- Reading: I do generally not read fiction, unless I'm at an airport. I read books about real world things that interest me – evolutionary psychology, life in environments different from mine, the autobiographies of people I want to learn from – they can be just as entertaining as a good crime novel, and in addition I learn something useful. An exception is the kind of science fiction that says something relevant about the kind of future we can expect to get to see in our lifetimes, or explores some facet of human nature using strange technology as a plot device (how people might be inclined to behave if they could do something they currently can't).
- Music: I have two categories of music. The first is music I value for its information content – mostly rap music providing insight into the minds of people who've grown up very differently from me and the environments that shaped their thoughts – and this music I listen to when I'm working at my computer. The second category is music that I just like the sound of – movie soundtracks, the occasional pop song, etc. – which I listen to when I'm working on something so demanding I can't be distracted by thought-provoking lyrics. I generally don't listen to music in transit – I like to use that time for complex and time-consuming thought experiments, and I'll only resort to music if the noise of the environment is an even worse distraction from my thoughts.

You can see this like “Whoa, relax buddy, not everything has to be super useful all the time, you can take a moment now and then to just have fun”, but the way I see it is that if I can have that extra usefulness on top of the enjoyment I would want anyway, I’ll take it. If learning and fun were mutually exclusive, and I know the education system did a lot to convince us all that they are, then I would take a moment now and then to “just have fun”, but as it stands, I try to be learning all the time and also enjoying myself all the time.

You could settle for less than that, but why?

Also relevant to this topic is an earlier article where I make the case that “hard work” can be extremely enjoyable and rewarding if you do it right:

- Men Without Direction

Romance Isn't Dead, It's Just Criminal

by Delusion Damage on March 21, 2011

Women wonder:

What happened to romantic gestures and seizing the moment?
Is romance dead?
Where is my Prince Charming?
Where is a man who will "sweep me off my feet"?

Well, he certainly isn't employed at your workplace or attending your educational institution, and here's why: what you call "sweeping you off your feet" or "making a romantic gesture" the law now calls "sexual harassment", and people lose their jobs and get expelled from universities for it.

Does this sound incredible? Shouldn't the kind of behavior qualifying as "sexual harassment" be completely outrageous, something that regular people would never do? Good guys just trying to be romantic shouldn't be at risk of crossing over into that territory, right? Wrong.

There is no minimum level for harassing conduct under the law.

The United Nations General Recommendation 19 to the Convention on the Elimination of all Forms of Discrimination Against Women defines sexual harassment of women to include:

> "such unwelcome sexually determined behavior as physical contact and advances, sexually colored remarks, showing pornography and sexual demands, whether by words or actions. Such conduct can be humiliating and may constitute a health and safety problem; it is discriminatory when the woman has reasonable ground to believe that her objection would disadvantage her in connection with her employment, including recruitment or promotion, or when it creates a hostile working environment."

In U.S. employment law, "hostile environment sexual harassment" refers to a situation where employees in a workplace are subject to a pattern of exposure to unwanted sexual behavior from persons other than an employee's direct supervisor where supervisors or managers take no steps to discourage or discontinue such behavior.

Some situations that have been ruled to constitute such a hostile environment are:

- Consistently telling "dirty" jokes or stories where all employees in the work area can hear them

- Tolerating employees who make sexually suggestive remarks about other employees within earshot of others
- Allowing peer employees, clients, suppliers, delivery persons, or even customers (*Lockard v. Pizza Hut*) to persist in unwanted attention, such as asking for dates
- Allowing the use of derogatory terms with a sexual connotation (e.g., "pussy," "girlie-man," "player") to be used to describe co-workers
- Allowing frequent physical contact, even when not sexual

As you can see, the legal definitions of sexual harassment include "unwanted attention", "asking for dates", "frequent physical contact, even when not sexual" – and any of this can cost a man his job.

For a man to do his job in an "equal" and "integrated" 50% female workplace without accidentally committing crimes during his workday, he must carefully avoid giving the people he is expected to collaborate with any "attention" that could be seen as "unwanted", and he must also carefully avoid physical contact with the people who hand him printouts and squeeze past him in hallways, so as not to allow it to become "frequent". Any behavior can, of course, be seen as "unwanted", seeing as none of us are psychic and any behavior we do not predict before it happens is unexpected and thus by default "unwanted".

You want spontaneous romantic gestures? Well, you know, "spontaneous" is just another word for "unwanted", and that's a crime.

Spending most of their waking hours living under rules like these, is it any wonder that men learn to cautiously avoid romantic actions? Do you expect men to spend 8 hours a day being taught that any "attention" or "physical contact", by default "unwanted", is a crime, and then magically switch off all that programming in the evening to become the romance novel hero who sweeps you off your feet?

Not so fast! The waters are hardly less dangerous outside places of work or study:

In the United Kingdom the Sexual Offences Act 2003 defines "sexual assault" as when a person (A)

1. intentionally touches another person (B),
2. the touching is sexual,
3. B does not consent to the touching, and
4. A does not reasonably believe that B consents.

In the United States the definition of sexual assault varies widely between the individual states. The Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network defines "sexual assault" as "unwanted sexual contact that stops short of rape or attempted rape. This includes sexual touching and fondling."

There you go – any spontaneous romantic sweeping gesture that might be interpreted as "unwanted sexual touching" is an express ticket to prison.

These nebulous definitions of sex crimes make many normal ways in which people interact with their friends and colleagues every day into crimes if one party decides after the fact that the "touching" was "unwanted" and "sexual". "Unwanted" is basically impossible to disprove, and "sexual" comes close – if a man is squeezing through a hallway and bumps into someone around a corner, is it his fault that her "front bumpers" are legally defined as "sexual" in nature? It's a fact of life that people who crowd into elevators together are going to bump into each other, and this "unwanted physical contact" may even be "frequent". It's another fact of life that the parts that stick out in front of a person are the ones most likely to serve as the point of contact with whatever gets in the way, their "sexual" nature notwithstanding. When a man can't do his job without accidentally

engaging in illegal “unwanted sexual contact”, it becomes very difficult to prove after the fact whether a particular instance of such contact was intentional or not. Any of the two or three romantic gestures a man can still legally make will work as evidence of intent in all those unavoidable cases of “unwanted touching”, so he’d better avoid signaling any sort of romantic intent in any way, sexual, non-sexual, touching or no touching, wanted or unwanted.

Are you still wondering where you’ll find the men who would sweep you off your feet? Now that sweeping has been made illegal, they can likely only be found in prison or the parts of town where men with no respect for the law hang out. Would you like to go look for them there?

Why Women Can't Figure Out What Men Want

March 22 2011

Articles in this series:

1. **You are here:** Why Women Can't Figure Out What Men Want
2. Alpha And Beta Reality
3. Identifying Alphas And Betas For Women
4. Why Most Dating Advice For Women Is Crap
5. Woman Gives Women Silly Advice That Only Works With Betas

Introduction:

This series of articles looks at how differently alpha and beta males interact with women. I want to give you a look at how women view alphas and betas, which is why I'm talking to "you" as if "you" are female, even though I know most of my readers are male, and also why I talk about "relationships" and "commitment" and stuff like that as more important than you may think they are – because those ideas color women's view of men. Even so, it is my intention that this series offer every bit as much to male readers as to female ones.

For the male majority of readers, it will provide theory on alpha and beta males and plenty of examples of alpha and beta male behavior to improve your Game, as well as a look into how women view alphas and betas. For its undoubtedly few female readers, it will explain a very simple framework for relationship acquisition and management that's easily worth any amount of "advice" from some confused Carrie Bradshaw type – if you've been following my writing despite its male perspective, today you will hopefully conclude that that was a really good idea.

Dating advice "experts" for women are notoriously full of crap and awash in clients – the primary cause for the latter being that the women have to keep coming back for more advice because the previous advice once again failed to work.

Why is it so hard even for these "expert" women to understand what men want? Aren't all men basically operating on the same instincts of attraction and pair-bonding?

Well, yes, but what women, as a group, fail to recognize is that men are by-and-large divided into two types who live in completely different realities. What women learn from the type of men with whom they're easily able to establish long and ultimately unsatisfying relationships gets terrible results when they try to apply it to the type of men whom they really wish to be with but can never quite manage to get to commit to them.

Rule #1: There are two kinds of men: Alphas and betas.

The reason you can't figure men out is because you keep grouping wolves and chihuahuas together into the same data set and then wondering why the data doesn't make any sense.

Alpha men and beta men were born much the same, but they've since drifted in different directions, and by the time you try to date them, they're already living in completely different realities.

Alpha And Beta Reality

March 22 2011

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The alpha's reality is one where most women are sexually attracted to him- He lives in abundance where women are concerned. You're not that special to him, at least not right away, and behaving like you are will get three more girls knocking on his door faster than you can say "but what would you do without me?".

The beta's reality is one where most women are not sexually attracted to him – He lives in squalor where women are concerned, and if he sees a chance to secure a regular supply of female affection in you, you will become the center of his world overnight, and he will do most anything to hold onto you.

There is very little middle ground – most men naturally tend toward one or the other, because the natural characteristics of the mating market are such that it reinforces existing alphaness or betaness in a man. There is a sliding scale between alpha and beta, and maybe no man is 100% either, but usually the only men you'll find who seem not to show a heavy lean toward either extreme are in the middle of a transition from one to the other.

Most men are betas. True alphas account for probably less than 1% of the male population, and maybe an additional 5% could be included in the "alpha category" as determined by displaying more alpha traits than beta traits.

Now, when dealing with an alpha or a beta, the rules of the game are completely different. They're almost like different species to women, and the reason for that is simple:

Rule #2: Sexual market value is distributed differently in men than it is in women.

With women, there's a bell curve: to put it crudely, a few women are hot, most are plain, a few are ugly. Nothing matters as much for a woman's initial sexual attractiveness as her physical appearance: beauty signals health and fertility, and men are wired to respond to that in a primal way. You can have the greatest personality and be really smart and funny and good at everything, and men do value these traits in a long-term partner, but if your body doesn't turn him on first, none of that other stuff will ever get a chance to matter. If you are fat and spend two hours a day applying makeup to look better, stop that. Instead, take those two hours to the treadmill and you'll get much, much better results with men.

On a scale from one to ten for attractiveness (or "sexual market value" if you want to be scientific about it), most women would be somewhere in the 5/6 area (as long as they don't eat at McDonald's), quite a few would be 4s or 7s, and 1s and 10s would be extremely rare. We're talking about "mating age" women here – this means twenties.

With men, it's different. For a man's attractiveness, physique isn't nearly as important as is how he behaves – and as you may have guessed, alphas and betas behave differently. A man's attractiveness is largely dependent on his alpha and beta traits. Superimposed on the 1-10 female sexual market value scale, the attractiveness of a true alpha would be around… 25, thereabouts, with lesser alphas

coming in around the 9-12 area, and the attractiveness of the average beta would be about 3 or 4.

Now, remember that most men are betas – 3s or 4s, that is – the lesser alphas are rare, and the greater alphas are very rare.

What ends up happening is that most women all feel very attracted to the same few men, and feel practically nothing for the vast majority of men in their lives. Men, on the other hand, feel a more smoothly distributed attraction toward quite a large portion of their female acquaintances.

Rule #3: Most men are somewhat attracted to most women. Most women are not at all attracted to most men.

It should go without saying that most women in exclusive relationships are in them with betas – they want to secure a man all to themselves without sharing him with other women, and just considering the numbers of alphas and betas and women it doesn't take a genius to figure out how that plays out. When they eventually figure out that they don't want to be with the particular man (because he's beta, but they don't consciously know this of course), they still think their experience can help them get the kind of man they really want (an alpha).

This being the case, most women face the challenge of capturing an alpha with zero preparedness. They know nothing about what an alpha wants, but what's worse, they think they know something about what *any man* wants – when really, they just know what a beta wants, and that can do more harm than good with an alpha.

Rule #4: Success with beta men does not predict success with alpha men.

Before we get into the differences between dealing with alphas and betas, let's look at how you can tell them apart. Without knowing which one you're dealing with, all will be for naught.

Identifying Alphas And Betas For Women

March 22 2011

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The Alpha / Beta Test Questions:

Throw away your silly Cosmo quizzes, this is how you really know the future of your relationship: by finding out whether you're having one with an alpha or a beta.
Here's how you can tell:

When you first meet a man,

- You get an uncomfortable feeling that he's hitting on you. (beta)
- You get an uncomfortable feeling that your hair isn't right. (alpha)

After your first meeting,

- You think about what he'd feel like. (alpha)
- You think about what he'd feel like inside you. (really alpha)
- You don't think about him. (beta)

Your friends are talking about a man. You ask who, and they tell you you met him at X location last week. Your reply is:

- Oh, I remember him! What's his name? (alpha)
- Oh yeah, that guy. (beta)
- Who? When? (really beta)

When you're having sex with him (during the actual sex):

- You think. (beta)
- You feel. (alpha)

When you're having sex with him (not during the sex, but during the general time in your life when you are regularly having sex with him):

- You wonder if he's right for you. (beta)
- You wonder if he likes you. (alpha)

After you're no longer having sex with him:

- You tell your friends mean things about him. (beta)
- Your friends tell you mean things about him and you defend him. (alpha)
- Your friends have sex with him. (really alpha)

Also, in the same situation:

- You throw out the gifts he gave you. (beta)
- You keep him on speed dial. (alpha)

If you call him weeks or months later, just to see how he's doing, with absolutely no secret agenda in mind (really, who are you kidding):

- He says “I’ve missed you” and talks uninterruptedly for 15 minutes. (beta)
- He says “My place at 7, bring the movies” and hangs up. (alpha)

When you end up getting married to someone else:

- You feel happy. (the earlier man was a beta)
- You feel like you’re making a mistake. (the earlier man was an alpha)

When your marriage sucks, you secretly entertain lustful thoughts of:

- A man you’ve known who is not your husband. (the man’s an alpha)
- A movie star. (you have never known an alpha)

By now you have a pretty good idea of which category a man belongs to, so let’s look at what kind of relationship you can expect to have with him:

Why Most Dating Advice For Women Is Crap

March 22 2011

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Rule #5: Your relationship with an alpha is a mirror image of your relationship with a beta.

A beta, which is most men, will know that your sexual market value is higher than his, and you'll know it too. He has more to lose in losing you than you have in losing him, and this power dynamic is reflected everywhere in your relationship:

A beta will:

- Try to please you.
- Put up with your silly dramatics.
- Almost never tell you "no".

With a beta, you can without consequence:

- Neglect pleasing him.
- Exhibit unpleasant behavior.
- Almost always tell him "no".

An alpha, on the other hand, knows that his sexual market value is higher than yours, and if you don't know it you will be in for a very rude awakening when all your "tried and true" relationship manipulation tactics blow up in your face. He doesn't need you because he has five other girls who are just as pretty and smart and sweet just waiting to push you out of his bed, whereas you have no one else who can give you the kind of feelings in your lower abdomen that he does, and if you want to keep having those feelings you'd be smart to not make being with you difficult for him.

Within this alpha/beta framework, let's look at an example of how mainstream dating advice will ruin your life.

To take a very typical example, some woman went and wrote a book called "Why Men Love Bitches", and dating advice website "Hooking Up Smart" had this to say about it:

Women need real information, based on male psychology whenever possible. I believe Ms. Argov has done quite a good job of laying down some very effective advice.Why did Sherry Argov write *Bitches*?

SA believes that women habitually make the mistake of being "too nice." This often manifests itself as neediness and weakness, which equates to a lack of self-respect.

You cannot win a man's affection without first earning his respect.

The attraction part? That's easy. It's the sticking around part that gets really, really difficult to pull off.

SA describes a woman with high self-esteem:

- She possesses a subtle strength, which comes from her ability to be independent.
- She does not give up what she values in her life.
- She knows what she wants, but will not compromise herself to get it.
- She uses her femininity to full advantage, but she plays fair.
- She does not indulge in romantic fantasy, but uses presence of mind to pull back when appropriate.
- She must give low priority to what other people think.

SA interviewed hundreds of men in writing the book, and the prevailing theme was that men want a "mental challenge." They focused on wanting a woman who is independent rather than needy, and many mentioned liking women with a bit of an "edge."

So far, this all makes pretty good sense. The "hundreds of" men she claims to have interviewed apparently know what they want – how about that? – but where it gets real silly real fast is when she tries to read more into the information than is really there and starts making up her own rules.

It just so happens to be the case that anything averaged out from what "hundreds of men" have said is quite certain to be a completely beta opinion. It also happens to be the case that the reason women are buying these dating advice books in the first place is not to learn how to charm betas – betas are always available, just go into the street and yell "I need a boyfriend" – the reason women are buying her books is to learn to attract the men they really want – alphas – and the very advice they voraciously consume, carefully collected straight from the mouths of hundreds of betas, will make pretty damn sure no alpha will ever look their way.

The aforementioned website quotes what its author sees as some of the most "crucial" pieces of advice from the book (and may I just say, if these are the good ones then the rest must be truly insane). I've gone through the entire collection of quotes on the next page and what I've already stated on several occasions is glaringly apparent: this "advice" is based on what the book's author has discovered works on betas, who value themselves less than they do you, but will backfire spectacularly with alphas, who value themselves more than you.

Woman Gives Women Silly Advice That Only Works With Betas

March 22 2011

Articles in this series:

1. Why Women Can't Figure Out What Men Want
2. Alpha And Beta Reality
3. Identifying Alphas And Betas For Women
4. Why Most Dating Advice For Women Is Crap
5. **You are here:** Woman Gives Women Silly Advice That Only Works With Betas

The following passage is quoted from women's dating advice website "Hooking Up Smart", whose author assembled it from quotes taken from a dating advice book for women called "Why Men Love Bitches". My notes are in red.

Her book is laid out as a series of 100 Attraction Principles. Below is a sampling of the ones I (that is, the author of Hooking Up Smart) found crucial in Chapter One.

AP #1: Anything a person chases in life runs away.
Sounds really mystic and special, but does not convince me as a rationale for the kind of crazy relationship antics that she's about to advocate based on this philosophy.

Men run away from a woman whose behavior suggests that she doesn't place a high value on herself.
Alpha men run away even faster from a woman whose behavior suggests that she places too high a value on herself, and beta men would too if they had any other options. Let's just stay reasonable here and place exactly the right amount of value on ourselves that reflects our actual value in the real world dating market.

When a woman deals a man her best card right away, he has gotten a reward without putting in any time or effort.
When a man is alpha, he has women throwing their best cards at him for a chance of maybe getting some time or effort in the future. If you're giving him nothing and competing with them, who is he going to direct his time and effort towards? This, again, works wonders with beta males who are getting no best cards whatsoever and will put in time and effort for a "reward".

Her best card may be sex, or it may be her going to ridiculous lengths to cook for him, etc.
The only part of this paragraph that isn't completely wrong. Men do like sex and food – aren't you glad you paid for a book to tell you that?

Do not outpace the interest of any man. If a man earns your affection, you may reward him for it and he will appreciate your acknowledgement of his effort more.
If a man thinks about things like earning your affection and being rewarded for it, he's such a beta you may as well go right ahead and prepare your "I just don't feel that way about you anymore, can't we just be friends?" speech because it won't be long before his betacular antics cause you to dry up worse than a saltwater clam in the Arizona desert.

AP #3: A woman is perceived as offering a mental challenge to the degree that a man doesn't feel he has a 100% hold on her.

Yes, I can see the kernel of truth hidden in this – a completely predictable girl is a boring girl – but the "advice" based on this notion goes way beyond anything that could reasonably be derived from it.

It's about whether you are capable of holding your own in a relationship. Nobody likes a doormat – except betas who are such doormats themselves that they need an even flatter doormat to feel big. So far, the theory is still within Earth orbit but it's picking up speed fast.

Do you expect respect? Respect is earned, not "expected". The best you can "expect" is not to be treated unkindly, and that's only if he happens to be a generally decent guy, which is hopefully the kind you'd be going for. Again, a beta will give you anything you "expect" as long as you promise not to ever leave him without his steady supply of sex.

Does he know that you are not afraid to be without him?
Does he care? If alpha, no. If beta, very very much.

The nice girl doesn't want to "play games," and is available all the time.
That's right. This is called "honesty", and happens to be a major factor in why we like nice girls, and nice people in general.

A bitch is more selective about her availability.
If you are not available, an alpha has five other girls calling him. Go ahead, be "busy" watching American Idol at home, you know that's what he'll be thinking about while he's trying to balance his laptop computer on the wildly bucking back of an 18-year old waitress. How could he not?

A bitch DOES NOT DO BOOTY CALLS.
Guess who does.

A woman who believes she is *not enough* does the following:

- She calls him often.
  Yes… which he might be okay with, or not. I'm sure he'll let you know if you ask nicely.
- She is on call for last minute plans.
  Those are quite possibly the only kind of plans he makes. If you hear "Um, I've calculated that I'm going to be feeling a longing for your company at exactly 7 pm on Friday the 18th. Are you free then?", you are probably dealing with a beta who has no last minute alternatives in the wings and thus needs to plan everything carefully.
- She states clearly that a relationship is her goal, and asks him about it early on.
  That she does… and when he answers her, she is then free to make her own decision based on that answer. Nothing to lose by asking, unless he's too immature to have a conversation about his views, in which case you probably shouldn't be with him in the first place. I hear this type of "advice" all the time – "don't scare him by letting him know you're hoping for a future together" – guess what, if he knows anything about the female mind he already knows

you're doing that, and if he doesn't, he's a beta. If he's a beta, wouldn't you like to know right away?

- She is often mad and disappointed when he doesn't pay enough attention to her.

Even a broken clock is right twice a day. Don't sulk, it's unattractive.

- She asks him about his ex or other girls.

And this is apparently the second time the broken clock is right. If you're with an alpha, you can freely assume that he's been with lots of girls and many of them were prettier or smarter or funnier or cooler than you, and many weren't. He's with you now, so drop the contest with ghosts of girls past, it's unattractive.

A woman who believes she is *enough* says "Take it or leave it."

I can appreciate the sentiment here – no one respects a girl who reshapes her entire life around him – but if you make "taking it" more troublesome than it has to be, an alpha will "leave it". Goodwill and a genuine effort to get along are not "special" and if you try to make people "earn" them instead of just giving them to all and sundry like a decent person, you will probably end up finding out that they won't bother.

- She returns his calls when she's free.

Many women, for some reason, have a problem with the phone. Between men it is understood that if someone called you, they had something to say and you call them back as soon as you can. Many women seem to think this "signals too much interest", and thus make the conscious decision to reverse 100 years of instant communication technology by not responding faster than snail mail would. Betas put up with this shit, of course, they'll do anything to please you, but guess what: everyone I know answers the phone when I call them, and if you want to be called again then so will you.

- She sees him when it is convenient, and does not sacrifice other plans, work or rest to see him.

If it's not "convenient" for you, I'm sure someone else will step up to take your place. This kind of thinking only works with betas who have no options.

- She wants to have fun, not make promises to a virtual stranger.

Who does she think she's kidding? Women want what they want, and an alpha knows exactly what that is – he will not appreciate you lying about it and getting passive-aggressive later because you really didn't mean what you said and now you're mad that he did you the courtesy of behaving like you weren't just lying to him.

- She allows him enough distance to be curious as to where she is and what she's up to.

Oh yeah, when he's wrapping that 18-year-old waitress around his waist and checking his email with one hand while twisting her sensually flowing hair around the other, you know he'll be wondering where you are and what you're up to. That's probably exactly what he'll be thinking. Isn't that the most obvious thing to think about?

- If he brings up his ex, she looks at her watch. She refuses to compete with other women.

If he brings up his ex to tell you how she couldn't satisfy him and he had to let her go, it's probably because you'll want to listen for clues to avoiding that very same fate. If he brings up his ex for no good reason, he's probably a beta.

AT #6: It is your attitude about yourself that a man will adopt.

Well, no. There's really no good reason to think that, except if you're projecting female psychology onto males and you're not doing that, are you?

When a man considers a woman a prize, looks have little to do with it. It's because she believed she was a prize, and acted like it.
Oh, you are? I see. Well, this really just works the other way around. With women, looks have everything to do with it, as you'll recall from the section about sexual market value. Basically, men can act like prizes and thereby to an extent become such, but women who act like more than they're obviously worth will meet the same fate as a five hundred dollar pair of sneakers: only a rapper will take you home, and only to wear you once.

The first date is about looks.
Hopefully not just that, but if you are ugly, nothing will outweigh that.

When he falls in love, it's about your attitude. It's how you hold yourself, and whether you can hold your own.
Contrary to what seems to be the implication of this book, men do not want to be constantly opposed on everything. Don't be a doormat, but definitely don't be a bitch. Men do not in fact love bitches.

The difficult part is not attracting his interest, but *sustaining* it.
Basically true, but if you go about sustaining it the way the author of this book suggests, you will not be sustaining it for very long unless he is a beta.

When a woman gives 100% to "make it work," a man feels, "She is really nice, but there just isn't any chemistry."
I agree – keep it to 80%, will you? Sadly, this book seems to be advocating something a lot closer to 0%, which will not get you anywhere with an alpha. If you want a beta, he will of course do all the work for you.

In contrast, a bitch loves herself, so she could never want anyone who doesn't want her.
NEXT!
The next 99 guys are betas. Have fun.

AT #9: The bitch prioritizes her dignity over having a relationship.
I've often wondered whether women know what "dignity" means, and I must say this passage only increases my suspicions.

A man cannot need a needy woman. He cannot depend on a dependent woman. He cannot fear the loss of a woman who is afraid to lose him. These things are all mutually exclusive.
Needing, depending, and fearing the loss of a woman are beta. If your man does any of these, he is a beta. Being a beta and being the kind of man who makes you feel weak in the knees are mutually exclusive, so you know what to do.

A bitch is polite but clear, and communicates very directly, in much the same way that men communicate with one another.
Yes, do that, but don't call yourself a "bitch", because no one except the author of this book thinks that's cool.

In summary, here are the 10 characteristics that define her:

1. She maintains her independence at all times.
Fine as long as it's reasonable – insisting to pay for half of a chocolate bar is just

silly. “All times” do not require you to show how “independent” you are, just use your head.

2. She does not pursue him or keep tabs on him.

She who does not pursue an alpha male does not get an alpha male. Don’t keep tabs on him though, that’s unattractive.

3. She is mysterious. This means being honest without revealing everything. She does not lay all her cards on the table.

If you really want to feel all secretive, then as long as you can do that while being honest, it’s fine. No alpha will be impressed, though – this is not the first time he sees this game.

4. She leaves him wanting. Men equate longing with love. Don’t be so available that he has no opportunity to experience longing.

An alpha does not want for anything. An alpha does not long for anything. An alpha never has an opportunity to experience longing for you anyway, because his life is simply not sad enough for that. All this “make him live in poverty to appreciate the wealth he has in you” advice goes out the window, because alphas always have options.

5. She doesn’t let him see her sweat. She speaks in a “bottom line” way.

Everyone loves those hard-shelled tightly-wound women who pretend like they’re tough and unperturbed when it’s obvious to anyone within earshot that they’re a hair’s breadth away from breaking out in wrenching sobs. They’re so funny. Please don’t be one.

6. She remains in control of her time.

Sure, sounds good, but this does not need to include purposely making it difficult to fit her into a busy alpha schedule. If she doesn’t fit, she’s going to find herself controlling the time of just herself and twelve cats.

7. She maintains a sense of humor, except about disrespect.

Jokes about women in the military are not disrespect, nor are implications that dinner needs to be cooked. Taking offense at things which are not personal attacks just shows low self-esteem.

8. She places a high value on herself, and doesn’t compete with other women.

Can she just place the value on herself that she actually has? If not, she’s only shooting herself in the foot. Competing with other women is unnecessary – an alpha is enough for any amount of women to share.

9. She is passionate about things other than him.

As long as it isn’t something stupid, a normal person should have interests anyway. This should not need to be said.

10. She treats her body like a finely tuned machine. She maintains her fitness and health as a reflection of her self-respect.

…or as an acknowledgment of the fact that it’s the most important factor by far in how attractive she is. Either is fine.

This is good stuff, no?

Well, I would check the box that says “no”.

And that’s just Chapter One.

Oh dear.

You need to buy, beg, borrow or steal this book.

Like you need a nail in the head. Please don’t go anywhere near this book if you don’t want to end up with cats.

It’s not Game, (and that shows), but it’s a pretty nice blueprint for holding your own in a relationship. (- and finding your way quickly out of any relationship you might actually enjoy.) How “bitchy” you will need to be will vary somewhat depending on the kind of

guy you're with (meaning whether he's a beta who will tolerate it or an alpha who won't), and you should feel free to fine tune as necessary. (fine tune it right to zero please, or go home.)

Men learn fast that showing too much interest too soon drives a woman's attraction down to zero.
Right. And women are not the same way, so let's not jump to conclusions…

Women need to learn that becoming dependent and committed too soon signals low value and will similarly drive a man's attraction through the floor. Or up into the hills.
Men and women are, contrary to popular opinion, not the same. Please don't fall for thinking they are. Now, don't show up for a second date in a wedding dress, that's just a clear sign that something is wrong with you, but the fact is that if you signal higher value than you obviously have, an alpha will see through that act very fast, and the results will not be what you hoped for.

If you've managed not to put your head through a piece of furniture so far, you'd better put on a helmet now because I saved the best part for last. This is from the beginning of her post:

Since I wrote about Game in a positive light last week here,
What's this? She starts off the whole post by talking about Game, of all things? As it turns out, she's written about it before, on several occasions, even talking about alphas and betas specifically…
This woman is familiar with Game and the alpha/beta terminology and still she does not connect the dots but instead adamantly advocates the silly advice quoted above? It gets worse: one of the pages on Game linked to above offers us this piece of her mind:
These tactics work. The doctrine relies heavily on evolutionary psychology, which states that women prefer alpha males to betas.
She's familiar with evolutionary psychology and alpha and beta males. She's familiar with Game. She says it works. Yet, still she does not connect the dots but instead adamantly advocates the silly advice quoted above? I would be mighty curious indeed to hear her explain her rationale for that. Does she perhaps entertain illusions that women are looking for dating advice to ensnare the hearts of betas? The quote continues:
I disagree with their definition of what constitutes an alpha male
No, really? Science was wrong about that? Unfortunately, she does not go on to tell us what exactly her improved definition of "alpha male" is, so put down your pens, scientists, there will be no revising the textbooks today.
Getting back to quoting the original page:

I've heard from several women who would like to learn a female version to get the men they want.
And indeed, why shouldn't they? Too bad what she offered them as an answer was the exact opposite of that! Now those poor, poor women are even worse off than before. I feel sorry for them.

I've also received some emails from women concerned about how to resist Game when it's being wielded by an unscrupulous man.
Anti-Game? "Here's how you stop yourself from being attracted to attractive people" – I, for one, am not going to hold my breath for that book to come out. You want to resist Game? It's impossible. You could just as easily try to resist getting tired after a long day. Attraction is not a choice. What you can do is keep your wits about you and not throw caution to the wind just because a man is attractive. Radical advice, no?

These are both excellent questions.
Can women run Game on men?
No. No they can't, sorry.
Certainly not with your advice. Give me a day with those women and then set them loose in a public place, and we'll see who runs game on whom.

Women are more selective than men when it comes to mating. Because they [theoretically] risk pregnancy with each sexual encounter, they must choose carefully to give their unborn children the best possible genes on offer, from a man they believe they can depend on to co-parent. Men compete with one another for the right to have sex with the female of their choice. However, men are not too choosy, because their biological imperative is to inseminate as many women as they can. Men report that for them, the sexual attraction switch is a simple on or off, and it doesn't take much to flip it into the ON position. Game gives men a shot at improving their chances as they compete with one another for sex. It was derived from an understanding of evo psych, and honed by watching the responses of women to men in the field. The explicit goal of Game is to win the sexual attraction of the female. How it goes from there is up to the parties involved.
See? She knows. Yet, somehow… somehow.

In my opinion, a smart man will continue to apply whatever knowledge he has about female psychology to further his case for as long as he knows her.
Agreed.

The only things women need to win the sexual attraction of the male is a vagina and a willingness to share. That's Game for women, right there.
I happen to have an extremely reliable sexual attraction measuring device in my pants, and I can tell you from the readings I have carefully collected over many years of measurements with this device, that "a vagina and a willingness to share" do not meet the requirements for this device to register a response. I have also consulted extensively with other scientists doing similar research using similar devices, and their results corroborate mine: "a vagina and a willingness to share" are not enough – something more is required. For a dating advice website for women, they sure have very little of value to say on "Game for women".

It's probably not enough to support one blog, much less a whole industry. This leads us to the second question. Once a woman has signaled sexual attraction, is she just a sitting duck? Does she cross her fingers (if not her legs) and hope that the desired man is not a predator?
A predator? Oh, the horror, if a man and a woman were to enjoy themselves together for just a fleeting moment and not draw it out into a year-long drama! One shudders to think of it!
Is there anything a woman can do to maximize her chances of getting a man into a committed relationship?
Yes. Yes, there is.
If the man is a beta. As stated above several times. And the women seeking dating advice do not want betas. As stated above several times.

Raised on a steady diet of fairy tales, romantic comedies, chick lit, and women's magazines, women are prone to being too accomodating in their dealings with men, to their own detriment.
Let's not even get into this right now.

We fear that if we stand up for ourselves we will lack femininity and repel Prince Charming.
Or this.

We want to be his ready and waiting Dream Girl, and when we think we may have glimpsed him, joy wells up in us and all is right with the world. Then we watch his back as he runs for the hills. If we're especially unlucky, we may have to watch him proceed to newer, more alluring prey.
A sad fate, certainly. Many a woman has felt the pain…

The best book for women ever written on this topic is Why Men Love Bitches by Sherry Argov.
…and any who believes that is going to keep feeling it, long and hard. Long and hard and relentless. But fear not, there will always be sexually repulsive betas there to cry on. If you manage to burn through your pretty years acting bitchy and not understanding why the "good men" (alphas) won't have anything to do with you, even if you end up 46 and 200 pounds with 12 cats, there will always be betas.

The Things You Own End Up Owning You

March 23 2011

I contributed this article to In Mala Fide (here).

"The things you own end up owning you."
- from "Fight Club" (1999)

Inseparable from awakening to the truth that you are in control of your life and embarking upon the path of self-improvement, it seems, is awakening to a new perspective on the acquisition of material wealth and creature comforts, or as they're commonly known, "new stuff".

Everyone knows buying things costs money, but buying lots of stuff damages you even if you've got money hanging out the wazoo, because just *having lots of stuff* imposes limits on you.

It seems counter-intuitive – we're raised to believe that more is always better. Having lots of possessions is supposed to provide *more* options – to say that it *reduces* them sounds outright crazy to most. How can having more make you less free?

The fact is that "nesting" ties you down. When you have your perfect little apartment with you nice neat perfectly picked furniture and a painstakingly built DVD collection, you become attached to it – no news there – but in the long run, the notion that your private designer-catalog castle is better than any place else can reveal itself to be a delusion, and a harmful one at that.

What benefit do you really get from owning stuff? In the case of things without which you could not perform necessary daily tasks the answer is obvious. Everything else in your life is pretty much just there because it's "nice to have".

What do you really need to own? I'd say I "need" these things:

- Bed. I have to sleep and unfortunately I'm not a bad enough dude to do it on a hardwood floor. The bed frame is not necessary for sleeping, I could sleep on just a mattress, but the storage space under the bed comes in handy. I probably wouldn't buy a bed frame but since I already have one I may as well reap the benefits.
- Computer. I need the internet to work, to learn and to share information. I also need some extras like a bigger screen and a bigger external hard drive because they greatly improve my effectiveness.
- A piece of furniture to put the computer on and another piece of furniture to sit on while working. I spend long stretches of time working at my computer, and unfortunately I'm not a bad enough dude to do that on the floor or even on my bed. Working in uncomfortable positions for long periods of time might eventually also cause serious damage to my health, so it's worth avoiding.
- Toothbrush, razor, soap, etc. Unfortunately the human body doesn't maintain itself to the standards of modern society, and looking like a homeless person would limit me much more than having to buy these things does. The quality-of-life benefits of not having my teeth rot off are also substantial, as are the health benefits of being able to wash away the grime and bacteria of public spaces.
- Food, cooking utensils. I could eat takeaway Chinese every day but for my health, I prefer not to.
- Cell phone. I often need to find people in places too big to be searched and communicate with people driving cars. Not having a cell phone would impose massive limits on me.
- Clothes. Not that I care that much, but other people couldn't refrain from causing me all

kinds of problems if I went about my life with no clothes. A minor fraction of the clothing items I own are also necessary for moving about during the cold season and others during the sunburn season. Shoes are also pretty much a must in any weather, given the kind of stuff I have to walk on in the city.

- Medical supplies for the occasional emergency.

This is a quick list and something essential might be missing, but I think I covered most of it. Shelter, heating fixtures, electric outlets, plumbing: you don't need to own them. You might need to own some lighting fixtures if none are included in your rented home.

Everything else is just "nice to have". But how nice is it really? How much value does a DVD collection add to your life? How about all the furniture in the right matching colors? DVDs and matching sofas are things you can look at for a few hours, but pretty soon the enjoyment starts to fade. If you buy a new pair of curtains, how long do you really enjoy them? A day, if you're lucky? Pretty soon every new item that's "nice to have" fades into normalcy, and it isn't that nice any more.

But while its appeal fades, its hold on you stays strong. You're still attached to *your* stuff, even though you don't really enjoy it that much. It becomes a part of you, mentally. Logically, you shouldn't value your nice things any more than you value the corresponding amount in numbers on the ATM screen, but you probably do. We attach value to things that we identify with, things that we treat, in a sense, like family members. Losing them can feel like losing part of ourselves.

If a wizard appeared and offered you a deal whereby he would transform everything you own into the amount of money that you could buy a new similar item for, how many of us would take the deal? Almost everyone has a few things they regret buying, but almost everyone also has a few things they really love. The wizard doesn't let you pick and choose – it's everything or nothing. Assuming you don't have a problem with spending some time on going out and buying stuff, the rational choice would probably be to take the money and then optimize your possessions by planning the complete collection from the ground up. Could you do that?

Could I do that? Most of my stuff is just stuff, and I'd be just as fine with other stuff, but I do have a few items which are quite dear to me. It would be hard to give up the scale model airplanes I cherished as a kid, and the toy car my father brought me from a business trip that was so nice I wouldn't even play with it for fear of breaking it, which eventually ended up happening anyway and my father had to glue one of the doors permanently shut.

I would miss those things, but even so, taking the deal might be what's best for me – and not just to save money. If that were the only reason I'd probably rather hold onto my things. But there's another reason: as this thought experiment demonstrates, attachment to things can limit us from reaching our full potential. Realistically, even though those possessions are dear to me and I would miss them if they were gone, I probably wouldn't miss them nearly as much as it feels like now.

I've had to let go of dear possessions before and I don't think about them very much now – "out of sight, out of mind" has some truth in it. The day my parents decided I was getting too big for teddy bears and made me collect my soft toys in the basement to be donated away was a hard day to live through, but living without them once they were gone wasn't that hard. I know my age was still in the single digits because we still lived in the house with the basement, and I'm pretty sure I loved those stuffed animals at least as much as anything I own today – even at that tender age, I got over it just fine, so I'm sure I'd be okay giving up the stuff that now feels dear to me.

Is the fear of losing something worse than actually losing it?

Are we living with a losing-things-phobia that needs to be cured by facing our fear? That's what you're supposed to do if for example you're so scared of heights that it affects your life – if you take the longer route to work to avoid a bridge or something like that – you're supposed to go to the highest place you can find and face your fear until you get over it, and that frees you to live your life unhampered by the limiting fear. The fear of losing things controls our lives, too – it's just that

nobody tells us to get over it because they all live with the same fear.

All the stuff you don't actually use – it's still limiting you, it stops you from moving to a better location because you'd feel compelled to carefully pack and unpack all your knickknacks and it would just be so much work… if you didn't have that stuff, you would jump at the chance of a shorter commute. And losing the stuff really wouldn't be that bad – I was fine without the stuffed toys once I got over the pain of the actual event of losing them, and I was a little kid for whom it was probably a lot worse than it would be for a grown man.

So if you see an ad in the paper for a place closer to your daily destinations, and you think "that looks great but moving would be such a hassle", what's going on is that your fear of losing things is directly causing damage in your life in the form of wasted commuting time every single day. That's a huge amount of damage when you add it up, probably much, much worse than giving up your material things in order to achieve freedom of movement.

If you're like me and don't need to go to a specific location every day to work, the damage is even worse. You could go anywhere, take a trip to another continent or whatever, as long as you have the money, but all the stuff you're attached to at home raises the threshold to leaving and having new experiences. I can and do leave whenever I can find the money, and in the between times (which is most of the time) I keep from accumulating stuff that I would then grow attached to. Everyone knows love makes you weak, and while it may be a sacrifice worth making where interpersonal relationships are concerned, love of stuff also makes you weak but stuff does not love you back. Stuff just sits there, and you don't really enjoy it much after you've had it for a while, but you still feel loathe to let it go.

The things you own really do end up owning you. You think *you* have the things contained in *your* home, but really, it's the other way around: the things have *you* contained in *their* home. Home is where your heart is – if your heart is with your things, that's where you'll be drawn to. If your heart is with your experiences, the world is your home.

I love hotels because of the transience. I sleep in a bed, watch a TV, adjust a radiator – but none of them have power over me. When I leave, I feel no attachment, no breaking heart at leaving my love behind – and it makes me free. From a hotel, I can go anywhere, chase any opportunity or experience that I find, moving to another hotel at a location that enables me to have more of the experiences I want.

I try my best to bring that sense of transience, and the freedom that comes with it, into my home. I don't pick out furniture. I have curtains and carpets dug up from my parents' storage. Nothing matches anything. It wouldn't cost me much to replace everything so it all fit together and looked really nice and inviting, but I consciously choose to keep it industrial: everything is selected for function, not form. I don't have a closet full of different outfits, and I don't buy DVDs. I don't buy paper books either when I can have them on my computer – half the books on my shelf are from airports, and if I ever get a laptop battery that can last an intercontinental flight, two shorter ones and two layovers, that collection might stop growing too.

Everything I own in the world, furniture included, might not even fill half of this van:

Everything I own, furniture excluded, would probably fit into one of these:

…and most of that is stuff I don't even use.

It's been my policy for years now to travel with carry-on only, no matter how long the trip will be – partially because I don't feel like waiting at the luggage carousel, but partially because I want to consciously minimize the amount of stuff I live my life with. The way I see it, being owned by the things you own is limiting in just as real a way as being owned by a cubicle farm. I want my life to fit in a carry-on bag. I want to be able to move around chasing experiences, not be tied down and rooted in a prison of my own making.

If you don't know what freedom of movement feels like, go to the bank and take out all your savings in cash. Hold the stack of hundreds in your hands and think to yourself: this is what I have in the world. I can take this anywhere. Walking around with your life's savings in a backpack is quite possibly the closest you can get to a feeling of pure freedom. It's also risky which is why I don't do it anymore, but I remember the feeling. I also remember the feeling of climbing up from the subway into a bright day in a mythical city on a foreign continent with nothing out ahead of me but wonders waiting to be explored and the freedom to do something about it.

Coming back home, the color of the curtains didn't matter to me anymore.

Curtains can't make you feel the way a man setting out for adventure feels. Sofas, dining tables, computer desks, carpets, surround sound systems with massive sub-woofers, wall-sized fish tanks, sports cars, mansions, golf courses and private airports can't make you feel that way. I know people with their own private airports – guess what, your own private airport is only worth as much as the time you spend there. First, you spend a lot of time there, flying your private planes all over and basking in the glory of being a super cool guy who has everything and then some, but pretty soon the appeal wears off.

That's the nature of life: the appeal of everything always wears off. I have it on good authority that even the appeal of unlimited sex with an endless stream of drop-dead gorgeous women eventually wears off, and believe me when I say the men I heard that from know what they're talking about.

Man is an explorer by nature. We always want something new. Even the men who settle into routine – *especially* the men who settle into routine – keep wanting something new, but for many it's unfortunately easier to just settle into what's tolerably comfortable.

They say "you can't take it with you" – that all the stuff you accumulate is nothing once you're dead. This applies not only in death but in life as well. You can't even take your enjoyment of stuff with you as far as your breath lasts – you can only take it to the point where you get bored of the stuff, and after that it's just tying you down, hooked into that possessive part of your brain that says "no, I can't give this up because it's *mine*".

Your precious possessions end up possessing you.

Monks of various faiths take vows to renounce material possessions. Is it because they just want their lives to suck? That's not why it is. They've found something that makes them feel better than stuff does, but focusing on that something requires that they stop distracting themselves with stuff.

Freedom is elusive – as soon as you commit to a choice, it's gone.

Compared to men, women don't much care for freedom. They like predictability, home, matching sofas and curtains, unbelievable piles of stuff growing perpetually to swallow the emptiness inside. It could be said that most women today live in a perpetual feeling of ungroundedness, a fear of slipping away from themselves that they must alleviate by adding more and more material weight onto their self-image – it could be said that what they really need is a man to anchor their world to… but that's an article for another day.

What's A Girl To Do?

March 26 2011

There are certain things you can tell by what a person seeking your advice writes in the "name" field of the contact form. Most people write a name. A few write something else.

When someone chooses to self-identify as "Anonymous Female", that suggests to me that this girl is likely to be either an attention whore extraordinaire whose first priority in communication is to make sure everyone knows she has a vagina and isn't afraid to use it, or the rare reasonable type whose first priority in communication is value and who views personal details as unimportant, who just happens to be writing about something specific to women and considers her sex relevant information.

Trying to calculate a balance between, on the one hand, the prevalence of attention whores and scarcity of value-appreciating types in the population, and on the other hand, the statistical skew caused by my deliberate targeting of value-optimizers with all aspects of this site, I was left with an estimation of approximately equal chances for both.

Either way, I would probably have material for an article: it could be one making ruthless fun of her attention whoring tendencies, picking apart the insecurities that motivate her to hoover up any possibility of external validation that isn't bolted to the floor, or it could be one addressing serious concerns in an area I've long since planned to write about but not gotten around to yet.

As it turns out, we're in luck:

Hi,
I have been reading your site, get it and agree with it. I know what women do wrong and how our society is completely f—ked, men are women, women are men, our country is transforming into a nation of feral people. Have always been against feminism and so very frustrated at the sea of betamen, etc.

My questions are:
1. Are you married, if so, what was it about her that led you to that union?

2. Are you in a committed relationship, if so, same thing, what is it about her that compels you to want to stay with her? And I assume faithfully and happily?

3. Or, do alpha males by their nature, stay single forever and just fuck all the women that throw themselves at them, for life?

4. I am looking on here for what a woman would have to do, act like, genuinely BE like, what qualities/attitudes to develop. The reason I ask is I get the problem and the problem (has been) me, so how to rectify this problem, do you have any advice or insight into how to change?

Or are you just lamenting at how things are? And there is no hope for change? All women want alpha males and too bad for us, because alpha males by their very nature are just not attainable. We women have two options: 1) be used as a cumstation on rotation for an alpha male in his harem or 2) close our eyes, get really drunk and suck it up settling for a beta male? Or cats.

My interest is genuine in seeking to understand more, but if this is just a site for grins and lamentation, okay.

Notice the implicit trust in my understanding that marriage and a committed relationship are to be assumed ***the singular*** goal of any girl in her interactions with men – you'll remember me having earlier touched on the subject that this is how women think – and that "just wanting to have fun" like this silly "advice expert" suggests was never even enough of a possibility to require negation. This anonymous female reader, let's call her Kate for the rest of the article because that's much easier to type, doesn't think she needs to mention "I'm not just looking for men to 'have fun' with" any more than she thinks she needs to say "I'm not just looking for men to watch Grey's Anatomy with on Wednesdays" (or whenever it's on, I don't know).

In Kate's reality, it's like "why would you even think that was a possibility?". When she says "I am looking on here for what a woman would have to do, act like, genuinely BE like, what qualities/attitudes to develop"she does not say *to what end*. It's implicit, what she wants is supposed to be clear as day based on the previous questions, whereas if you read the questions without *coming from that mindset*, it's not. Kate *assumes* that I understand what she wants in life when she asks me how to get it, and so do the women who fall prey to this silly "advice" assume that the "expert" understands what they want.

Picture Kate, disappointed in the dating game and worried for her future, looking for something to save her from elderly spinsterhood with wine and cats, finding that "men love bitches" book and that other "expert"'s recommendation of it as the greatest book ever on dating. Imagine the relief she feels when she hands over her money, the excitement bubbling up in her as she sits down to read it in her fortunately still catless home, thinking: "There's still time – I'll be fine now", and imagine what she feels like when she's gotten through a few pages of tripe about how bitches are so great – maybe even started to buy into it just a little bit, just because the thought feels so comforting to her, maybe, maybe if it could just be true she'd have all the answers – and then she runs into that passage about how "bitches just want to have fun, not make promises to virtual strangers".

I imagine Kate throwing the book across the room and cracking open a bottle of wine, the ghostly scepter of a cat flying across the corner of her eye.

Because Kate does want to make promises. She wants to make all the promises in the world, and no amount of bitch glorification is going to change that. Kate wants to make promises like nobody's business, she wants to lock this thing about having a man in her life down with so many promises she'll never have to think about it again. That way, whatever else happens, she thinks, she'll have this man thing handled.

The world unfortunately does not work like that. When Kate says "the problem (has been) me", she's right in more ways than she realizes. Kate is holding some very common albeit very wrong beliefs about the world, and that's what's hurting her. The "lamentation" she talks about in her letter when she wonders what this site is about – that's not me, that's *her*. I do not lament. When you read a warning sign on the road that says "slippery when wet", is the sign lamenting? No, it's simply informing you of what the conditions are like. That's also my intention in writing – to inform.

The emotional connotations Kate is seeing are not there *unless you are coming from that mindset*. I'm sure many male readers see lamentation in my articles too, because these readers are coming from a viewpoint that says things like "female hypergamy *sucks*, I shouldn't have to *learn* how to relate to women, this is *haaard*". Think about it for a second, though: why would I lament that? I *know* how they work, I have the advantage! Reading what I've written, so do you! If things suddenly changed and women all started behaving in a simple way that everyone understands, that would *reduce* our competitive edge. I have absolutely no reason to feel like the current situation is unfair towards me or anybody who reads this site in that regard. Similarly, Kate sees me *lamenting* the situation that women are in with regard to alphas and betas because *she thinks this situation is hard*. The thing is, though, Kate's perception of my writing is made up of two things: what's actually on the page and how it's refracted through her own worldview before it enters her conscious mind. I'm not lamenting, it's only herself. Reality is what it is and I am fine with reality. Kate is lamenting because she thinks reality is the problem. Reality is not the problem. The problem

is Kate, and it isn't what she's *doing* in her interactions with men as much as it is what she's *thinking* about them. She's looking to fix the problem by changing her *behavior*, but that's just part of the equation and won't work by itself. She first needs to change her *beliefs*, because *she is in fact creating the problem herself* much more than she thinks she is.

I bet Kate expected me to answer her questions like 1-2-3-4, here's how it is, but you'll notice I'm not doing that. Instead of taking her questions at face value and going right into answering them, you've noticed that I'm taking it in another direction instead – why am I doing that? Partly to point out things that will benefit those readers who don't share Kate's problem, sure, but even if I were alone with Kate talking to her about this in person, I would still do it almost exactly the same way.

Instead of starting where Kate's starting, with "I want X how do I get it?", I'm starting where I think Kate should be starting, which is "what do you think X is and why do you think you want it?". It seems self-evident to Kate that what she's going after is the right thing to want and getting it is what will make her happy, and she's going for a quick fix in that regard – examining her motives must feel like a step backwards. She might even feel like I'm screwing with her, but I'm not. You can't solve a problem that isn't real, and this isn't a quick fix type of situation. Right now, Kate is taking reality and making it into a problem, a problem that isn't inherent in the reality itself. She does have a legitimate problem here, but it's a different one than she thinks.

If Kate is the type of person who'll read this and go "why are you philosophizing with me when I just want to know how to get an alpha to marry me and live happily ever after?", she's going to keep having a problem and likely end up with cats. One of the biggest problems you can have is thinking that your problem is something else than it is. Right now, Kate thinks that her problem is getting commitment from an alpha, and that's a fair way to see it if that's what you want, but if you want the best chance at solving Kate's problem, you will start with her beliefs about what creates the problem she thinks she has.

We'll look at that in just a minute.

By the way, are you reading this and thinking I'm being hard on Kate? I'm telling you she's making all these mistakes, and that her beliefs are wrong and she doesn't see reality – do you think I'm making Kate sound like an idiot? If you do, that's not *in the text.* That's *in your worldview* – most people perceive mistakes as something "bad" that you should be able to avoid making, beliefs as something that smart people generally get right, and reality as something that's pretty obvious. I don't see it that way. In my worldview, everyone is making huge mistakes all the time – Kate and you and me and even the people who know more than me – and that doesn't mean it's a reason to look down on anyone. I'm actually rather pleased with Kate for seeing as much of the problem as she has – that's quite rare.

I believe I've written before that if you can prove me wrong I take that as a favor. I don't view being told I'm wrong as an experience to be avoided – in fact, I seek it out where I can. If you imagine me telling Kate she's wrong with some sort of haughty holier-than-thou demeanor like most people do whenever they can in order to prop up their egos, that's not what you should be picturing. You should be picturing me telling her she's wrong like I'm helping her with her homework: soft tone, compassionate demeanor – "hey, you see that answer doesn't make sense there because you got this earlier part wrong here… let's look at what happened here and where you got those numbers."

Intermission: Bonus Thoughts

Bonus #1: If you have a Game part of your mind that never completely shuts off, the first thing you should have noticed about Kate's questions are the huge indicators of interest. I'm taking the questions as "I'm having trouble. Will you help me?", but if you hear questions like these in a different kind of situation, feel free to take them as "I'm ready to take off my pants now. Will you help me?".

Bonus #2: Did you notice the part where I characterize Kate as exactly the sort of value-prioritizing person I'm targeting this site toward and think "that's exactly what she wants you to think!"? Do you think Kate is playing me? Trying to make me like her so I'll give her what she wants? Do you think I'm falling for her game? Really, it's the other way around. This is my game and Kate is playing it by my rules. Whatever she's like in the rest of her life, if she spends her days playing with plastic ponies in a dollhouse or something – as long as she doesn't bring that into my reality, it's of little consequence to me. What's important to me is that I live in a reality where I interact with people on the terms I prefer – anyone willing to accept my terms for the duration of their visit in my reality is welcome. Kate might actually be like that all the time, or just be "putting on a front" in her message, but I approve of both. Actually being what I want and trying to be what I want are the same for these intents and purposes.

Bonus #3: The major value of this article isn't for Kate – sure, it might help her a lot if she was really honest in her message, but its combined value to other readers will probably far outweigh its benefit to her alone. Whether Kate even reads this isn't that much of a material concern to me – I hope she does, since I sympathize with her suffering, but it doesn't strictly matter. I like having an example to dissect and I think it really brings a lot to this type of article. I would have written about these things anyway, sooner or later, and this is a great example to run with.

All right, what's really Kate's problem?
She wants a committed relationship/marriage to an alpha – is that so wrong? Isn't that what all girls want? Happily ever after etc.?

Well, they're taught to want that but that doesn't mean that's what they need. Mating for life isn't in any way a natural part of human life. For 99% of human history it did not exist. People would have sex, they'd have a child, they'd get those pair-bonding feelings that would keep them getting along until the child was old enough to not need constant care, and then they'd lose the feelings and start wandering.

Humans do not mate for life. Yes, there are old married couples, even some who still show affection towards each other after 50 years, but that is not in fact natural. Whatever is wrong with those people can have many causes, most likely centered around insecurities and inadequacies that make them feel so unbelievably grateful just to have someone to spend their days with, not having to worry about "dying alone".

"Dying alone" is a big thing for most women. They fear it like the plague – it represents ultimate failure in many a woman's mind. You'll notice a pattern if you have lots of experience in making women angry – and that'll happen if you're the kind of person who tells the truth and doesn't sugar-coat it, which I will admit to having been on more than a few occasions. When women want to hurt a man with their words, they'll first question your social position and sexual prowess, and if this does not subdue you, once they get their anger really revved up to full effect, they will make the case that no one loves you or ever will and you are going to die alone. Not eloquently, mind you, but this will be the crux of the message.

What these women don't know is that such things are just not at the top of a man's list of worries. They assume they can drop those words like a cluster bomb, sending a wave of devastation through the fragile ego of their opponent, because – with women it works. Most women are deathly afraid of being unloved and dying alone, and think about it more often than they'd like to admit. Most women, on their worse days, suspect that perhaps they are indeed unworthy of love and destined for a solitary death, and this thought hurts them grievously.

I don't really care about dying alone. The way I see it, everyone dies alone. We're born alone, we die alone, and in a very real sense, we're alone all of the time in between. "Togetherness" is something of an illusion, and "loneliness" is something of an illusory pain. Anyone can be *alone*, but not everyone will be *lonely*. I realize this explanation is not exceedingly clear, so let's try another approach: dying only happens once. It's a tiny moment in life. Little does it matter to me

how I feel at that tiny moment, compared to the rest of my life. Lots of people think they'd want their family present, someone dear to hold their hand, smiling faces to look at before the final reel fades to black. They can't fathom the horror of dying uncomforted, unnoticed, curled up in the wet and cold in a gutter someplace where taxis speed past and spray mud on your final moments. I am fine with this. I guess I'm fine because in the larger sense, I accept that no one cares. I don't value my life according to how much I mean to other people. I accept that it will end. I don't suppose I'm afraid enough of death to feel like I'd need help facing it. Who knows how they'll feel, really, until the time comes, but I feel like I've been in bad enough situations that I know myself with respect to how I handle things. The big thing about dying is supposed to be fear, but I don't really do fear that well any more. I feel like fear of death is more for people who've never gotten close to their limits – I feel more like, compared to some of the stuff I've already gone through, how bad can death really be. I feel like people are making a big deal out of it.

People want to leave legacies, or memories, make a difference, have something left of them on this earth once they're gone. I don't care that much. I don't need to be in history books, I don't need children to remember me, I don't need anyone to know I was ever even here. If the biggest mark of my existence left once I'm dead is that dent I smashed into one of those sheet metal doors on a cruise ship with my elbow, that's fine. I don't even need that. Give me the cold, the rain, the mud, the taxis, and I'm good. Harsh? The world is a harsh place. All we have is the ability to make ourselves forget that for a moment now and then. String together enough moments, and you can make a decent life. If I were to die in a happy and loving atmosphere surrounded by smiling faces and comforting hands in mine, that might even feel sort of wrong. That's not the kind of man I was. Almost all the memories I have that I think really meant something towards making me who I am now are the kind with mud and taxis and no one who cares, or even notices. I don't really believe in living a "life filled with love" and "dying happy", not for myself anyway. Maybe that's somebody's cup of tea, but I wonder if anyone really feels like they had that Hallmark version of life. I think I could ask anybody, and they'd all say they've felt like outsiders since they were too young to remember. I think feeling like you don't belong is just an integral part of the human psychological makeup, something that works to facilitate tribal cooperation. I don't know that there's anything to be done about it or that anything even needs to be done. It just is. I think some people live their lives trying to *forget* it and others to *accept* it.

"Dying alone" isn't just about the actual dying, though. Women talk about it like it's a one-way progression: you're "alone" until you "find someone", and then you're good. If you don't "find someone" before the time limit of your lifetime runs out, then you "die alone". That's what the ultimate failure part of it is really about: like your life's mission was to "find someone" and you couldn't even do that although you had all that time.

This view is propagated by all the "happily forever after" stuff in our popular culture: the idea that something can make you happy forever is so seductive, because after that point you're done! No more worrying about anything for the rest of your life, sit back and enjoy!

But life isn't like that. People can't be in love forever – it takes 3 to 7 years for the romantic feelings to dissipate and then what you're left with is either disappointment and divorce, which is what happens to most marriages and long-term relationships, or something resembling a close friendship. That, I believe, is something that a lot of people have a lot of illusions about.

The word "love" gets abused more than probably any other word in English. What does it mean? It means such different things to different people that at the end of the day it doesn't really mean anything. It's supposed to be this amazing state of existence where everything is super cool – and that's a fairly accurate description of what you can feel like during that phase where the pair-bonding instincts are keeping you together to raise a kid – but people think they're going to be "just as in love" in 50 years, and somewhere there's one or two outlier couples spawning urban legends about this being possible for regular people. Whatever those people have, it's not a natural progression from the romantic phenomenon that we call "love". Maybe they're just happy and

appreciate what they have – including each other. Maybe they're so afraid of dying alone that they appreciate each other a whole lot for being that safety net they feel like they need. Maybe they're so beta they know they'd never find any human company ever again if they didn't have each other.

Is that what you want for your future? Is that what Kate wants? The more I learn about women's thoughts and their eternal quest for Prince Charming and perfect everlasting love, the more it seems to me like the reason they want that so badly is to paint over all the huge cracks in their own self that are driving them crazy – that they feel like if someone else can accept them completely then they can accept themselves too, and not be broken and screwed up. But it doesn't work that way. Screwed up married people are still screwed up. Even if they're married to alphas. They still feel bad about themselves, and often about each other too. If your house is full of cracks from floor to ceiling you can't just paint over them and expect everything to be fine. This "happily ever after" thing is a pop culture illusion – the only person who can make you happy or unhappy is you. No one will "complete you", there's no "soul mate" or "the one" out there waiting to magically cancel out all your flaws just right. If your life sucks, bringing more people into it is not the solution. You have to fix it yourself.

When you do, you can then enjoy other people for what they are – transitory experiences. You can have an experience with somebody that lasts sixty seconds, or sixty years, but nobody is going to die with you. You still die alone, and you need to be strong enough to face that… or don't be, but you're going to face it anyway and no one is going to help you when it comes down to brass tacks. When you die, it's just you – if other people are there, they're only there in a spectator capacity. You're the show and they're the audience, you have to carry your own self off this mortal coil by yourself. And once you're gone, no one cares if you "found someone" or not, least of all you.

Women aren't stupid – they know they've got ten pretty years and fifty less pretty ones after that. A cruel joke of fate is the brief window of a woman's beauty. The pressing urge to get married is largely an attempt to provide for those last fifty years – to provide material resources, or company, or just something to do. It's scary being an "expired" woman, because there's no free lunch any more.

You have to consider that women don't really grow up when they grow up the same way men do. I don't mean this as a slight – what I mean is that men emerge from puberty finding that the world is a hard place and no one gives a shit about you. A young man has nothing anybody wants except his slave labor. We all, male and female, learn as kids that the people we need (for the time being, our parents) care about us "for free", no effort necessary. Men spend their twenties un-learning that. We find ourselves unnecessary, sort of kicked out into the ocean and having to learn to swim. We learn that we have to make something of ourselves, shape ourselves into the kind of people who get things done. We get used to working, and working hard. Nobody gives a shit about us if we don't.

Women, having also learned as kids that caring comes "for free", sail right into their pretty years and keep having that message reinforced. The prettier they are, the less character they're forced to develop, and it's a rare person who'll do that unless they're forced to. There are ugly women of course for whom even their best years don't do much, but most women can safely keep right on basking in a bubble of positive attention into their early thirties.

With thirty years of having some intrinsic value to others behind them, the realization that no one really gives a shit about anyone who can't give them something they want hits hard. Women don't want to face that, and understandably so. I imagine it could be even scarier at such a late stage than it was when I did it. Well maybe I'm not a good example for this one, but I see how the idea that nobody's going to want you for anything any more could be very scary to someone who's gotten used to automatically getting attention for 30 years.

Lots of women buy into the cultural scam and convince themselves that if they get a man to commit to them forever and ever like in the books, he'll always keep feeling the same way about her as he did when she was 28.

That's just not very likely to happen. What you can possibly get, and what some people do get, is something resembling a close friendship that can indeed last on good terms until death do you part. I've heard it described like this: after you've inevitably fallen out of love, if your roots by that point are so intertwined that it's inconceivable you should ever try to pull them apart, then you stay together.

That's the best you get, but how much is that worth? You have, basically, a good friend who's also your roommate and putters around the house reading the newspaper or gardening or something. Yes, it's easy to find someone to talk to when he's right there, but I bet after the first ten years you've already talked about everything. Sure, you'll have somebody to wake up next to and all that, but the appeal is bound to eventually wear off just like the appeal of new furniture does. Not quite as fast, but it'll happen.

Of the women past mating age whom I know, I wouldn't say the married ones are necessarily any happier than the single ones. I might say the opposite, actually. I might say that *not* having that illusion to paint over your flaws is more beneficial, because it forces you to look at them and do something real to fix them. When I think about it, the women I know who've been married for decades seem, if not "more broken", then maybe "less grown up" than do those who've been unmarried for a similar length of time. The married ones seem more like they think life has been unfair to them and owes them something, whereas the not married ones – I'm including both long-time widows and perpetual spinsters in this category – seem more like they've made their peace with their hand in life. In addition, they do things and socialize outside the home even up to 80 years of age, whereas the married ones just sit inside, in different rooms than their no-longer-all-that-exciting husbands, and watch TV. It's like they still think marriage is some sort of completion, that this is as good as it gets, even if "this" sucks. The not married ones find ways to fill their lives.

One thing I can tell you is that I've never seen marriage increase anyone's happiness in the long term, male or female. I have seen the opposite. Marriage just isn't natural – we're not made to stay interested in the same person that long, neither men nor women. It's a social institution invented to harness beta male labor for building civilization during their physically strong working years, which coincide with the time their wives are hot, and the time after that can be seen as, for both men and women, the price paid. The system doesn't work if it isn't one-to-one so once you've got yours you are stuck.

Looking back at Kate's desire for a committed relationship or marriage to an alpha, we can now draw some new conclusions. The first is that the reason you can't have a lifetime with an alpha isn't that you can't *get* an alpha – it's that once your three to seven years are gone, he's not going to be that exciting any more no matter how alpha he was to start with. If you have kids, that'll screw up your sex drive even worse (to the great disappointment of your husband). By that point, you might wish you'd married a beta who's less able to stray to greener pastures. Having witnessed a marriage between a man whom I'd consider as belonging to the alpha category and a very beautiful woman deteriorate like a sandcastle in rain after a few years and a few kids, I can't say I'd blame you. It's not pretty.

There's a player saying, "for every gorgeous girl, there's a guy who's tired of fucking her". There's also the well-known fact that older alpha men cheat on their wives like there's no tomorrow. Maybe some of them just can't resist temptation, but I'll bet that for almost every alpha husband, there's a wife who's tired of fucking him. It's another well known fact that women tend to develop permanent headaches in their forties.

The second conclusion we can draw is that once Kate gets past her reproductive age, she's probably not going to care that much for alphas anymore. Being married to one might at that point become more of a burden than a joy, given the general tendency of marriages to rot with time.

What reasons can we identify for Kate to seek a marriage to an alpha?

- Maybe she believes in the storybook ending.

- Maybe she is afraid to die alone.
- Maybe she wants company for her old age and someone to take care of her.
- Maybe she wants a husband to raise a family with.
- Maybe she doesn't know what she wants and just wants what everyone else wants because that's what the world promised her would be awesome.
- Maybe she sees marriage as the "culmination" of the commitment she naturally, instinctively wants.

I don't believe in the storybook kind of relationship that just fixes your entire life in one fell swoop, Kate, (unless we're talking about a relationship that just happens to be with the kind of person who is a life-fixer anyway, relationships notwithstanding) so I can't tell you how to get that because it doesn't fit into my picture of reality. And my picture of reality is one that explains a whole lot of stuff that most people have a hard time explaining, and it's a picture where everything fits into everything else, so when I encounter something that just doesn't fit with anything that's already there I'm not inclined to feel too hopeful about the outlying idea. You can try for the fairytale ending, but I hope you don't, because that's how people end up with cats.

If she's afraid to die alone, either in the actually dying actually alone sense or in the not "finding someone" ever sense, I think that's fundamentally *her* problem and not a problem that can be fixed by insertion of an extra person. Fear of death is something you can run from, but really, why would you want to spend your life running? From everything I've heard, the worst part of death is the actual dying, and that really depends on how violently you die. Just try to steer away from the middle of the spectrum – dying through moderate violence is not fun, but if you go so violently it's quick or so peacefully it's comfortable, it's probably not too bad. It's just death, everyone does it. As for "finding someone", that's kind of a sham too. There's no "right person" that you somehow won't fall out of love with in seven years. After that, all you really have is a friend, best case scenario, and someone to spend those remaining years with.

How great is spending fifty years with one person to whom you're no longer sexually attracted going to be? I understand if you feel like you need that always accessible somebody to rely on when you're having the problems that life brings now and then – especially if you're used to being able to do that. I've faced the worst moments in my life alone for so long I don't really feel any sort of need for help in that department, but if you do, and if you don't think you can deal with life without external help, then we can amicably split on this – I can definitely see your point of view. If this is what you want though, isn't a beta a better choice for a husband than an alpha? A beta will appreciate you way more during those 50 years than an alpha will, and the way an alpha can make you feel probably won't outweigh that once you lose your youthful libido – especially considering that the risk of an alpha straying to greener pastures is way higher. If this is what you want, then you basically already know how to get it – any girl can get a beta.

Want to raise a family? Again, a beta will do this… probably a lot more diligently than an alpha. I know suggesting what I'm going to suggest is not nice, but I would be dishonest if I didn't mention that there's a very good reason your instincts want you to make a beta raise the seed of an alpha. The price is 20 years of fear that he'll find out – choose wisely whether that fear is worth the alpha's kids. Probably not – betas are very nice people, mostly, and I'm sure your kids will be too. The heritability of alpha isn't very high either, so don't think your kids will have a better life if their dad's alpha. Worrying about whether you'll be attracted to your husband while you're raising a house full of little devils is moot – it won't matter much, regardless of who he is. You won't feel like sex after giving birth, and probably not very much in the later years either. There's a reason married fathers hate their lives, and it isn't just the cubicle farm. An alpha is more likely to stray… you should probably go beta if you're going to want to raise kids.

Everyone lied to you. Marriage is not awesome. Weddings are awesome because you get to be the center of attention and feel the commitment high for a little bit, but after that it's all downhill. This is like buying a really, really expensive pretty dress (in fact that's kind of exactly what it's like) –

it's so tempting but don't. Only get married if you want to *be* married. By which I mean look at people who have been married for a long time and compare how happy they are to those who are not married, not what your fantasy of married life is like. If you still want to get married… I might be inclined to lean toward a beta, considering the long-term benefits.

Your instincts tell you you want all the commitment you could ever get, and marriage seems to be the super size portion, but really, you actually probably don't want that much of it unless it be for one of the above reasons. What your instincts really want is just the seven years, and if you let your imagination run wild with slideshows of eternal love, you may end up shooting yourself in the foot. The temptation to pressure a man to marry you just to see if he *really really* loves you can be strong, but just don't be stupid. Do not get married unless you want to be married, by which again I mean married like your parents are married, not like how you think you'll do it so much better than everyone.

If you do really want to be married, and you want to be that way until death do you part, and that's more important to you than having any sort of excited feelings about a man (which you will not be having after a few years anyway), then why not go for a beta marriage? Not as flashy when new, but won't break down as fast – unless of course you're the one to break it, which would just be cruel considering that I've now briefed you several times on your feelings that are just "suddenly" going to change even though they felt like they'd last forever. It can be tempting to try for the few years of excitement *and* the lifetime together, but I see that ending in tears. There's a reason women start going for the "nice guys" (read: most spineless of spineless betas) when they're feeling that marriage pressure coming on, and it's that the "nice guys" are just much more likely to still feel privileged to crawl into bed next to you in twenty years' time.

That said, I'm not sure I'd get married were I female – I don't see the benefits necessarily being that great, the social pressure is, of course, but life is such that you almost always have to choose between the smart thing and the socially acceptable thing, and the sooner you learn to disregard everyone's opinion the faster your life starts improving. I am not female, of course, and even if I do sometimes know women better than they know themselves, I am not going to make any strong recommendations on this one. Use your own judgment.

Now, a so-called *committed relationship* is not a marriage, and contrary to popular opinion, seems to have many advantages over it. It doesn't have to last past the point where the feelings die, it's not so set in stone that you aren't going to feel the excitement of holding – but just barely holding – onto a wild alpha, and it can even give you children and them some kind of semi-decent relationship with their father, if he agrees to having them beforehand.

I'm going to assume Kate took my point(s) about marriage and decided to at least postpone settling down with a beta until the eleventh hour and wants to enjoy a *committed relationship* with an alpha in the meantime, because that's where I want to take this article next.

The previous seven thousand words have largely been about the fundamental considerations underlying the assumptions Kate makes in her letter, and this, as you'll know if you're a long-time reader, is what I do – I take your questions and disassemble them into pieces that allow me to draw the conclusions I want, which may or may not be relevant to your particular situation (although they usually probably are), and then I write about what I want to write about because I think that's a lot more important than what you asked, and then I maybe eventually get around to answering your questions.

Some of Kate's questions are actually pretty good. Like this one:

3. Or, do alpha males by their nature, stay single forever and just fuck all the women that throw themselves at them, for life?

As you have hopefully understood from the previous 7000 words, they do not necessarily stay single forever, but if you marry one and then proceed to get uglier than sin and he's got twenty-

year-old interns putting the moves on him at work every day… maybe on the 489th day of that, he might just cave. Do you see what I'm saying? There are special circumstances under which you can manage to monopolize an alpha… maybe not the apex alpha, but some sort of runner-up alpha who definitely still makes your engine turn. But would you *want to*? Everyone cheats, men, women, alphas, betas, if the temptation is strong enough. The more alpha you are, the more strongly the twenty-year-old interns will tempt you. Betas have fewer options, that's why they love their wives.

They say that a woman will marry the best man she can get, and a man will marry the woman he happens to be with when he decides it's time to get married.

Sometimes, even alphas decide to get married. I know some who have. It wasn't too pretty. Marriage just doesn't seem to offer too many benefits in the alpha reality. Social pressure or assorted crazy reasons can make an alpha marry, but nothing will keep temptation away from him. He's still alpha and every woman wherever he goes will still ache to draw his seed. Now that he's "off the market", they will want him even more. That's how it works. "This is what I gave up?!", the alpha will realize every time he goes out in public. If he goes out with his wife, who is probably exceedingly attractive seeing as she managed to secure an alpha husband, the effect is multiplied even further. Women will be jumping over rivers and pushing buses out of the way to shove their perky breasts in his face. The 489th day will come, and his wife will just have yelled at him for leaving the toddler's toys on the floor, and she'll be looking like what mothers of young children look like when they work all day and run around stopping kids from killing themselves all evening and do laundry all night and don't sleep, and the alpha will be at the corner bar having a beer and watching the game and getting away from the wife, and there will be attractive girls there who will smell the alpha on him and gently, almost accidentally, rest their chests on his shoulder while reaching over the bar for a drink… and something like this will happen at least twice every week for years, without fail… I've known some very decent men, I even consider myself to be one at times, but I don't know if I would encourage you to take these odds even if you think *your* alpha is really *really* special and not like every other human being on the planet. There's just got to be a limit to how much burning loins are worth.

Maybe it's not that alphas by *their* nature stay uncommitted against *your* wishes…
Maybe it's more like *you* by *your* nature are only made to enjoy alphas in small portions.
…unless of course you don't mind your husband/committed relationship person having copious affairs, two of which you will eventually find out about and feel free to assume there were four affairs you don't know about for each one you do, in which case forget everything I said about not marrying an alpha – well, except the part that he'll probably want to leave you in three to seven years anyway, and even if he decides to stay for the kids, do you really want to be married to someone who doesn't want to be married to you?

Pain follows her who goes against nature. You can do it, of course, but it's probably not a great idea. The commitment of an alpha is like a stone around your neck, and you will feel its weight every time he is away from you – you'll be wondering where he is, and who with, and what he's doing, and who's doing it with him, and how many times, and is she prettier than you, and will he fall in love somewhere out there and leave you, and what about the wonderful feelings of security you thought commitment would bring you? It would be unfair to say an alpha would be more inclined to cave to temptation than a beta, but it's only factual to say that an alpha is guaranteed to run into a lot more of it. If what you really want from your commitment is ultimately a feeling of security that it'll last, getting the one with a big "break here" sign on the front might be kind of stupid. On the other hand, if burning loins are more important to you and you feel confident in your ability to stay at home without tormenting yourself over who else's loins he might be burning, then it is of course your prerogative to pry commitment from the highest alpha you can. You have to strike an equilibrium between desirability and security, because each consumes of the other. Thinking that the problem is that an alpha won't commit to you or even that you can't find a "good one" who won't stray is just an exercise in making yourself feel bad. First, you need to seriously reconsider whether the commitment of an alpha is even something you would want to burden yourself with. It's a stone

around the neck, think about that. Even if the most alpha man in the world committed to you for life and never strayed, *could you ever stop worrying that maybe it isn't so?* From what I've seen of alphas' wives, I wouldn't want to be them. Betas' wives feel safe and bored. If you must have your commitment, beta commitment is a lot less painful…

Let's assume you can get any commitment you want, then you must strike a balance between desirability and security. Do you really want to give up either completely? Do you want a bit of both but not really enough of either? *This* is your real problem, way before you can get to thinking about how to get that elusive alpha commitment.

I can tell you what a lot of women do, of course. They have their cake and eat it too. The betas rarely know and the alphas rarely care. Temptation isn't just for men.

To hammer the point home: consider that the commitment of an alpha might be one of those things that you really think you want until you've tried it. Like eating a whole box of chocolates. Given this, everyone will hopefully understand my answer to Kate's first two questions:

1. Are you married, if so, what was it about her that led you to that union?

2. Are you in a committed relationship, if so, same thing, what is it about her that compels you to want to stay with her? And I assume faithfully and happily?

The answer I'm going to give is "why would I want to do that to a woman"?

Let's bring an earlier theme of this article full circle and look at the problem Kate's beliefs create:

We women have two options: 1) be used as a cumstation on rotation for an alpha male in his harem or 2) close our eyes, get really drunk and suck it up settling for a beta male? Or cats.

While I appreciate the alliteration in "cumstation on rotation", I don't quite as much appreciate Kate directing at a group, which she has only moments earlier identified myself as a member of, the implication of an inability to care for a girl in any capacity except the most animal. I'll have you know, Kate, that I enjoy pleasures *not* of the flesh to a degree that might surprise you.

That said, let's look at how Kate's perception of reality creates this "lamentable" problem. The belief that is assumed here as the foundation of the quoted passage is that alpha commitment is the holy grail. I believe I've made a decent case for why it is not so, and I might in fact restate the same reality that Kate has described through a different lens:

You women get to *enjoy* a selection of options:

- Affection from the kind of man whose affection is most enjoyable.
- Commitment from the kind of man whose commitment is most enjoyable.
- Any mixture in between, with the total of affection and commitment not exceeding the total in either of the previous scenarios.
- Or cats.

Or even all of them, if you have no scruples. As the Book of Alpha says: "it is not wrong to sleep with thy neighbor's girlfriend as long as said neighbor is not thy friend, but it is wrong to sleep with someone *whist thou art* his neighbor's girlfriend." Also, it is pretty wrong to sleep with someone whilst her cats are watching, please don't do that.

The thing is, alphas give good affection, betas give good commitment, and nobody gives both because they are in fact inversely correlated due to the very simple fact that the better your affection is, the more competition there will be for it, and the less secure the girl on the receiving end of your commitment will feel, regardless of what you're actually doing or not doing.

Getting alpha commitment is difficult, and it's exciting, and everyone wants to do it, but you

probably shouldn't – basically, it's just like climbing power line posts.
Thus endeth the lesson on that.

Now, for the final unanswered question:

4. I am looking on here for what a woman would have to do, act like, genuinely BE like, what qualities/attitudes to develop. The reason I ask is I get the problem and the problem (has been) me, so how to rectify this problem, do you have any advice or insight into how to change?

This question is, perhaps unexpectedly, still extremely relevant. You'll always have to split your chips between excitement and security, but there are ways you can increase your starting amount of chips. Not as much as Game does for men – there's no sharp alpha/beta distinction with women and whether they were born with the kind of genes where you could tell years ahead that they would be pretty has a bigger impact than much anything they can actively *do* – but a reasonable amount that could get you a worthwhile increase in both excitement and security.

This is however not a "here's how you do it, now you know" kind of topic, and considering how much has been written on Game for men, this should not surprise anyone. Attractive behavior is (perhaps equally) complex on the female side also, and of course most women, like most men, are doing it completely wrong. In fact, if you studied Game and did the *exact opposite* of everything it tells men to do, you would probably get closer to attractive female behavior than most women are.

I've thought about writing on this topic, and I've discovered that a major problem is that subtle behaviors don't translate into text very well and any text describing them is extremely open to interpretation. Things to say aren't that relevant because there isn't really any need for a girl to lead a conversation toward attraction – it doesn't work like that at all. It's more about subtle body movements that I probably couldn't describe in a way you'd understand even in person, unless you already knew what I was trying to teach you, in which case there would be no point. I can tell you that guarded and unguarded body language are both attractive if you're being *purposely, consciously* but not *overtly, explicitly* (un)guarded, but that doesn't help you if you can't picture what any of that looks like. More likely, I'd have to be like "no not like that, like this, put this over here and then do that, no not at the same time, just let the movement flow like… yeah, you got it" and I would likely have to physically move you from one position to another until you understood what I meant and what the common theme is that runs through all the examples. Then you could apply it to anything, but I don't think I could make you understand it through words.

A lot of the female behaviors that in Game are referred to as Indicators of Interest are, basically, attractive – but only if you look like you don't really notice yourself doing them. If you *try* to do them you are like a beta suddenly trying to pull an alpha move – it elicits a very strong "what the hell are you doing" type of feeling.

A major principle to understand is that men and women are, in a sense, complementary. Everything you think is attractive when a man does it is unattractive when you do it, and pretty much vice versa. As concerns physical behavior, this is largely rooted in the fact that male and female bodies are differently built and therefore move differently, and we're subconsciously looking for each others' movements to tell us how masculine or feminine the other person's physique is. As concerns social interaction, it's rooted in the lead/follow dynamic. Male and female are very much yin and yang (the other way around, actually), so whatever you do don't copy anything you yourself find attractive.

Another major thing is that you already know a lot about how to be attractive – it's in your genetic code. It's just that you've been taught all kinds of crap that covers it. What you *feel* like you want to do is more likely to be attractive than what you *think* you want to do.

In general, men exist more in their thoughts and women in their feelings, which is why you can teach Game somewhat decently through words because words represent thoughts. When a man

thinks a certain way he acts a certain way, and the actions produce results. Women's actions don't reflect what they're thinking as much as what they're feeling. You can tell someone how they should think, and that'll show in their behavior, but it's a lot harder to tell someone how to feel. You can *make* people feel any way you want in your physical presence, but you can't convey it in text, not even in an article as long as this one.

It'd require something more like this:

Seven women leave their cell phones at home and set out for a secret facility in the Nevada desert for a month-long immersion course in the mind of man… they know they will face fear, hardship, and worst of all: themselves… but they are spurred on to persevere by the company's promise: a good husband within a year or your money back. (guarantee void if you tell him about the training – what the hell are you even thinking? don't you know he just wants you to be perfect without practice)

Maybe someday.

For now, I'll think about what sort of pointers I could perhaps convey in writing. I've been thinking about that for a while, since I've noticed that there's a terrible lack of anything useful around in this department, but the things I've thought of to write about are things like how to dress or what to talk about, and I don't want you thinking those things are important when what's really important is how you feel and how you think. Describing these things is somewhat new to me, because before I had a website I would just *make* people feel a specific way and *lead* them to think a specific way. This is however something I've had the intention of writing about and I'll continue to think about how I could do it. Suggestions are accepted.

If I had to give you one way right now through which you could learn to understand what attractive female behavior, dress, attitudes/qualities, acting and *being* is like, (and by "attractive" I mean the kind that gets you sweet thoughts, not just dirty ones), it would be this:

Watch for the "designated attractive girl" in TV shows and movies. They are (mostly) written by men, and mostly men who know what they're doing. You'll want to pay attention to how the designated "attractive" female characters act differently from the rest, and how the designated "attractive" girls in all the different TV shows and movies share the same kind of behavior. And the "attractive" character isn't the overtly slutty guest star, it's always the girl next door type who's in every episode. If you can figure out how those characters *feel* and how they *think* about the world, and if you can replicate that for yourself, you will be very close. Counterpoint: to learn what unattractive female behavior is like so you see the contrast, you can watch Sex and the City or anything with Milla Jovovich.

Actresses who have got it just right and can be seen behaving attractively in pretty much every role they play (and who always get cast in the designated "attractive" role):
Kirsten Dunst, Natalie Portman, Jessica Alba, Lindsay Lohan before the drugs, Kate Beckinsale in her twenties, Sandra Bullock in her twenties, Jennifer Aniston in her twenties and pretty much her thirties too

Go rent some of that stuff and you may have an eye-opening experience. The attractive girl is much more of a normal person than you may have thought judging by other sources. This is what I mean when I say you already have it in your genes: the attractive way to behave is basically your natural way without society's screwing it up. If you watch enough to see what kind of behaviors these actresses have in common and you start feeling like "well that's what I *would* be doing if it wasn't for (some silly reason)", you are probably definitely getting it.

In Mala Fide and the Smart Moves – The Model Home Revisited

Whenever a webmaster announces his request for contributions with the words "You can write about anything you want", you know that website is headed someplace interesting.

About a month ago, just such an announcement caught my eye and I immediately knew I wanted to see this. It was either going to be glorious, or an unmitigated disaster, and either way I would go along for the ride – since then I have been keeping an eye on In Mala Fide, and occasionally contributing some of my own articles when they've had a special relevance to what's been going on over there.

What's been going on is as follows:

February 25th: Ferdinand Bardamu announces that he will transform his blog, "In Mala Fide", into a multi-author platform where a creative chaos of ideas will freely clash and hopefully turn coal into diamonds in its pressure:

"the sort of content I want to publish here will run the gamut from political and economic analysis to self-improvement advice (game and whatnot) and other things – an **all-access stop for crimethink, amusement and vulgarity**. By pooling the talents of multiple writers on a single site, we'll have a much greater impact than on individual blogs."
"**You can write about anything you want**, be it feminism or game or white nationalism or HBD or economics or Christian patriarchy or stuff from other venues – whatever you like, as often as you like, from whatever perspective you like."

March 7th: People start writing about anything they want. Doubters of Bardamu's plan throw around suggestions that perhaps this is a terrible, terrible idea. Bardamu is not dissuaded:

Comments:
"the openness of his new venture will likely go too far into the abyss of incoherency"
"I foresee Ferd's array of authors putting forth wildly divergent ideas that could never coexist"
"When inevitable disagreements arise, on what philosophical grounds will disputes be resolved?"

Bardamu:
"Chaos is one of the defining attributes of the Internet"
"most web publishers insist on structuring their organizations like dead tree outlets, imposing ideological 'order' and 'coherency' – and then wonder why they remain consigned to the sandbox of irrelevancy"
"This is all wrong"
"Right now, there are dozens and dozens of groups with an axe to grind against the status quo"
"None of these groups will likely become popular enough to eclipse the others, and in the pre-Internet days wouldn't have risen beyond obscurity"
"but I'm committed to showcasing a variety of viewpoints that are smart and engaging. And we won't be playing fair or being nice about it either"
"**I intend *In Mala Fide* to be a website of both the high and the low, blending intellectual leadership and useful information with a flurry of low blows, cheap shots and fuck yous**. Nice organizations finish last."

March 21st: I know it's going to be an interesting day when Bardamu preemptively washes his

hands of a guest author's article. In the comments to said article, intellectual leadership and useful information give way to low blows, cheap shots and fuck yous.

Bardamu:
"I realize that this article … will kick up a gigantic shitstorm"
"However, two weeks ago, I declared that the new In Mala Fide would be a meeting ground for a multitude of anti-establishment groups, virtually all of which I agree and disagree with in varying degrees."

March 27th: Bardamu kicks out a (different) guest author for failing to respect his authority and simultaneously makes a contribution to the "all-access stop" in the "amusement and vulgarity" department.

Bardamu:
"I kicked you out because I asked you not to pull your usual finger-pointing fatalistic race-baiting games on my turf, and you refused. Not only do you have no concept of decency or respect, you don't know how to stop digging. You simply do not get it, and until you do, you will remain the laughingstock of the alt-right/mano-/whateverosphere."

March 28th: As of this writing, the future of In Mala Fide is still up in the air. Usually, before something happens is the best time to talk to people about it, so let's do that. Am I qualified to make predictions about this kind of thing? You decide.

It's been about two months since my very first post where I laid out my plan to catapult this blog straight into your heart, so let's revisit The Model Home and see what ended up materializing from my blueprints. Judging by the explosive increase in readership this blog has seen and continues to see, as well as by the amount of overwhelmingly positive feedback I'm getting from readers almost every day now, I'd say it's fair to conclude that the plan has been a spectacular success and I must now do one of two things: either congratulate myself on being really smart, or thank you all for finding this site entertaining and informative enough to keep coming back and inviting your friends along – so, thank you.

You'll notice a few subtle things missing from this site compared to most:

There are no social network sharing buttons.
There are no comments.
There are no ads.
There are no link collections.
There are no donation buttons.
There are no post categories.
There are no thingamabobs, graphs, thermometers, twitter feeds, facebook updates, pop-up email alert boxes, unrelated "related posts", picture-of-the-day displays, video displays, slide shows, music boxes or any type of annoying crap.
There are no distractions. Just what you came here for. Nothing else.

Is it more important to me that you tweetbookspacetube all my articles right away than it is that you have a positive experience reading them? No, it isn't. If you like them so much that you want to share them with everybody, I trust in your intelligence to be able to do that without my shoving a rainbow of thingamajiggies in your face at all times, and then those people can enjoy reading the articles without having a rainbow of thingamajiggies shoved in their faces either. I do not in fact like shoving things in people's faces, and there will be none of that going on around here.

Other things I do not think you need shoved in your face include: flashy banners advertising some stupid video game that looks like it was designed by a twelve-year-old, a three-foot laundry list of unexplained links that have nothing to do with why you are here and that you will never read, what

somebody who does not care about your reading experience wanted to add to one of my articles for no reason except to get attention on the internet, unrelenting implications to make you feel guilty about getting all my content for free, implications that one article is a natural continuation of another article when it really isn't, a patchwork of different-colored little boxes and bars and hearts and animated smileys that you might find interesting once and would definitely find annoying the next hundred times, anything that moves, blinks, makes noise or in any other way screws with the feeling of wonderful calm that I want you to have when you're in my house on my website.

And guess what? People still manage to point each other here from Facebook and Reddit etc., and people still link to me because they like what I'm saying. With the amount of links I'm getting, I'm starting to think everyone who has a blog or any kind of website that deals with anything remotely related is reading me, and judging by the clicking-around behavior of people who come here from all those places, they really appreciate the opportunity that those authors are giving them to discover this site. People seem to like it here. No one is complaining that they feel all lonely without sixteen rainbow-colored flashy things in every available corner of the screen. Whoever links to me is *giving* that positive experience to people, and people will remember. I do the same thing – not a lot, but when I find something I think is really valuable, I will give you a link to it because value is value – whether I write something myself or give you something just as good somebody else wrote, you're still getting the same amount. The only reason I ever write anything is because I can't find anyone else saying what I want to say.

I like the Model Home approach. That's how I approach my offline interactions as well. Simple, clean, one thing at a time. Value. No distractions. And apparently you like it as well, and apparently your friends and their friends like it too. This doesn't come as a surprise to me. If you have a website, remember this: any thought that starts with "my readers would appreciate if…" is usually a good one, and any thought that starts with "I could get more money/readers/google searches if…" is usually a bad one.

The exact same thing applies if you don't have a website. If you're thinking about "what's in it for me right now that I can exploit this person for", you're really exploiting yourself as well. If instead you're thinking about "how can I give even more to this person right now", you will be developing an incredibly valuable skill, and more likely than not you'll get something great in return as well.

Take this website, what do I get from this? First of all, I'm developing a valuable skill in learning to communicate with people in a way they find rewarding – you could say I'm already good at that but that would be missing the point. I can always improve. Second, this brings me in contact with the kind of people who share my values and my quest for a better life – always better, no matter how good it already is. There's always time in the day so why not use it to make things better. If you want to talk about money, things and material resources, I'll bet I would beat out a shady self-centered exploiter in that respect too. The shady exploiter can only exploit you once, and he's done. I've invested a lot of myself in building trust with you, trust that what I say holds water, and I hope you know I wouldn't break that trust by selling you snake oil.

If I was going to sell you something, I would make sure it was the most awesome thing you can possibly use your money on, and you would love it, and you would want to buy the next thing I'm selling too, and that would also be great, and there would just never come a point where it would in any way be in my best interests *not* to give you the best thing I can. And you *know* that, and that's basically what all human friendships are based on – the implicit understanding that it would *just make no sense* for your friend to suddenly screw you over. The more you can stop screwing people over in your life the better your life will automatically get. In fact, I *should* recommend something for you to buy – as a *service*. You're going to buy something anyway, and if I can help you buy something good instead of something bad, that would just *add* to what you're getting from this site.

Why do I have my doubts about Ferdinand Bardamu's decision to cut that guy from the guest writer list?

Whether his writing was good or not, it's not like he was *taking anything* from the other articles, and surely there must have been somebody in the audience who appreciated what he had to say. Not me, specifically, but you know, somebody. If you want to host a creative chaos of ideas, isn't that the whole point? Or was his writing *so bad* that it just wasn't okay to force people to look at it at all?

It makes me wonder who Bardamu was really thinking about – the readers or himself? He obviously disliked the guy, what with his comments about the guy having no respect or decency and all, but is that a good enough reason to deprive the readers?

That's the question I really want to look at.

In the physical world, you are born into a country – if you're reading this probably a democratic one – and that is likely where you will spend your life. Advertising-driven democracy is a functionally terrible from of government that gets little of value done, as evidenced by all the flaws in our society we spend much of our time here discussing, but it seems to be an effective way to placate those who are unsatisfied with their conditions but unable to move to another country.

The internet, however, has almost no democracies. The internet consists of countless small tyrannies, between which the population is free to move at ease. A democratic entity cannot survive in this environment, because compared to the enlightened despotism of a well-run single-leader website, democracy does not provide many advantages.

The science of running one of these countless kingdoms as the sole Highest Power, however, is not simple. Tyrannies in the physical world have a certain advantage in that they can contain their population – not so with virtual ones. What keeps us virtual tyrants honest is the fact that our people will simply leave our shores for a better life somewhere else if we treat them abusively. Moreover, they will leave if we bore them, exploit them, or simply don't offer them anything worth staying for. There are always new and exciting kingdoms springing up for every one that dies of population extinction.

A major goal of many an enlightened despot is to make his kingdom as alluring as possible, and some engage in this pursuit to the detriment of other aims. False promises and all manner of attention-whoring tactics are common sights. There are unscrupulous kings who would purposely sow discord in and start fights with neighboring kingdoms in hopes of luring the population back to their own, where everything is supposedly so much better. The first problem with this approach is that those people who do run away from someplace will still not run toward you unless you are giving them something they want. The second problem is that if you burn all your bridges and offer no reason for your population to build their own, you end up with a piece of scorched earth that no traveler will make his home on.

Those scorched-earth kings who find themselves presiding over a kingdom of one would do well to reconsider their approach if they wish for their country to prosper.

The real measure of a successful king is found in the people who listen to him. A population appreciative of the bounties of a well-managed land will grow and prosper, whereas one disappointed with an arid land will simply move on.

A good king puts his people before himself, and a vindictive king pushes his into the arms of a good one.

In the recent dust-up between misters Bardamu and Obsidian (the guest writer who got kicked out), who appears to us, the populace, the good king and who the vindictive one? Certainly they must both think of themselves as being in the right, but how do their actions look from the perspective of the common man?

There will undoubtedly be those who will admire Obsidian for his flare, and those who'll find him unappreciative of his responsibility as a guest in a foreign kingdom. Also, Bardamu will be found by some to have made the decision of a good king in protecting his population from what he deems

a negative influence, and others will view him as vindictively having put his own preferences before those of his audience.

What must be acknowledged is that Bardamu and Obsidian cannot be assessed by the same criteria due to their different positions. Obsidian is a guest in Bardamu's kingdom but in his own he is beholden to nothing but his own whims – it certainly seems to me like the atmosphere he aims to foster is one of "I say what I want, like it or go home". I do not recall him at any point inviting any of us to judge his actions, and I believe he wants us to see him as a "take it or leave it" type of deal. He does not seem to believe that he owes us anything, nor does he request anything of us. It is only fair of us to expect him to do whatever he wants, and to either accept whatever he does or walk away from it without complaint.

Bardamu, however, is much more mired into a give-and-take with his kingdom. His audience is not loyal to him alone, but partially also to guest writers who may or may not agree with him. Firing a guest writer, he fires that writer's audience. Good riddance, you might say, but Bardamu's crown is even heavier than that – asking his people for monetary donations, he asks them for their trust. Trust in his leadership and trust in the continued prosperity of the kingdom – Obsidian's audience has no right to expect any consideration, but Bardamu's audience will necessarily feel like he owes them something, and that he breaks their trust if he does not deliver it.

Bardamu is of course right in saying, essentially, that under his roof his rules apply, but he has gone and built his roof on borrowed supports. The contributions he gets are freely given, of course, but in accepting them he ties himself down in some ways. It's no longer anything-goes-take-it-or-leave-it land, his people will now hold him responsible for keeping the promises he's made and proving himself worthy of the trust they've put in him.

Bardamu has chosen a heavy crown for himself and the eyes of the people are fixed on how he wears it. A month ago, I predicted In Mala Fide would see some very interesting days, and it seems those days are upon us. With expert captaining on Bardamu's part, it may yet see clear sky – as for now, what we can say is that it is still flying, but Bardamu has put himself in a position where his choices now hold a different weight than they would have before. He's implicitly dangled a little bit of democracy in front of his audience, and the audience has bought into it, trusting him to come through on his campaign promises – he *can* still basically do what he wants, but whatever he does will be subject to a lot more judgment than it would have before. I believe how he handles these challenges will ultimately determine whether In Mala Fide shakes off its demons and flies gloriously into the future. It seems like the storm is gathering and the time when the smart moves need to be made is getting close.

Why Game?

by Delusion Damage on March 29, 2011

in Sex

Let's get something dead straight before we start:

I ***hate*** wasted effort. I hate it more than you do and I always have.

Really, I do. I hunt and destroy outbreaks of it in my life and many if not most of my web articles are dedicated to eliminating it.

Why, then, do I choose to spend such a large portion of my time studying and teaching Game?

Is Game not just a big waste of effort when one could simply pay for hookers?

Advertisement

Quoting from this recent article by Advocatus Diaboli:

Men want women for sex- not for cooking, cleaning, having kids, moral support, caring or any other secondary/incidental reason.

…

Most readers of this post have must have heard about 'game', it's practitioners and defenders. While game certainly works- have you ever quantified the total cost (direct and indirect) of practicing it? Even if you are moderately proficient in game, and can get a couple of new gals per month- is that the pussy you really want?

…

Given the nature of women, their attitudes, moodiness, mind games etc., such a guy probably spends more time trying to 'be on top' than enjoying life. There is more to life than chasing women and spouting Darwinian determinism. If your whole life is a series of shit-tests and challenges till you can no longer keep with the competition, is your existence any more meaningful than a bacterium or flatworm?

I have carefully considered the direct and indirect costs of learning Game – I have also considered the costs of ***not*** learning it, and they extend way beyond what paying an escort can cover:

- Without Game, I would quite possibly be like the majority of men, spending all day every day working a job I hate for money that I wouldn't need for anything but women (whether those women are escorts or not).
- Without Game, I wouldn't know how to control women's bitchy behavior and would probably think, like many men do, that bitches are beyond repair. I would still have to interact with women in daily life even if I followed AD's suggestion of limiting myself to paid escorts where voluntary interaction with women is concerned, and I would have to suffer the cost of all that now "unavoidable" bitching to my well-being.
- Without the understanding of the female mind gained from Game, I might find myself getting drawn into infuriating arguments with women, whereas a Gaming mind lets me stay aware of that risk and steer clear of it. Again, escorts cannot stop you from having to interact with women altogether – women are everywhere!

- Game is a path of self-improvement that pulls me toward improving myself in other ways.
  - The understanding of human nature gained from Game's foundation in evolutionary psychology helps me understand other people, both male and female, much better than I would from a regular person's point of view. This saves me much of the pain of unpleasant emotions most people feel when they find others falling short of their expectations.
- Game helps me understand why women can seem, to men, to have no concept of principles or personal integrity but instead always cave to peer pressure. Many men feel anger and disgust at women for their "irrational" priorities, but because I understand and accept these priorities, I don't need to pollute my life with such feelings.
- Game helps me understand how women think about their relationships with men, how they really work and what women are doing wrong when they don't get the romantic success they expected. This lets me help those women whom I'm not interested in but whose well-being I care about learn what mistakes they're making and what they really should be doing to get the men they want. I have a younger sister trying her luck in the dating market right now, and thanks to my knowledge of Game I have a lot of tools to equip her with that most men's sisters will never know anything about.
- Thanks to Game, I know that I don't need a big house or fancy car to impress people, male or female, which frees me from tying myself to a collection of stuff I don't really care about.
  - Game provides unexpected opportunities in areas of social interaction extending way beyond the field of romance. Without the Game to make her interested in me, I never would have had the opportunity to talk to an 18-year-old national-level athlete about what it's like being a teen girl obsessed with a sport that gives her the muscles to lift 200 pounds off a bench.

AD says "if your whole life is a series of shit tests and challenges…", like there's a choice. Your life is that anyway, escorts or no escorts, and if you don't understand what's going on you're just going to be less able to navigate it, that's the only difference. You either acknowledge reality and work with it, or you fail to acknowledge reality and it automatically works against you.

What are the costs of learning Game? You just have to do it, that's all.

What are the costs of not learning Game? **You will never know what you're missing.**

The Hardest Thing In The World

March 30 2011

What remains after we rid ourselves of the delusions?

What else besides nihilism? Why not suicide? Once we've come to terms with our mortality and the utter pointlessness of it all–the fact that, in the long run, no one cares and nothing matters–then what?

I've been in the process of untangling the lies for the last 10 years or so, but the rate of unraveling has increased so rapidly in the last year since discovering the manosphere that I am dizzy and out of breath. As each layer is stripped away I feel smaller and weaker. I often feel the need to stop my education, hold fast to the pretty lies, and try to forget all that I now know. The fear of truly letting go builds inside my head until I can feel tightness in my chest and twisting in my stomach.

I can deal with that if there is something further, but if all that remains is the eternal abyss, then what?

The issue John wrote me about is one anyone who decides to think for himself will eventually have to deal with. When you stop believing the lies, what's left to believe in? It seems like there's nothing… what kind of life will you lead if you can't believe in anything? It pulls the carpet out from under you – and no matter how hard you try, you can never really go back. Some people try to drown the feeling of emptiness or ungroundedness in booze, women, work or religion, but it is there… you can try to run from yourself, but you'll end up running in circles, falling right back into the same hole you were trying to escape from. Only the hole's grown deeper.

The only way to stop falling back into the hole and hurting yourself over and over is to stop trying to climb out. The only way to beat the hole is to accept it: "Here I am. I feel like life, the world, everything, has no meaning. I feel terrible about that conclusion. I feel depressed, and I feel afraid. I'm okay with that."

Until you can face the abyss of meaninglessness, you will always be running from it, and it will always be chasing you, its edges yawning at your heels. Face it. Go into it. Stand at the bottom and accept that this is where you are. The fear that keeps you resisting is worse than what actually happens when you stop resisting. You can handle this. Let go.

Most people never will. Then, most people will never really be happy with their lives. They will cling onto their delusions, and their delusions will keep damaging them – that's what delusions do. People are scared of thinking too far – I remember what it feels like. I remember when I started looking into the darkness inside, finding nothing and more nothing – I was worried that if I let my thoughts completely free, I might discover that the hole has no bottom and I might kill myself. I didn't want to kill myself. In that feeling, the answer was already contained, but I didn't realize it until I'd gone to the bottom and stood there looking up.

Let's go in now and see what we find. This quest is not new: it is at the very core of what it means to be human, and sentiments like these can be found across various genres of creative art:

"We all came in the world with a sparkle in our eye
not knowing the only thing that we were promised is to die"
- T.I.

"This is your last chance. After this, there is no turning back. You take the blue pill – the

story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill – you stay in Wonderland and I show you how deep the rabbit-hole goes."
- from "The Matrix" (1999)

"I cannot take this anymore
Saying everything I've said before
All these words they make no sense
I find bliss in ignorance
Less I hear the less you say
You'll find that out anyway
Just like before…
Everything you say to me
Takes me one step closer to the edge
And I'm about to break
I need a little room to breathe
'Cause I'm one step closer to the edge
I'm about to break
I find the answers aren't so clear
Wish I could find a way to disappear
All these thoughts they make no sense
I find bliss in ignorance
Nothing seems to go away
Over and over again
Just like before…"
- Linkin Park

"The hardest thing in this world is to live in it"
- from "Buffy the Vampire Slayer"

Completing the quest is scary and it's difficult, and if you don't do it you'll keep suffering all your life. The choice is yours: you can go join the closest cult that'll give you a sense of purpose, or you can come with me and see what my world looks like. It's up to you, all you really have is the self-evident fact that I haven't killed myself yet. Any cult will give you something to believe in: it could be a "cause" like feminism or vegetarianism or something you can spend your efforts on under strict direction so you don't have to think, or it could be a god or supreme leader of some sort that you can worship and trust to have all the answers so you don't have to think. My world will not give you that.

I don't believe in God. I don't believe in anything. No afterlife, no karma, no spirits, no soul, no "the one", no "higher connection" between any two people, no person or entity that cares about anything or anyone for any reason besides self-serving survival and reproduction instincts, no good, no evil, no purpose, no meaning, not a goddamn thing. I don't even strictly "believe" that my wireless keyboard is in my lap right now – I *think* that it is, but I accept that I could be wrong. If I suddenly woke up in a lab and a scientist told me "we just put electrodes in your brain that made you experience a non-existing keyboard", I would accept that. I don't take anything on faith. All I believe in is partial probabilities. I find it *highly unlikely* that I'm experiencing a non-existing keyboard, and I find it *highly unlikely* that "good people go to Heaven" and "bad people go to Hell", but I accept that I don't know for sure.

We never really know much anything for sure. The only thing we really know is "I think, therefore I am". Anything else is conjecture. We don't know where we came from when we were born, we don't know where we go when we die. We don't know if what we remember about our life really happened – psychologists have shown that a huge portion of our memories are just wrong. We don't

know what's outside the region of space our telescopes and gizmos can measure, and we don't know what's inside the smallest particles that our microscopes and hadron colliders can detect. We do not know very much at all. Most of what we do know is probably wrong. Every piece of knowledge we base our actions on is wrong, it's just less wrong than a random action, so we can use our knowledge to make our results be closer to what we want.

We are lost, and no matter how hard we try, we will never stop being lost. The only reasonable thing to do is to accept that. Being lost is not optional. It comes with life, and there's no getting rid of it.

The notions that there is no meaning, purpose, ultimate goal, no morals, no final judgment, no rhyme or reason to life – they all have two things in common. One is that they are the rational conclusions you will come to if you think about things long enough, and the other is that they're bunched together under the umbrella of "nihilism" and viewed with both fear and disgust by the population at large.

Nihilism is supposed to be bad – like, "if there's no point to anything then just kill everybody and kill yourself". That's the popular image of it and understandably, people are scared of that.

Those people are looking at it the wrong way.

Ridding yourself of the notion that you have anything in this world except electrical signals going around in your brain is really what makes you truly free. What's more, it lets you make sense of the world, and that's worth more than any amount of comforting delusions.

Many people subscribe to the belief that "some things just don't make sense" or "can't be explained". I don't. In my world, everything makes sense. Everything. If something can't be explained, it's only because we don't have enough data.

Living in a world where everything makes sense is great. I see now that in my quest into the internal darkness, I was only scared of the things that didn't make sense. As soon as I figured a thing out, I felt like I could deal with it just fine.

The question I was afraid of asking, and the question I think most people are afraid of, is:

Why should we do this "life" thing at all? It's hard, and painful, and if there's nothing to gain… why not simply check the box that says "no"?

Then again, most people are also afraid of death, and that's what creates the problem: the conflict between not seeing any particular reason to live yet feeling afraid to die, or if not that, feeling like you wouldn't want to hurt the people who love you with your suicide – that's what creates the problem, because there seems to be no good option available.

We all ask ourselves the question – why live? – when we get old enough to conceptualize such things. Some deal with it through denial and looking for purpose in some cult, cause or leader, and others stop to think about it. Teenagers are widely known for their existential angst, as well as for their tendency to be easily drawn into anything that seems to offer a feeling of purpose.

It seems like a big question, maybe too big to really consider, and it helps to break it into smaller parts.

One part is the fear of the event of death. Will it hurt? What comes after? How will it feel to know that your life is about to end, permanently, and that the moment you are experiencing is the last moment you will ever experience? As I've explained, I don't believe what comes after is anything to worry about, and I've already explained my thoughts on death and fear of it in this essay to a degree where I don't feel like I have very much more to add right now. Look over there if you are scared of death itself.

Another part is the fear of losing one's life – this is different. The life you thought you would have, all your hopes and dreams for the future – that's something most people are very attached to and very afraid of losing. This is the "reasonable" reason for not wanting to die – basically, wanting to

live. Nothing against death in particular, except that it's mutually exclusive with life.

And that's where the answer to "if nothing means anything, why live at all?" lies – in the notion that the experience of life itself has some intrinsic value, meaningless as it may be.

When people realize that there's really no point to anything, that tends to bring feelings of fear and insecurity, and while they are experiencing these feelings, people can view life as a net negative. The difference between my view of life and the common view is that in the common view, life is scary, but death is even scarier, whereas in my view, death is not that bad and life is even less bad. Both balance out on the side of life in the end, but where you can run into trouble is if you learn to think that death isn't that bad *before* you learn to think that life is even less bad. That's how people end up deciding to kill themselves, and this ranks right up there with the most damaging delusions you can have.

People tend to view death as a strongly negative thing, and life – on good days, they like it, on bad days, they think it's a net negative too, but not enough to be worse than death.

If you go ahead and have your existential crisis and decide that you should really look at death as more of a neutral, when you end up having those bad days where you think that life kind of sucks, it does indeed appear worse than death.

Is there any reason to live if life is worse than death? Basically, no, and this is what I concluded back when I was waking up every morning unhappy with my life and with how I had to spend the day. The life I had wasn't so bad I couldn't stand it – it was just something that felt like a net negative. The good parts weren't worth the bad parts. I had a plan, though – I would sacrifice some time and effort to build myself the kind of life that I could really enjoy, and in the long run, the good years I'd have later would outweigh the bad years I was having at the time and my life would be a net positive, better than death. I thought that was a pretty good plan.

Of course, the ideas I had about what would be required for life to feel like a positive thing were quite different from what I eventually ended up discovering. At that time, I figured there were two things I had to change to make life feel worth living.

First of all, I was in high school and goddamn tired of it. Having spent a decade sitting in school and about 98% of that time despising every minute of it with a deep, suffering hatred, I figured that was the first thing that had to stop. Weekends were pretty much good days anyhow, but spending all that time suffering in school outweighed the pleasure of the time I wasn't there. Some kids liked school – not me. The long version of the explanation why isn't really relevant, but the point is that I really, really disliked it. It did not fit in with my way of being at all. So that had to stop – I would not enroll in any further studies after high school, and I would not spend my days working any sort of job that was as unpleasant as school.

The second thing was that I wanted to spend my days doing things I enjoyed. This would require money – lots of money. I thought everything normal people did was boring, and the only things I remained interested in happened to be things that I expected to be extremely expensive. I would eventually discover that some of them could be gotten without money, that some of them probably weren't worth chasing anyway, and that there were still other worthwhile things I hadn't considered. But at that time, the only way to a net-positive life seemed to be lots and lots of money, and I shouldn't have to spend my days doing something boring to get it.

There did not appear to be any jobs available that fit my criteria (scientists are baffled) so I figured I would have to make my own. After high school, I proceeded to spend a number of years working on a variety of projects with the goal of getting rich. During this time, I liked my life more than I had during my school years, but still not really enough to want to get out of bed in the morning. It was still a net negative. The things I spent my days doing, I only did for the future payoff of those good years I would have once I had the money to do whatever I wanted.

The process of splitting from the expectations of the environment and going my own way with

respect to that area of my life led me further onto a path of generally starting to question more and more of what I was being told, and to eventually discovering a lot of what I've written about in my articles. I was still feeling bad about my life and working furiously to get rich when I discovered that I didn't really need the money at all.

I didn't really need anything, and nothing I could get would ever "make" my life worth living, only I could do that through changing the way I thought about my life. That's what a lot of my articles are about – how the problems we think we have are really just caused by ourselves, through thinking that we have problems. Reality does not include problems, it's neutral. Problems arise from how we *experience* our interactions with reality. Some situations, like getting run over by a truck, may be impossible to experience in a good way no matter how hard you try. More often, however, your attitude and expectations of how you want to experience something has much more of an effect on your experience than what is actually happening outside your head.

Money can't make you happy if you won't let yourself experience the happiness. If you do let yourself experience happiness, the money isn't necessary for that at all. Substitute anything you think you want for "money" in that equation.

A lot of people, when introduced to this notion, don't really want to believe it. People are very caught up in feeling like their efforts are important, and they don't like hearing that everything they worked for was sort of unnecessary. They have a hard time wrapping their head around it, too. A lot of people just won't believe that how you feel is more affected by what you think than it is by what you do. It helps to have a personal experience of finding yourself in a situation where you're doing exactly what you thought you wanted to but feel worse than ever and catch yourself thinking "I wish none of this was happening so I could just relax and be happy". That's what happened with me – once I caught myself thinking that, I just stopped doing what I was doing and I felt the best I think I've ever felt in my life. That day I stood waiting at an airport ticket counter for an hour and just completely appreciated every minute of it. I felt too good to even accept the ticket agent's apology – I told her I didn't mind the wait, because I chose not to feel like *waiting*, just *being*. She gave me something of a strange look, which I just thought was funny. It really hit me hard after that, that the things I had thought made life good or bad were just in my own head. I suddenly understood how Buddhist monks can just sit meditating all day and think that's the greatest thing ever.

This leads, really, to the same question we started with. If how you feel isn't much correlated to what you do, why do anything?

We have the existential question: why live?
And this question: why bother trying to achieve anything in life?

The reason I live is simple: it's a positive experience for me. If your life isn't a positive experience, make it into one. If you think you're trapped in some negative situation that you can never change into a positive one, that's probably not true. You don't need to get rich or do something really extreme to be able to appreciate life. What you need to do is *learn* to appreciate it. Don't confuse this with the often heard "learn to love the little pleasures" refrain you hear from all those people who didn't end up getting what they wanted and gave up on their dreams – people who thought "well, if I can't have that, I'm settling for what I can get". I'm not one of those people. I've never settled for anything in my life. I was about to have exactly what I had always wanted, but seeing it from up close I realized I didn't want it at all. I know what I am talking about when I talk about this.

All you need to do to find a reason to live is to shed your fear, and choose a pleasurable experience of life instead. It's not necessarily going to be easy, but it will be worth it. Focusing on improving your way of thinking is much, much more important than improving your social position or your relationship with your family or even your physical health, if you aren't in immediate danger of a serious health problem. Nothing gives you as much of a return on investment as time spent thinking about the things that matter.

And that answers the second question – the reason to make an effort in life is that it will make your

life even better. Every negative influence you remove from your life will make the days you have left better and better – the strongest negative influences are probably your own limiting attitudes, but of course external things in the "real world" do have an effect on your life, too. Not as strong an effect, but still, they're not to be ignored.

The real question is, why should you *not* make an effort if you can enjoy the process? I've already discussed this subject in the article about entertainment. If you can enjoy yourself, or alternatively, both enjoy yourself and simultaneously contribute to your future being even more enjoyable, the choice should be obvious.

Looking back at John's problem, I again come back to the same conclusion I usually always come to: the facts aren't causing the problem. John's problem isn't that everything is meaningless, it's that he *feels bad* about it. The *fear* is the problem. The solution isn't to try to find some meaning to life – there isn't any, we're just here and we don't know why or for how long – that would be trying to deny reality, and that never works to anyone's advantage. The solution is to deal with the *fear* – accept it, embrace it, discard it. Why should you be afraid of a meaningless life? Can you think of one single good reason? All the fear will do for you is ruin the life that you do have and make it feel like it's not worthwhile.

If you had one more day to live, would you want to spend it being afraid or would you want to spend it enjoying yourself? How about if you had 27,884 days? Whatever remains or doesn't remain after that is out of your control. There's no reason to worry about things you can't control. Emotions aren't reasonable, of course, but luckily, you probably have a lot of days left to learn to reduce their power over you. Contrary to popular opinion, it is possible to choose how to feel about something, and it is a skill you can learn and improve.

If I can be completely comfortable with the notion that nothing matters and no one cares, and still really appreciate life for what it is, nothing more, and not let fear of the unknown prevent me from having a positive experience of life – then it only stands to reason that you can too.

I'm not that special.

Meanwhile, In the Land of Beta…

April 2 2011

I am middle-aged physician, still an active gym rat, martial arts black belt and SCUBA diver. After my first marriage ended, I was in and out of relationships for many years til I remarried over 10 years ago to a woman several years younger than I. After a few years of marriage, she decided that she wanted to go to an out-of-state graduate program. After this, her father became ill, and though several of her siblings lived in the same town as her parents, she chose to spend about most of the next several years with her mother and father until his death. Since then, she has been back living with me.

Our problems revolve around four issues.

The first issue is children. I had a vasectomy many years before we met, and was candid about it and my disinterest in children, but our lack of children has been the cause of a lot of resentment, and the cause of many fights.

The second issue is the anger related to her nearly five year intermittent absence to attend school and to spend time with her father. While I freely admit that my behavior during her absence was resentful rather than "supportive,", she remains angry with me about this and often brings this up to fight about.

The third issue is her spending. My wife puts our household and her personal expenses on her credit card. She pays this from our joint account, so I know the total amount of the bill. She is defensive about my seeing the actual bill, and when I ask to see it, she gets angry and challenges me "So you don't trust me, then, is that it?" I've held my paycheck out from the checking account so that the balance is insufficient to pay the bill in order to force her to show me the bill, and although this leads to a battle royale and several days of freeze-out, when she does relent I've never found any incriminating expenses. When I question her big-ticket luxury purchases, she challenges me "So, don't you think I'm worth it?" and there is generally several days of freeze out.

The fourth issue is her heavy drinking. Though she didn't drink heavily when we married, she now easily polishes off a bottle of wine in an evening or a bottle of vodka in three evenings. She attributes her drinking to her anger at me and most of the fights we have over items 1 – 3 occur when she has been drinking. When she is drunk, she is very irascible, and it is usually something she is watching on TV or from earlier in her day that sets her off, rather than something I say. When she is drunk and angry, she is very abusive, often telling me that I am "worthless," a "piece of garbage," that I need to "grow a pair," that I'm lucky she hasn't smothered me in my sleep, and she swears freely, something she rarely does when sober. She also gets physically abusive, having slapped me, punched me, scratched me, and thrown things at me. She often blacks out and does not remember her behavior the next morning.

We saw a marriage counselor for a while, but then she decided it wasn't helping and wouldn't go any longer. I have stayed in contact with the counselor, who believes that she is an alcoholic with narcissistic PD.

While my wife can be very outgoing, sociable, and engaging, she is also a spoiled Daddy's girl who remains deeply enmeshed with her family despite our now living out

of state, who has not worked since we married, who has been diagnosed with narcissistic PD by a marriage counselor, who has been prescribed medication for ADHD, who drinks to excess, and who is moody and prone to fits of temper and even physical abuse. Why have I stayed with her? Several reasons. Inertia — ending my first marriage was unpleasant, and I cringe at the thought of going through it again. Second, I would feel a sense of shame at having had two marriages fail. Finally, and most important, I can enjoy being around my wife when she is not drinking. When we are not fighting and she is sober, she is a delight to be around. On the other hand, she is slowly killing herself with her drinking, and she can make my life a living hell.

I have tried to apply Game psychology to her, without success, either because I am not sufficiently proficient, or because her issues are beyond anything that Game can fix. I've tried to deal with her anger with me as a "shit test," but the rage that I face from her — verbal abuse, threats, physical attacks — that can go on for days at a time seem to be in a completely different league from the "shit tests" that you, Roissy, and other gamebloggers talk about. I realize that I am at a point where I should fish or cut bait (and probably have been for the past several years), and I would appreciate your opinion whether Game could represent a successful fishing strategy here, and if it could, then how to begin.

From where I'm standing, this man's problems revolve not around four issues but one: problem, thy name is beta. He's doing everything he was taught to do, providing, supporting, enabling, empowering – everything the cultural beta factory taught him a man is supposed to do.

The trouble is, this isn't your dad's mating market any more. Things have changed. The old wisdom means nothing any more, it's a new age and the education you've received is less than useless – it's harmful. It leads to a lifetime of unhappiness.

Look closely, young men: these are the rewards of a life of beta.

This man, let's call him Bill, has a prestigious job in a respected, well-paying high status field. He's got some impressive athletic accomplishments under his belt and keeps his body in shape through rigorous exercise. He's caring, patient, and his kind-naturedness approaches saintly proportions. He's the kind of husband women should be killing for.

His wife, on the other hand, enjoys things like:

- Buying expensive crap on his credit card.
- Spending long stretches of time away from him.
- Alcohol-fueled bouts of violent rage against her husband.
- Blaming him for everything that's wrong with her life.
- *"So, don't you think I'm worth it?"*

Let's have a show of hands – who thinks she's worth it? No one? You, in the back? And why? She might let Bill put his penis in her age-and-alcohol-ravaged body now and then when she's in a good mood? I see…

What seems to me more apparent than yellow on a banana here is that she is in fact not worth it and that with everything Bill has going for him, women in his age bracket, and even quite a bit younger, would climb over each other to get a piece of his affections. The cost/benefit analysis is a no-brainer.

Why have I stayed with her? Several reasons. Inertia — ending my first marriage was unpleasant, and I cringe at the thought of going through it again. Second, I would feel a sense of shame at having had two marriages fail.

To this, I can only say: perhaps ending the marriage would be unpleasant, but is keeping it going pleasant? As for two failed marriages… does the marriage feel successful now? Ending a marriage like this should hardly be more shameful for a man than *not* ending it. There's a line where "supporting" and "compromising" and "working on a marriage" turns into "being blatantly and unashamedly taken advantage of", and this marriage has gone so far past that line the line has disappeared behind the horizon.

To feel shame at ending that is nothing but the result of a lifelong education in beta. A successful marriage for a man is one that ends when the wife stops behaving like someone you want to come home to. "'Til death do us part" is old news. The age of lifelong commitment was over with the introduction of no-fault divorce. A man's worth isn't defined by his determination to conform to the role of the traditional good husband – only his exploitability is defined by that, and Bill's wife is taking full advantage.

I realize that I am at a point where I should fish or cut bait (and probably have been for the past several years), and I would appreciate your opinion whether Game could represent a successful fishing strategy here, and if it could, then how to begin.

Game can definitely help in a situation like Bill's – and the way to begin is to ditch the she-parasite and take your Game to where it will be appreciated. No amount of Game will turn Bill's wife into a good girl because there is simply no getting past the fact that his very enabling of her shameless exploitation of his kindness is beta to the core, and that will always shine through.

It's time to throw everything you've been taught about how a man "should" be onto the trash heap and start living for yourself. Bill has lived a life of beta long enough – will he spend his remaining years of good health the same way? Or will he take his new-found Game to greener pastures?

What about you? Are you considering marriage, or perhaps already seeing signs of your own life heading toward the fate that's befallen Bill?

Any time you feel like buying into the scam that is marriage today, remember Bill's story and the rewards of a life of beta spent doing what you were taught to do.

The Principles of Social Competence – Part 1

April 4 2011

The most common form of learning is linear. First you learn lesson 1, then 2, then 3, 4, etc. until you have covered all the information. That works for small amounts of information, but for wide topics, it's not so practical (for anyone, reader or writer):

Things You Should Know About Life, Abridged Version:
start here (page 1 of 20975)

Instead, I'm building this website like an accordion, starting with the introductory crash course as its most compressed form. It'll give you a very cursory look at a very wide area. Later, in individual articles, I've folded open various parts of the accordion a little more – you can find that a lot of the articles would fit somewhere between two sentences in the crash course. These articles have gone into more depth on narrower topics, with the longest one to date clocking in at 10009 words – about half an hour's reading.

Now, it's time to go even deeper into a specific area of knowledge: social competence. Most people think "social competence" means conforming to societal expectations regarding accepted behavior and not being a "social retard" – just the minimum standard necessary to participate in society. My view, as you may already have guessed, is that we all make innumerable social mistakes all the time, some more than others, and we can always improve. If we made no mistakes and were completely "socially competent", then our expertise would lead all our interactions with other people to always produce the best of all possible outcomes. I don't think anyone alive can claim to have achieved that level.

We can get closer, though, and the rewards for doing so can be massive. Many of the topics I've focused on before, such as "Game" – learning to behave in ways that attract women – fall under the umbrella of social competence. Game has its own rewards, but it's limited in its applications, although they are many.

This series of articles will introduce a new and comprehensive model for social competence, centered around the interplay of complementary masculine and feminine roles.

Developed by the good folks at ManhoodAcademy.com and explained in their free ebook "The Principles of Social Competence", this model is without a doubt one of the most simple and practical ones I have ever come across. On top of all this, the ebook is a pleasure to read. All in all, I feel very good about recommending it.

I'm going to ask you to put aside all the models of masculine social competence we've discussed so far – Game, alpha/beta males, etc. – in order to absorb this new information onto a clean slate.

The ebook consists of 185 pages with fairly large text and lots of pictures. It's divided into 3 sections, each about 45 minutes to an hour long:

1. The first part looks at how feminism has destroyed what the authors see as the proper and functional male and female social roles, leaving us with dysfunctional ways of interacting with each other that wreak havoc on our lives.
2. The second part looks at the solution to the problem: what the authors perceive to be the proper and natural way for a man to interact socially with a woman.
3. The third and final part is concerned with how we can apply this knowledge in our own lives to create more satisfying male/female interactions.

I'll be re-reading the book with you and making notes that tie the new information into what you've already read on this site. You can follow along with my notes as you read the book, or if you prefer

to absorb all the new information in one uninterrupted flow, you can come back to connect the dots after finishing the book.

It should go without saying that I'm not going to answer for the opinions and assumptions made by the book's authors – I'm sharing it with you because I find it a valuable learning resource, but that doesn't mean I must agree with every word in it.

"The Principles of Social Competence" is free to download at the ManhoodAcademy.com website. However, the authors keep constantly updating it. The current version as of this writing is 1.0.8, which I'm saving here so whoever comes across this page in the future can read the same book we are reading now, since the page numbers in my notes correspond to the pages in this version.

The ebook is in PDF format. To save it on your computer, right-click on the link below and choose "save target as…". You can also read it in your browser (if your browser supports that) by clicking on it normally.

principles101.pdf – Right-click here and "save target as…"

General reading tip: Take frequent breaks, at least once an hour. The book's three parts facilitate this nicely. If you read just one part (about an hour or less) per day on three consecutive days, you'll likely retain the information nicely. Any lazier than that, and it'll start to affect the benefit you get.

The Principles of Social Competence – Part 2

April 5 2011

By now you may already have acquainted yourself with "The Principles of Social Competence", had your mind blown, and picked up the pieces of your exploded brain off the floor – or maybe you're waiting for me to read it with you and discuss its contents.

I'm going to (re-)re-read the book now – happily, because it's *that* good – and write down my observations, organized by page number.

*

9

The author is grouping businesses that provide PUA and social dynamics training in with Oprah and the like – that's not quite honest.

> their expensive 3-day weekend retreats and thousand-dollar
> seminars won't provide long term results;

In fact, they will do just that. That's why people keep paying for them. Some of these gurus base their entire business model on referrals – no advertising at all, just happy customers telling their friends – and their businesses grow because their material works.

> you didn't become a
> social hermit overnight. It took years of bad social conditioning.
> Thinking you're going to cure that overnight is delusional.

This is true – it requires work, but good instruction can reduce the amount of work required in a major way.

Some of the other "experts" he speaks ill of also have some valuable lessons to teach – I wonder if he's even taken a good look at everything he's talking about here.

*

10

This begins the section that talks about the evils of feminism. You will likely already be familiar with this topic, so this should mostly be easy reading. As you read this section, note which problems he sees as the most fundamental ones.

*

12

He's drawing parallels between women and children in order to illustrate a valid point, and it is not "misogynistic". In some ways, women do remind us of children.

> Women lack foresight because, like
> children, they focus on themselves to a
> dysfunctional degree. Even the way they
> argue reveals their preference for
> appearance over substance. Instead
> addressing the merits of your argument,
> women will focus their attention on the way

you argue. This shows that women care
more about how you make them feel than
discovering the painful truth of a matter.

This describes general tendencies more prevalent in females than males. “Not all women are like that” but the general point is valid.

*

13

Remember why men don’t love bitches?

*

14

An important point to remember:

their
most essential feminine value—
their submissive attitude.

There’ll be more on this later.

*

22

Men too possess their own natural
advantages in the form of superior
physical strength and superior mental
prowess.

This implies that men are *categorically* more mentally gifted than women, when the fact is that male and female mental strengths are different. There are in fact categories of mental tasks, even quite useful ones, where women consistently outperform men. IQ tests were designed to control for gender – the inventors of these tests *defined* both sexes to have equal intelligence and built the tests to produce the result they wanted. What we do know is that while the male and female average IQs are equal, females tend to bunch up in the middle of the curve more than males do. In other words, a relatively smart man is smarter than a relatively smart woman, and a relatively dumb man is dumber than a relatively dumb woman. At the very edges of the curve, nearly all geniuses and nearly all idiots are men. A major reason for why almost everything human-made was invented by men is that it’s those geniuses at the very smartest end of the curve who do most of the useful inventing.

Other factors affecting mental prowess:

- men are naturally more inclined toward independent thinking, whereas women are more likely to follow the herd.
- Men are more competitive by nature due to differences in reproductive strategy.
- Feminist society allows women to live in a fantasy bubble, whereas men are more forced to be in touch with reality.

*

23

Today, our situation
is not unlike this
model.

In more ways than one – remember how much the modern economy really wastes.

*

24

The breakdown of the contract between sexes is nicely illustrated here. I've written about it before.

*

26

Allowing women to vote is no different than allowing children to
govern themselves. Women allow their emotions to determine
their governing structure

In addition to voting with their emotions, women are also inclined to vote for whatever is popular.

I wouldn't say women are no better at self-governance than children, but we all understand the point he's making.

*

30

Feminism strands women in an adolescent, self-pitying stage.
It conditions women to blame men for their problems.

This is an important point. Blaming others doesn't solve anything.

*

35

women are taught to believe that
whatever gains popular acceptance must be right.

They are in fact genetically programmed to believe this, and social conditioning reinforces that tendency.

"54 Ways to Get Out of Doing Anything
You Don't Want to Do."

women desiring to feel good
about themselves no matter what the cost.

Behavior like this reflects very poorly on these women and gives comparisons to children more credence.

*

36

because
emasculated men never protest, women see nothing wrong
with their behavior.

This is why we often need to remind them of what the rules for being a decent person are.

*

37

Dysfunctional women no longer fear being called
“bitches” because “assertive” and “independent” have become
fashionable excuses for their behavior.

Indeed.

*

39

Without the foot, the eye cannot go anywhere. And without the
eye, the foot cannot see where it is going. Both foot and eye
are unequal
in function,
but both
play equally
essential
roles. Their
value is not
determined
by
comparison.

A very important point very well illustrated.

*

40

But can a gender—unable to visit the bathroom alone—really be
qualified to determine its own future?

If you ask me, almost no one, male or female, is qualified to lead anything. The point he makes about women is valid but it’s not limited to women.

*

41

those who avoid personal accountability for the sake of
convenience

Again, most women do fall into this category, but so, unfortunately, do most men. I’m not sure I’d have any woman I care about be led by the average man. Whether the average man can be educated to a level where he’s fit to lead the average woman in a constructive way is something of an open question. Even so, the points he’s making are valuable for those readers who are in fact fit to lead and will be dealing with women who are not. How you know if you belong to that category is a more difficult question.

*

47

The very thought of
acknowledging the superior strength and intelligence of males
is demonized while female capacity is exaggerated.

The “superior intelligence” of the *average man* may not be all that superior. The best leaders are by necessity men (since the smartest people are nearly all men, as explained above), but elevating the

average man above the average woman in intelligence seems to me something of a leap. This does not necessarily void the argument that women should submit to male authority – there are other factors which will be discussed later.

*

52

The author's ignorance of Game and PUA shines through a little bit again.

But unlike the Nice Guy,
the Player only cares
about his needs. His concern
is not the happiness of women
but his own. To this end, he
often maintains relationships
with multiple women, which
necessitates much deception.
If his expectations begin to compete with the expectations of
the woman he's dating, he will exploit her emotional investment
to get his way.

Not true.

*

53

because the player doesn't care for her needs, ultimately
his partners remain frustrated and unsatisfied. Players simply
don't have the requisite social training to maintain a successful
relationship where both parties needs are being met.

Still not true.

*

56

Fortunately, absolute
standards are not
subject to anyone's
whims or personal
preferences. Universal
constants remain
unchanged despite
what others think or
do. Where will power
fails, principles triumph.
Where good intentions
falter, principles
remain steadfast.
Where emotion betrays, principles remain the bedrock of our
experiences.
Instead of seeing universal laws as a restrictive burden,
you should consider how they stabilize your experiences.

An important point – truth is not subject to the influence of popular opinion. Even if everyone

around us is denying reality, we will still benefit from acknowledging reality and working with it.

Every facet of social interaction is governed by some universal principle.

Another fundamental point to remember.

Dependence upon the knowledge of a natural law's constant nature helps you understand how to benefit from its correct application and avoid suffering the consequences of violating its boundaries. Understanding the dependable nature of any universal law (principle) becomes an absolute necessity if you hope to bring stability to your life, especially your social interactions.

In other words, ridding yourself of delusions automatically improves your life. I wonder if I've ever mentioned that before…

*

57

Why Your Social Interactions Fail
You're stranded because you view social interaction like you're looking at a fastfood menu where all items are optional.

I admit that I still sometimes find myself doing this. Approaching social interaction with a "let's just see what happens" attitude is really not a smart move for anyone who prefers one outcome to another.

*

62

Sifting through social advice is the last thing a person in your position is qualified to do. Without direction, you also have no idea what even constitutes social competence.

Aimlessness has almost become a defining attribute of what's viewed as casual socializing today. It's no wonder pleasurable results elude so many people – if we don't know where we want to go, we will most likely never get there.

*

64

This begins the section about masculine authority as the defining attribute of results-oriented social interaction. Now, we're getting into the main part of the author's comprehensive model for social interactions – this is where it gets exciting.

Important:

Blindly accepting any theory will lead to failure. Valuable knowledge can only be separated from good intentions by meticulous examination.
Don't be afraid to treat any assumptions with unsympathetic, brutal analysis. Conclusions only gain credibility if they can withstand a skeptic's unforgiving eye. You should openly welcome criticism. The truth of a matter can only be discerned when all parties are allowed to examine and test the merits of

any claims.

*

65

You are designed with an innate desire for pleasure. In everything you do, you seek satisfaction as your end goal. Physical, psychological, and spiritual forms of pleasure like eating, friendship, and love represent this ongoing thirst for satisfaction.

As stated here.

Introducing the principle of order:

But what brings satisfaction. What conditions are necessary to produce it.
Disorder must be removed for satisfaction to exist.

…

Order is an indication that you're moving in the right direction toward satisfaction. Conversely, moving away from an orderly state creates dissatisfaction or a state of disorder.

This is a very illuminating viewpoint, and right at the center of the whole theory of this book.

*

68

Important:

It is resulting harmonious,
orderly arrangement that draws us. Order is the attracting principle, the common denominator fulfilling everyone's universal need.

*

69

Functional knowledge is attractive because of the order it creates when applied. I don't need to ask whether or not this book is attractive. Because it helps men arrange and control their social interactions in a satisfying manner, it meets the standard of attraction.

This is true.

Important:

Only applied knowledge contains the relevant element of order. Don't strive to be a container of facts. Become a man who knows how to apply what he's learned to create order.

The relationship between order, attraction and romance:

Real long-term attraction has always been a matter of necessity. Whatever you depend upon becomes attractive. Properly functioning men and women are attracted to those who meet their needs. Since order ultimately meets everyone's needs, it proves fundamentally attractive to both genders. This means men are attracted to women who submit to male authority, and women are attracted to men who are able to create an orderly arrangement with that authority. The most orderly form of this arrangement is a romantic relationship.

*

73

Important:

your ability to create order is your most attractive feature

*

75

The importance of masculine authority:

since men require jurisdiction over women to meet the needs of women, the principle of masculinity dictates that authority is the proper form required to address those needs.

There'll be more on this later.

*

95

While women and children often lack the capacity to grasp the inner workings of authority, they still have an instinctual, positive response to it. Authority brings chaotic, aimless things, people, events and circumstances into a state of good order. Hence, people respond positively to those who are able to provide order.

True, but often forgotten in the cultural atmosphere of "independence".

*

96

More on the importance of masculine authority:

Authority brings order. If you want your social interactions to meet your needs, you need to bring order to them. This means you need the requisite authority to accomplish this. In a relationship, men need authority over women and children to bring order to that relationship. Authority is necessary to create and maintain order, to organize responsibilities, to make sure everyone's needs are cared for, to correct bad behavior, to provide pleasurable incentives (like food and shelter) and to

enforce limits and boundaries.

Again, whether this is a responsibility that the average man should be entrusted with is an open question. You, however, are hopefully not the average man but instead one dedicated to being the best man you can be. As long as you are the person in your relationships who is most fit to lead them, all this reasoning applies.

*

98

Important:

Authority is urgently needed to accomplish what your male function demands—establishing and maintaining order in social interactions, and by extension, in society. You must learn to reestablish your authority.

*

100

The incentive for submission:

If you are going to direct the behavior of another person, you must be able to lead him/her toward a pleasurable result. Those in charge must be able to stimulate others through a pleasing arrangement of physical and non-physical communication, i.e., an orderly expression.

*

104

The relationship between submission and authority:

Once a person submits to your authority in a relationship, you are in charge. The responsibility for their welfare now rests on your shoulders. It is now your job to keep them safe and happy. In return, you should require their full submission. They need to obey you because they are now under your jurisdiction, receiving the benefits of your care. When you create order with your authority, they benefit from it.

You can't lead someone to anything good if they won't follow you. Trying to help someone who refuses your help is very hard. Anyone with the presence of mind to realize this will *voluntarily* submit to the authority of a good leader. That's what we're doing when we follow the advice of people we've never seen and only know about through the internet. They are not enforcing their expectations with any kind of disciplining action – we make use of our capacity for self-discipline, making ourselves follow their advice because we want to be led to the benefits it can create for us.

*

107

But even feminists themselves are hard-pressed to ignore their own gender design as The Frisky's Jessica Wakeman, reveals: "[Women] want to be dominated: Even big-mouthed ballsy women like me enjoy being

dominated!

A woman is hard-wired to seek out a mutually beneficial relationship with a man who will care for her with his authority. In the environment where our brains evolved, the only ways for a woman to survive were to depend on the herd or an individual man. To ensure the dependability of the providing party, women needed to make the deal worthwhile – this is how women evolved a natural desire to submit, to please, and to avoid conflict. This is why, when engaged in a relationship that works in this natural way, women automatically feel safe and happy.

This makes a wholly separate argument for why men should lead women. The "men are smarter" argument may not hold as much water as the author implies, but the fact that both men and women are wired with emotions to prefer the man being in charge makes for a good enough reason to have it that way anyway. The desire for submission is a legitimate female emotional need that can only be met by authority.

*

112

According to feminism, men and women possess equal power. But the reality is, all female agendas, desires and activities are subject to male permission. Only men have the innate capacity to enforce their authority.

This is why feminism is doomed, and always has been.

*

119

Important:

When speaking to a woman you're attracted to, your goal is to lead her toward a relationship. This means you need direct her toward that goal.

Interpret "relationship" to mean whatever you want it to mean.

*

120

Important:

The ability to create order attracts women. Authority to lead people is necessary, but that authority must move in the right direction. That direction is order.

*

122

Important:

For authority to be functional, it must serve those who submit to it.

*

124

Other games played by women aren't games from their

point of view. Many female behaviors are inherent to female insecurity. For example, women will flake on dates or fail to call you because they're worried that something will go wrong. They're anxious about how you'll perceive them. They're nervous and apprehensive about breaking social expectations. Insecurity causes women to waffle back and forth between decisions or neglect to make a decisions altogether. This is why it's crucial for you to direct and bring order to a woman's insecure life.

A nice example of how your ability to create order is inherently valuable and attractive.

*

126

You cannot compete for value because anything of real value is determined by function alone.

What are you good for?

*

129

For example, the "player" type guy has developed good expression so his message is clearly conveyed. He also possesses some authority to meet some of his needs. But this authority is ultimately dysfunctional because he lacks a proper direction. Since he doesn't understand the point of satisfying the needs of those he socializes with, and because he doesn't practically know how to accomplish this, he is ultimately hindered from creating satisfying social interactions.

He's talking about a certain kind of "player" here – this does not apply to all men I would use the word "player" to describe.

*

130

To discover whether a desire is functional or dysfunctional, apply it to a global scale

…

"I want to have sex with 100 women."
If each man had sex with 100 women, relationships would be devastated left and right due to many overlapping sexual encounters. This would lead to all kinds of health and intimacy problems, leading people physically and emotionally toward a more disorderly state. While less dysfunctional than the first example, this desire is also dysfunctional.

This is a logical fallacy – even though the world would starve if all men were doctors, we still need doctors. Even though all men can't be alphas living in sexual abundance, *some* men have always been and are going to continue to be. Wanting to be one of them is only natural for a man – in fact,

it's what his genetic imperative drives him toward.

*

133

This begins the section on applying the principles to your own life. The "Game" part of this thought model, if you will.

*

134

Women need order in their lives, which can only be created
by your functional authority.

Say this in polite company and people's jaws will drop – but the more I see of women, the more this seems to indeed be true. Women just don't seem to be built to take care of themselves. Our evolutionary background supports this notion.

*

147

"Accept people for who they are."

Accepting people is one thing, and accepting their behavior is another. Make sure people know you are not disapproving of their person, only a particular behavior they're exhibiting.

*

148

Since women are naturally submissive by design, disapproval
directed at their person elicits feelings of shame.

Again, this comes from dependence on the herd.

*

149

Functional women and functional friends don't grow on trees because functional people are trained not found. Since training young girls to submit to male authority isn't exactly a popular trend with parents right now in this feminist society, you're unlikely to find many functional women to date or functional people to befriend. Instead of looking for a needle in a haystack, you'll need to start creating your own desirable, functional, orderly relationship environment.

This has been the topic of many articles around here.

*

150

Important: 3 stages.

1. Rebellion
2. Passive-aggressive victim mentality
3. Submission

*

151

Important:

Pain and pleasure coincide with love and fear. Women need both. They require your loving discipline and merited approval to establish order in their lives. If you can only provide one and not the other, you will fail to induce strong emotional attachment.

This can be seen in a lot of “Game” tactics.

Men often make the classic mistake of arguing with women instead of applying pain to dysfunctional behavior.

…

This of course never works.

See here.

many women reading this
book allow their anger override their reasoning faculties.

This should have been on the *first* page of the book…

*

152

For women, self-esteem preservation takes precedence over intellectual honesty. A woman’s faculty of reason is subordinate to her emotional state. This makes it virtually impossible to change a woman’s mind by reason alone.

Sadly, this applies to women almost categorically.

*

153

Important:

Unreasonable people, on the other hand, are products of unrestrained emotion. Because pain has not been applied to their dysfunctional behavior, they are unable to acknowledge their disorderly condition

…

it’s unproductive to reason with dysfunctional women
who refuse to submit to your male authority

*

155

By
provoking a decision, you make others choose between meeting or not meeting your expectations.

That’s part of what this method is designed to do.

*

163

"It's such a turn off when you try to act all tough. It
reminds of a butch dyke trying to be a man."

This is well phrased. It'll work wonders as a casual remark about someone else in the environment – your target won't be personally insulted, but will get the message loud and clear and fear your imminent disapproval if she were to display similar behavior herself.

"Don't ever disrespect me in front of my friends. Don't ever
let me catch you doing that again. Do you understand?"

"Do you understand?" is the well-worn favorite phrase of third-grade teachers trying to summon authority out of thin air. Usually when you hear this phrase used, it's perfectly clear to everyone in the situation that the target person understands, but simply refuses to comply. Save "do you understand?" for situations where it's legitimately a question of whether the person comprehends what you are saying.

*

167

That turns me on when you let me be
in charge.[praise the result].

I can smell the beta from here. How about "That makes you so much more pleasant to be around" instead. Qualify her.

*

171

Gifts
Planning a romantic event (dinner, a trip, picnic, a date)
Giving access to your resources

A little too beta for my tastes. How about taking her with you to participate in some activity you'd normally exclude her from.

*

172 "Your work is really impressive."

"I'm impressed" is better. Qualify her, don't openly admire her.

*

174 It's not necessary to
travel to exotic places to have something interesting to say.
The interest is created through your experience of things.
Your personal arrangement of the experience matters, not the
actual experience itself.
When you convey your reactions to your experiences, you
are creating an orderly social interaction.

…

A
properly conveyed reaction allows the other person to join
in and connect with your experience. The more vividly you

convey your reactions, the more attractive and competent your expression becomes.

This is a valuable skill. Practice it.

*

177 To put it another way, an orderly expression is like sunshine; if people are exposed to it long enough, they cannot help but get a tan. Your expression will change them by virtue of its function.

This is true, and incidentally happens to be a major reason for why people enjoy just *being around* highly developed people. Be the person whose presence can bring out the best self in even the most dysfunctional people.

*

179 Example #4: "Wow…. I like how your hair is straight in some places, and then there are these little strands that curl off of it. They remind me of some fashion magazine cover where the hair is perfectly arranged like a little piece of art, but since you're here in person, I feel like I'm talking to the cover in real life. I want to touch your hair and feel how soft it is. I picture it smelling like coconuts or something sweet. Your hair is making me think dirty thoughts. I want to tug on it and kiss your neck. I have a crush on your hair. It gives me a nice 'ahhhhhh' feeling deep inside like when you eat a warm chocolate chip cookie right out of the oven."

The beta in this example is palpable. Take the point the example illustrates and combine with your knowledge of how not to put a woman on a pedestal.

*

181 Phrases like "I don't know", "maybe we should…", "I guess", "sorta", "kinda", "um" and "ugh" all convey your lack of order,

I use "maybe" and its variants a lot, but not to convey indecision. These words can be of great use in situations where they work to imply something that shouldn't need to be said.

Examples:

- "I'm cold."

"Maybe you should put on a coat."

- "I don't like these sheets."

"Perhaps you should sleep on the floor."

- "But Jim and Bob always did that for me."

"I guess they liked it."

*

From these notes, you can see that there's a lot of overlap between "The Principles of Social Competence" and things I've written about before.

Click here to move on to the final part of this series, which summarizes the main concepts from this book that I'm going to make use of in future writing.

The Principles of Social Competence – Part 3

April 6 2011

Key concepts from "The Principles of Social Competence":

Order - The most desirable state of things, where everything works in the best possible way, nothing goes to waste, all needs are met, etc. In their natural state, most things tend toward disorder, and order must be created through conscious effort.

Function – The best and most effectively order-creating action out of all possibilities.

Dysfunction - Action that does not create order, or is inferior to another possible action in creating order. Dysfunction fits nicely in between "delusion" and "damage" – delusions lead to dysfunctional behavior, which causes damage.

Authority - The tool with which you can create order in other people. To lead someone towards order, you must be able to make them follow you.

Submission – The tool with which you can allow others to create order in you. For someone to lead you towards order, you must choose to follow their lead.

Direction - For authority to be able to create order, it must be applied toward a useful goal. This applies on a wider scale to all action, as in this article.

Form - The physical arrangement of an entity that determines its function. The form of a television cannot function to create order as a writing tool – its (best and therefore only) function is determined by what it physically can and can't do.

Expression – How your form interacts with other people. Your behavior, the impression you make on people, etc.

Summary of the entire thought model centered on these concepts:

Order is desirable because it is defined as the best of all possible states – the state where everything is well. To move towards order in the most effective possible way, you must perform your function – the most effective action you can take to create order. Your function is determined by your form – the physical arrangement of your body. As a man, your function is to move yourself and women toward order through the use of authority. The function of women is to submit to male authority and thus move towards order. The way to perform your function is to cultivate authority in your expression and apply it in the direction of order. Social competence is the ability to use your expression to create order.

The simplicity of this model is what makes it so extraordinarily practical. It can often be applied where alternative models fail to provide answers. This is not to say you should prioritize it over other models of social interaction – it is a tool, and a very useful one, but still only an addition to your mental toolbox. It is *not* an all-in-one multitool that lets you throw away your toolbox. Don't ever throw away your toolbox – you can never have too many tools.

Read "The Principles of Social Competence" if you haven't already – this is one tool you won't want to be without.

Houston, We Have a Pedestal

April 7 2011

There's regular beta, there's super beta, and then there's this:

WARNING: this video may cause uncontrollable laughter, vomiting, sudden loss of the will to live, violent outbursts against your computer monitor, or other extreme behavior. You may experience spontaneous bleeding of the brain, and head and neck injuries may result from involuntary banging of your head against the wall.

FURTHER WARNING: the stunts you see in this video were performed by professional betas, and under no circumstances should you try anything you see here at home.

There are no words… just no words to describe…

…

…let me just take a moment to check that my man-parts are still all there.

…

Yes, they are. I was worried they might have fallen off just from watching that.

I could end this post right here and everything that needs to be said about this would have been said. But, then I wouldn't get to make the world a better place by making such ruthless fun of these people that no one will ever dare follow in their footsteps… so grab your sledgehammer and let's punch some holes in this shit in the manner to which you've grown accustomed:

0:05
"Woman" is capitalized.

No comment necessary. Well, just one comment: can you say "pedestal"?

0:18
we feel deep love, great respect, and a growing sense of worship for the gifts of the

feminine

Remember, kids: this is exactly what you should say if you want the "gifts of the feminine" to feel nothing but a disgusted contempt towards you.

0:59
like the sky

Priceless.

1:05
a masculinity that honors and celebrates us as equals

News at ten: honoring and celebrating women will turn their tingles off faster than throwing them off a balcony. Stay tuned for news at eleven, where you will learn that men and women are different and "equality" will never happen.

1:17
we can create great miracles together

The ambiguity of this line and the somewhat limited beta body language of this man makes him look like the king of the jungle compared to the rest of the guys in the video – which should only serve to underscore the unfathomable depths of beta that the rest of them inhabit.

1:20
by **nurturing** each other in a **conscious** way

The way he delivers the line and the way he nods his head betray his thoughts on what kind of "nurturing" he's got in mind. Girls, steady yourselves so you don't faint.

1:33
the most prominent words on the screen are "relationship", "energy" and "abused"

In a woman's mind, having a relationship with *these guys*' energy is what amounts to abuse.

1:40
subjugated and oppressed

Oh yeah, and I can't fly because gravity is oppressing me.

2:14
feel threatened by and seek to dominate the feminine

Checklist: do you feel "threatened by the feminine"? Maybe you should touch it – it's pretty soft.

2:31
on behalf of my gender, I apologize to you

Hey, on behalf of online writers, I apologize to you for something someone I've never heard of said that made you feel bad – because you know, obviously it's my fault since that person was an online writer and I am one too. It's almost like I did that to you myself, right? Right? Of course.

(I'm taking a moment to wipe the dripping sarcasm off my clothes.)

3:17
honoring the spirituality of the divine feminine

Translation: this drivel is so submissive that it *must* get women to like me.

3:21
your deep connection to the earth

Oh yeah, girls, don't you just feel the earth connecting with you all day long? When these hopeless betas make the last barely surviving butterfly in your stomach shrivel up and die, doesn't your connection with the earth just do wonders to bring it back to life?

3:44
the intuitive sense you have of how to heal our planet and make it thrive

Hear that, girls? I expect your intuitive plan for worldwide environmental protection and sustainable economic growth models on my desk by 8 a.m. tomorrow. I mean, you obviously intuitively possess this knowledge, so this task shouldn't be very hard, should it? If for some reason you're such a female failure that you don't know how to magically heal our planet after decades of pollution, I will accept a homemade breakfast instead.

4:29
I honor the beauty and integrity of your body

Would you rather have your body *honored* by a beta or *enjoyed* by an alpha? Don't answer… it's one of them *rhetorical* questions.

4:31
when we worship each other through our bodies

Be ye not fooled by the clever disguise: he looks like a man but his vagina is just outside the picture.

4:42
men have used your beauty as a form of commerce

Breaking news: that's what it is. The sexual market is traded in its own currencies.

4:54
ask gracefully for intimacy

"My lady, whom I honor and worship, if I might most gracefully request: would you bless me with the gift of intimacy?"
I apologize to my female readers for freezing over their libidos for at least a week with that sentence. This time, it is my fault.

5:13
your capacity for peaceful resolution of conflicts, your ability to apologize and forgive with grace

I knew a woman like that once. Just one.

6:26
your sense of compassionate justice

Because you *know* that women *never* lash out in unjustified anger, and *never* regret their "justice" afterwards…

7:37
i vow to treat your heart as the sacred temple it is

Hear that, girls? No more fun and games – you're a sacred temple now. Sacred temples don't get

roughly taken against the shower wall – from now on, it's going to be all "asking gracefully for intimacy" all the time. Great, huh?

If you have survived through the entire video… congratulations, you are now qualified for crisis management in war-torn countries. Notice the pure radiant betaness emanating from every one of the men in this video… notice the hoping, pleading attitude – "maybe if I ask *really really* nicely, a woman might want to touch me".

Women don't work like that. These poor betas, sacrificing the last shreds of their dignity in their quest for female affection – what other reason could there possibly be for a man to ever utter words like "divine femininity"? – will through these very efforts make damn sure that no woman wants to touch them unless it's a national emergency and she's wearing a level 4 bio-hazard suit.

With this pitifully misdirected effort, they're not connecting with any kind of woman worth having. What they're doing is broadcasting their condition across the globe, to be pitied by men and deliberately maintained by women:

"Houston, we have a problem getting women to notice us, so we've constructed the biggest pedestal ever built by man and when we hoist the divine and honorable pussy up onto its soaring heights, then, then women will just *have to* like us!"

And as long as they keep beaming out that beta signal at full power, the self-fulfilling prophecy will stay in effect.

Public service announcement: if you recognize any of the men in the video, please save them from becoming the next George Sodini by directing them to this website.

Sometimes You Have To Make a Girl Cry

April 15 2011

My recovery from illness was going well thanks to my great base fitness and a practical understanding of how the body heals until Freedom Twenty-Five made me sick again by exposing me to something no one should ever have to be exposed to – the self-involved whining of unreasonably entitled-feeling young women. In his defense, a warning was included:

Readers beware: nowhere on Earth will you find a more fetid cesspool of narcissism, banality and unfulfilled aspirations to cute-cleverness.

Prepare, ladies brave girls who venture here seeking the uncomfortable truth and gentlemen, to meet the she-thing today's young man is encouraged to marry…

Here she is:

See that girl, sitting over there, drinking a martini and wearing shoes she can't afford? That's me.

My name is Lilly and I live in Boston, MA. I am 25 and all kinds of confused about life and love, but totally okay with it—makes things more interesting. Most days.

I moved from Santa Fe, NM to Boston to "find myself," whatever that means. I have no idea.

This blog is mostly about men, because I go on more dates than there are reasons for buying overpriced shoes (and there are *millions* of reasons). But at least I haven't paid for dinner in over a year. I also write about other random shit, like life and figuring out who you are, but let's face it—blogging about douche bags is much more fun.
I am a ditzy smart person. I read Foreign Affairs and Cosmo. I watch the History Channel and the Jersey Shore…when I can figure out how to turn on the TV that I am pretty sure is a spaceship.

People seemed to be surprised by how often I say 'fuck.' I just think it's a good word.

Sometimes I stress about being single, and sometimes I love the fact that I can sleep next to the pile of laundry on the bed that I didn't feel like folding.

I work in an office, but have a burning in my loins for writing.

I have a cat that acts like a satanic dog, and reaffirms my belief that I can never have children because clearly, I would raise monsters.

Anyway, I'm not good at making plans or even writing down appointments, so for now, I am just going to date a lot of hotties and try to figure out what the hell I'm doing with my life. No big deal.

And here:

Here are some things about me you should know to understand what I want…
1. I am really cool. I mean it. I'm adorable, I'm funny, I'm smart, I'm outgoing, I love taking care of people, and uh, ya, that's it. Basically, I am a fucking catch.

2. My friends are fucking amazing. I have the coolest friends. All of them, just awesome. And my family. And my relationships with all these people are strong and important to me, and being as cool as them is hard. If I am choosing who to spend my time with, and you want me to choose you, you better bring your fucking A game.
3. Due to the above statement, I have no interest in settling. I don't want to get married for the sake of being married. If I did, I'd be married. I would like to be with someone I really love and love being with, and if I can't be, I'm okay being alone. Really.
4. I have been in love before. For 8 years, with an amazing person, who still means a great deal to me. I crave the feeling. I like having someone I think of in good and bad times. I like having someone who inspires me in that way. I like building and sharing my life with someone who is always there.
5. I am done putting up with bullshit and working my life around other people's shit. Done. You need time to figure out if you want to be with me or not? No, you don't, because if you do, I don't want to be with you. I want to be with someone who knows they want to be with me. You have issues you need time to sort out? That's fine. I have issues, too. I ALWAYS WILL, but that doesn't put my world on hold. It's part of who we are. Give me all of you, or give me nothing. I am done being in situations where I put in 80 percent, and they put in 20. I am done chasing people. I am done with all that bull shit. DONE. I can't do it. I AM EXHAUSTED.
The moral of the story is… I AM A PRIZE. YOU NEED TO WIN ME. TRY HARDER.

So, seriously. I'm done fucking around. And here are some things I am now not going to settle for not having anymore…

Here's some god damn rules, Bonnie style…
1. HAVE A CAR.
2. Don't live with your parents.
3. Have a fucking job.
4. Live in LA.
5. NO ERECTILE DYSFUNCTIONS. I'M OVER IT.
6. YOU HAVE TO HAVE FRIENDS.
7. Own a mattress.
8. Be funny.
9. I'm serious about the friends and the erectile dysfunctions. SERIOUS AS A HEART ATTACK.
10. Don't own more hair products than me unless you have more hair than me.
11. Don't have more hair than me.
12. Have more conversation topics than just your job.
13. You're not better than me, or anyone I know. It's impossible. Don't act like it.
14. LIKE MUSIC
15. Learn how to use a fucking phone for talking and not just texting. (AKA: MAN UP.)
16. FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY, SHAVE YOUR BALLS IF THEY ARE FURRIER THAN MY CAT.
17. Have full size, indoor appliances.
18. Don't wear underwear that are tighter or made from less material than mine. Ew.
19. KNOW HOW TO MAKE FIRE. (AKA: BE A MAN.)
20. When we're on a date, put your fucking phone away.
21. Like football. (AKA: Don't be a pussy).
22. Don't purse your lips all the time. What is that? What are you doing? Are you a drunk sorority girl? Did you learn that from all the Bravo you've been watching? Have you ever heard of ESPN?
23. Don't always want to be little spoon. It's super unattractive. You fucking baby.

24. Confidence, confidence, confidence.
25. WANT TO KISS ME.
Do you think I'm being too picky? If you do, you are a fucking idiot.

Now… would anyone like to hazard a guess as to why these poor girls are having such a hard time in the mean old dating market? I'll give you a moment to think about it… oh what's that? You don't need one? These girls couldn't figure it out during years and years of desperate mental hamster-wheeling, but you think you've got a theory already? Well, what is it?

That's right! You've got it! Would you like to expand on that answer in detail, or would you like me to? Me? Why's that? Because I have a way of twisting the knife in so deep it'll never come out? Okay, let's do that – and I consider this a favor to those bloggers. Sometimes, you just have to make a girl cry before she'll admit the truth about herself. Let's break out the red pen in the greater service of humanity again. Gather around, kids, it's time to sit down and listen to Prince Charming, the elusive man who ignores what a woman wants and understands what she needs, the man these girls spend every moment of every day looking for yet who seems to almost purposefully keep avoiding them, as he explains why:

See that girl, sitting over there, drinking a martini and wearing shoes she can't afford?
That's me.
By my sword and gleaming armor! Those are the exact qualities I look for in a woman! No castle is complete without a queen whose financial priorities rest with foofy alcohol mixtures and silly things you can't even walk properly in that cost $500 because they have some old sexually non-mainstream French dude's name on them.

My name is Lilly and I live in Boston, MA. I am 25
and all kinds of confused about life and love, but totally okay with it—makes things more interesting. Most days.
Confusion is fine – life isn't simple. I accept that you don't have all the answers. It's the reveling in ignorance and bragging about being pleased with the state of affairs that bothers me. Being in a hole is not your fault, but not making an effort to climb out is, and what can a woman do for me who won't even do anything for herself? You may like living a dysfunctional mess of a life, but those of us who have gotten our shit together will not want to be part of it.

I moved from Santa Fe, NM to Boston to "find myself," whatever that means. I have no idea.
Maybe that's the problem. Maybe you watched too much Eat, Pray, Love and don't really know the first thing about what you're doing. That's a great way to avoid getting anywhere in life – especially into the arms of a man who does know what he's doing.

This blog is mostly about men, because I go on more dates than there are reasons for buying overpriced shoes (and there are *millions* of reasons).
There's nothing a man likes to hear from a woman more than that she wasn't good enough for the millions of previous men. Except maybe that she works all day to buy un-walkable silly things with some French pole-polisher's name on them. To clarify, I don't mean to slight any of those men who happen to be afflicted with citizenship of France or an attraction to their own gender, only the women who think such a man's name on their shoes is worth half a week's pay.
But at least I haven't paid for dinner in over a year.
Ah, the only sure sign of a warm heart: serially exploiting men's attraction for money. Why don't you just make it official and become a hooker?
I also write about other random shit, like life and figuring out who you are, but let's face

it—blogging about douche bags is much more fun.
Blaming everyone else while remaining in denial of your own copious shortcomings is always fun – but no self-respecting man will stick around to be the butt of that joke.
I am a ditzy smart person.
"Ditzy" and "smart" are mutually exclusive… and contradicting themselves in the space of a single sentence is something smart people don't do, so I believe the conclusion here draws itself.
I read Foreign Affairs and Cosmo. I watch the History Channel and the Jersey Shore…
Cosmo… that explains why your ideas on male-female interaction have no connection to reality.
when I can figure out how to turn on the TV that I am pretty sure is a spaceship.
While this doesn't bode well for the "smart" claim from earlier, at least it approaches funny (relative to the rest of this drivel).

People seemed to be surprised by how often I say 'fuck.' I just think it's a good word.
It's a good word for a sailor. When girls try to seem tough and worldly through excessive swearing, it's just unattractive.

Sometimes I stress about being single, and sometimes I love the fact that I can sleep next to the pile of laundry on the bed that I didn't feel like folding.
What's something that always makes a well-adjusted purpose-driven man desire to make you vice president of his heart? Not knowing if you even want it. Oh yeah, that'll work like a charm.

I work in an office, but have a burning in my loins for writing.
Read: attention whoring.

I have a cat that acts like a satanic dog, and reaffirms my belief that I can never have children because clearly, I would raise monsters.
Again, this is just the kind of thing a good man wants in the future mother of his children.

Anyway, I'm not good at making plans or even writing down appointments, so for now, I am just going to date a lot of hotties and try to figure out what the hell I'm doing with my life.
You do that. You do that and I'll still love you, but from a great distance. Also, when a woman calls men "hotties" that's a sure-fire sign that she has no clue how men think and probably no clue how women think either.
No big deal.
You can fuck up your life as long and as hard as you want, and as long as you keep at it, I'll just steer clear of you. There are lots of girls actually making an effort with their lives who want just as badly to be charmed off their feet. No big deal.

I'm holding back a little bit just to save these girls from suicide in case they find their way here and the beacon of truth shines in their eye too brightly for them to bear, but you'll notice that compared to my usual mellow tone I tend to be harsh with the red text. That's exactly what girls like these need. They've been living in a fantasy bubble where they view themselves as perfect little princesses who are just being treated unfairly by the mean world of men, and they need a shocking jolt of reality to shake them out of it. The urge for denial is strong, and breaking through the barrier of self-delusion takes a heavy swing of the sledgehammer.

Sometimes you have to make a girl cry.

Let's see if we can't do that service for this next one:

Here are some things about me you should know to understand what I want…
Waving around a list of demands like it meant something is highly unattractive. Most women do not understand this because they themselves get wet when men boss them around.
1. I am really cool. I mean it. I'm adorable, I'm funny, I'm smart, I'm outgoing, I love taking care of people, and uh, ya, that's it. Basically, I am a fucking catch.
Do I even need to comment on this? Telling people you're cool is the first sign that you don't even believe it yourself. Telling people you're adorable is the least adorable thing you can do. Telling people you're smart and funny is neither. "Outgoing" is code for "attention-whoring slut". "I love taking care of people" is the only actually attractive, feminine attribute in this paragraph, and even if true, it doesn't come close to making up for the entitled attitude shining through the other claims. Commit to memory: when a girl describes herself as a "fucking catch", it means she thinks way too highly of herself and excepts you to be eternally grateful for her mere presence without her actually having to do anything except complain about how you're not appreciating her enough. These are very close to the worst red-flag words that can ever come out of a woman's mouth, and if you don't run when you hear them you are exactly the kind of idiot that she deserves.
2. My friends are fucking amazing. I have the coolest friends. All of them, just awesome.
I really doubt anyone volunteering to put up with this person's company is anything approaching awesome.
And my family. And my relationships with all these people are strong and important to me, and being as cool as them is hard. If I am choosing who to spend my time with, and you want me to choose you, you better bring your fucking A game.
Why would I want you to choose me? Why? So I can hear you go on about how great you are? No thanks. Anyone who brings his A game onto this field is only playing himself.
3. Due to the above statement, I have no interest in settling.
Cats and wine and fat forties, ahoy!
I don't want to get married for the sake of being married. If I did, I'd be married. I would like to be with someone I really love and love being with, and if I can't be, I'm okay being alone. Really.
Oh, that sounds convincing. Real convincing. Still, good thing you're trying to come to terms with being alone, because I just get the feeling you're going to need that skill. A lot.
4. I have been in love before. For 8 years, with an amazing person, who still means a great deal to me. I crave the feeling.
This seems to contradict the OK with being alone part – just a little bit.
I like having someone I think of in good and bad times. I like having someone who inspires me in that way. I like building and sharing my life with someone who is always there.
Okay, now it's a lot. A whole lot. If you want to find what you're describing, you're going to have to make a face-heel turn…
5. I am done putting up with bullshit and working my life around other people's shit. Done.
…and it's not in that direction.
You need time to figure out if you want to be with me or not? No, you don't, because if you do, I don't want to be with you. I want to be with someone who knows they want to be with me. You have issues you need time to sort out? That's fine. I have issues, too. I ALWAYS WILL, but that doesn't put my world on hold. It's part of who we are. Give

me all of you, or give me nothing. I am done being in situations where I put in 80 percent, and they put in 20.

This is what a relationship with an alpha looks like. And this is the only way a woman can be happy in one. Deny reality and you'll keep getting hurt.

I am done chasing people. I am done with all that bull shit. DONE. I can't do it. I AM EXHAUSTED.

Read: "I am a woman and can only feel attraction when I'm chasing, but somehow I always end up being disappointed." If you wanted to be the one that gets chased, all you had to do was get yourself a beta. What? No attraction? Color me surprised.

The moral of the story is… I AM A PRIZE. YOU NEED TO WIN ME. TRY HARDER.

What's second prize? A weekend in Guantanamo? That's starting to sound like a better deal…

If nobody's trying hard to win you, that can only mean one thing: you're seriously deluded about your prize value. I suggest you try holding a small mirror in your hand and putting it in your panties – you'll be surprised at what you discover. Contrary to what you may have been told, it's not gold-plated.

So, seriously. I'm done fucking around. And here are some things I am now not going to settle for not having anymore…

I'm sure this will be good… I'm going to tell you exactly what she'll settle for so you don't have to waste your time trying to conform to her fantasy checklist.

Here's some god damn rules, Bonnie style…

And a reality check to correspond with each, on the house…

1. HAVE A CAR.

Not needed unless you want to be her chauffeur who never gets more than a kiss on the cheek and a nice let's just be friends speech.

2. Don't live with your parents.

Doesn't matter except logistically. No amount of financial destitution can stop a woman from creaming herself when exposed to your professional-level game.

3. Have a fucking job.

See above.

4. Live in LA.

Read: I've traveled extraordinary distances to satisfy my tingling loins before, and will do it again if my vagina tells me to.

5. NO ERECTILE DYSFUNCTIONS. I'M OVER IT.

Read: it hurts a girl's self-esteem when a man can't even summon enough attraction to her to get it up. It almost makes her suspect there might be something wrong with her. Almost.

6. YOU HAVE TO HAVE FRIENDS.

Unless you need a friend to hold her hair while her mouth and hands are otherwise occupied, this means nothing. Lone ranger game is extremely effective.

7. Own a mattress.

Not necessary.

8. Be funny.

Not strictly necessary. Helps, if your game is a cocky/funny kind, but can be done without.

9. I'm serious about the friends and the erectile dysfunctions. SERIOUS AS A HEART ATTACK.

Read: I really want to try to convince you that matters, and it really really doesn't.

10. Don't own more hair products than me unless you have more hair than me.

There's no reason you should ever own more than one hair product (to wash it), but if

you have an extra floor in your house just to store your collection, it still won't hurt your game.

11. Don't have more hair than me.

Doesn't matter at all.

12. Have more conversation topics than just your job.

Probably a good idea. Broken clock, twice a day…

13. You're not better than me, or anyone I know. It's impossible. Don't act like it.

This attitude… disregard everything I said before and just run before this girl scars your mental health in ways that will never heal.

14. LIKE MUSIC

Not necessary. At all. If your idea of music is the rhythm a headboard makes against a wall, you're fine.

15. Learn how to use a fucking phone for talking and not just texting. (AKA: MAN UP.)

I have a personal preference for this as well, but if you don't, you can definitely do whatever you want.

16. FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY, SHAVE YOUR BALLS IF THEY ARE FURRIER THAN MY CAT.

"Shave your balls?" Just listen, next it'll be "let me keep them in my purse for you". I don't see why you should have a special love for your scrotal hair, but if you do, know that it's no obstacle to anything.

17. Have full size, indoor appliances.

Ah, she makes me laugh.

18. Don't wear underwear that are tighter or made from less material than mine. Ew.

That's probably something you should do for your dignity anyway. Not that it would hurt your game.

19. KNOW HOW TO MAKE FIRE. (AKA: BE A MAN.)

Alternatively: own matches. I suppose what she's getting at is that she wants you to be able to build a campfire. That's a good skill to have when you need it, but attracting women is not one of those times.

20. When we're on a date, put your fucking phone away.

Doesn't matter. At all. In fact, she likes to wonder how many other women are vying for your attention. It makes her feel all tingly.

21. Like football. (AKA: Don't be a pussy).

Haha, no. If you enjoy it and it's a big social thing for you, that's great, otherwise watching sports is for people who have nothing worthwhile to do with their time.

22. Don't purse your lips all the time. What is that? What are you doing? Are you a drunk sorority girl? Did you learn that from all the Bravo you've been watching? Have you ever heard of ESPN?

Pursing your lips? What the hell? This is the kind of concern you only get when you actively repel any man with a smidgeon of self-respect and have to deal only with the most dysfunctional of the dysfunctional.

23. Don't always want to be little spoon. It's super unattractive. You fucking baby.

A true beta maneuver if there ever was one.

24. Confidence, confidence, confidence.

Keep this bullet point and throw away the other 24, and you'll be good.

25. WANT TO KISS ME.

That'll help. On a side note, I wonder why this girl thinks she's such a prize when she can't even get men to want to kiss her. Mysterious are the ways of female self-delusion.

Do you think I'm being too picky? If you do, you are a fucking idiot.

No comment. Just… no comment at all.

All right, troops. You all know what's waiting out there. Let's move out, and good luck. Trust in

your training and you may survive. Remember: there's no weapon mightier than a marine alpha and his rifle "*rifle*". Let's nobody be drawn into women's games of unwarranted self-importance today – it's not good for you.

Yin and Yang

April 15 2011

Quick, what's the first thing that comes to mind about Eastern philosophy?

Maybe yin and yang? (More likely after reading that title.)

Everyone's heard of the concept of yin and yang, but almost no one in the West knows what it means and how useful it can be in your life. (And you probably also know the popular black-and-white yin-yang symbol from countless douchebags who think carrying it around makes them all spiritual.)

To put it as simply as possible without doing too much violence to the concept, it is the idea that we can think of various phenomena as complementary active (yang) and passive (yin) forces balancing each other out.

Yang is active, leading, giving, heat, light, masculine, hard, expanding, outward, unyielding. Fire is associated with many yang properties.

Yin is passive, following, receiving, cold, dark, feminine, soft, contracting, inward, yielding. Water is associated with many yin properties.

The idea is that there's a yin element and a yang element to everything, and that when they're not balanced, chaotic bad things happen, and you should add or subtract from one or the other to make them cancel each other out and achieve balance. If you have a yang problem, you need to fix it with a yin solution, and vice versa. Trying to fix a yang problem with a yang solution doesn't work.

This sounds like silly "use the Force, Luke" crap until you get it. If you're a Westerner like me, getting it will probably be hard. Hopefully, these examples will help:

- If you do martial arts, you'll know that you never put force against force because it doesn't work. You can't defend against a punch by punching the assailant's fist with your own. To neutralize a hard, focused attacking force (yang) you have to somehow absorb, deflect, evade or redirect it with a softer and less focused force (yin).
- To protect you in a forceful (yang) car crash, you need a soft, yielding (yin) airbag to neutralize that force.
- Between two people, one must lead (yang) and the other follow (yin). You can switch around, but if both try to lead or follow at the same time, it won't work. In a conversation, somebody gives words and somebody receives them, both people can't be giving (yang) or receiving (yin) at the same time.
- The US military attacks the Taleban with overwhelming directed force (yang). The Taleban must react by dissolving into the environment like water (yin).
- The Taleban attacks the US military with a diffuse force coming from all directions and none at all, impossible to pinpoint yet permeatingly ever-present (yin). The US military must react by barricading itself into heavily defended impenetrable base camps (yang).
- The Taleban could never win with an all-out charge (yang) on US base camps. The US military could never win by spreading out into the terrain (yin).

Yin and yang never exist independently of each other, each is only created by the other's presence.

Light, for instance, is yang. Light can be measured and it can be produced artificially. Darkness cannot be measured or produced and does not in fact really exist. It's just what we call the lack of light. Darkness is only created by the existence of light. If there was no light there would be no darkness (lack of light), just like there's no lack of magic in the air in this room right now because there's no magic in the air anywhere else to compare to. Darkness is the background against which

we can detect light. Without it, the concept of light would not exist either.

Yin and yang are always created together.

If you turn on an electric fan, it creates both a directed stream of air (yang) in the front and a somewhat directionless sucking effect (yin) in the back. You can't have either without the other. The active (yang) fan forcing air away from itself causes the passive (yin) atmosphere to force an equal amount of air into the fan.

If you have a hollow container filled with pressurized air, and you punch a hole in it, the passive (yin) pressure in the container will force air out, creating a directed stream (yang).

This is a reason why the yin-yang symbol is such that there's a small dot of each color within the widest area of the other color. Yin and yang each contain the seed of the other. Another reason is that within anything that's yin or yang, you can always find a balance of a smaller yin and yang that comprise it:

- A directed stream of air, previously discussed as being yang, has a smaller yang element at the center where the air flows strongly forward, and a smaller yin element at the edges where it dissipates into the surrounding air.
- The Taleban battle strategy, previously discussed as being yin, has a smaller yang element in attack, where Taleban fighters come together for a directed assault on US forces, and a smaller yin element in evasion, where the fighters scatter into the mountains.

The Chinese love doing things like this: putting lots and lots of ambiguous alternative meanings into something simple. Western thought and language are all about explaining a little bit of information in a lot of words as accurately as possible and drawing complicated diagrams with a million little pieces, each performing its one particular function. Chinese thought and language are all about saying as much as possible in as few words as possible and drawing simple symbols with a few pieces, each performing a million alternative functions. Eastern thought truly is the yin to the yang of Western thought.

The yin/yang model also applies to human interactions, where you can use it very powerfully to your advantage.

Solving interpersonal problems:

- If someone is yelling at you (yang), yelling back (yang) will only fuel their fire and not lead to anything pleasant. When calmly received (yin), their rage will quickly burn out.
- If someone is being a passive-aggressive bitch (yin), getting silently mad yourself (yin) will only make your day worse. Calling them out on their behavior and actively discussing the problem (yang) will diffuse the passive-aggressive anger.

Seduction:

- If she is actively leading you toward her bedroom your desired outcome, follow passively and you will get there. Trying to take the lead in such a situation would mean you'd have to take her in another direction, away from where you want to go, and that would just be counterproductive.
- If she is waffling around aimlessly (yin), take the lead and direct (yang) her toward intimacy.

AMOGing:

- If her boyfriend is doing the chest-thumping gorilla dance to intimidate you (yang), unreactively brushing him off (yin) will make him look stupid and deflate his attempt. Answering with your own macho display (yang) will lead to immediate violent conflict.
- If her boyfriend is passively blocking (yin) your way to her, for example by sitting between the two of you, actively asking (yang) him to move his ass will open the way. Passively sitting there hoping maybe he'll eventually go away (yin) will bring you a lonely porn-filled

evening. I know some people are going to misinterpret the "asking him to move his ass" part in a way that also leads to violent conflict, so let me illustrate for the less gifted:

You: Hey, Jessica, is that you? Hey, dude, what's up? Do you mind? I haven't seen Jessica in forever!
Tool: Whuh?
Girl: Um… my name's not Jessica.
You: You sure? You didn't go to [whatever local university]?
Girl: Umm… no?
You: Did your sister? Because you look exactly like Jessica. You have the same like half-crooked smile.
Girl: Uh no I don't have a sister… what do you mean half-crooked?
Tool: Melissa, is this guy bothering you?
Girl: Nhmhmh… what do you mean half-crooked?
You: See, now you lost it. You've got to learn to do it on purpose, you'll charm your boyfriend and everybody. This smile is gold, this girl Jessica was like, whew, I can't even tell you what you can do once you get this right. You'll get like three times as much attention from guys. It's when you… dude, you mind, I've gotta sit down here. You're the one who's gonna reap the benefits of this so why don't you just gimme the chair for a sec.
Tool: Urr
Girl: Derek, give him the chair!
You: All right… see, this corner up like you had it… yeah, like that, and then just smile, look, think of something funny… ah, you can't even think of something funny! Dude, what kind of horrible things do you do to her that she can't even have one funny memory!
Tool: Urr
Girl: No, stop, it's not him, I just…
You: I'm just kidding, now look carefully, Jessica… um, Melissa. Melissa, right?
Girl: Yeah.
You: I'm [your name]. And Barack, right, like the president?
Tool: No, Derek.
You: Oh, not so cool then. Oh well. Anyway, Melissa, now think of something funny, imagine if he really was the president what the economy would look like – now that's a smile, all right!

(I just made this up on the spot – don't go stalking around town with your new "Jessica's crooked smile routine" or anything, this was just to illustrate the point of how you open and do the yang thing to remove the passive yin obstacle.)

It's worth noting that men are naturally yang and women are yin, and this can be seen in a multitude of obvious ways as well as some less obvious ones:

- Women want you to lead them. As a man, you should naturally want to lead unless the betafying culture has beaten it out of you.
- Men must initiate meeting and seduction. Women will almost never do it.
- Women are herd animals and followers, men not so much. Instead, men become dysfunctional when they don't have direction in their lives.
- Men are physically hard (in more than one way, you pervert), women are soft and yielding. In fact, if you want to get really graphic, you can imagine the hard outward-expanding masculine force penetrating into the soft, yielding feminine which envelops it with gentle pressure from all sides, accepting it inward into itself, and if she's lucky, contracting. You get the picture. Yin and yang all over.

In your interactions with women, strive to be yang – it is masculine. This will naturally lead to smoother and more satisfying interactions as well as create attraction. Being yin with women is being beta, and you know how women hate that. Consider beta and alpha behavior – they're yin and yang.

Yang women – avoid them. Who needs that crap?

In social interactions with other men, being yang will make you the alpha male of the group. Being yin will make you a pushover.

You'll naturally feel like you want to avoid men who are too yin, or if you have pity, send them here to learn not to be.

Sometimes, a situation will arise where a social interaction is not giving you what you want, and changing the yin and yang in the conversation can help.

Example 1: you're listening to someone talk about something boring. In such a situation, they are yang and you are yin. You can't just interrupt them with your own yang because that creates conflict and imbalance in the form of the person being offended since their story isn't finished. What you can do is balance their yang out with yin of your own – attend to what they're saying in a way that lets them know you've received the information, with some sort of acknowledgement that puts a natural end to the conversation with an amount of yin that equals their yang. Now you have a moment of balance where you can inject your own yang and they will become yin.
Like this:

Dude: … it was the last minute and the Bears were winning by just a hair, but then Johnson came in from the left like BOOM! …
At this point, he wants to keep going for an hour more, but you put in your yin to cancel out his yang momentum and bring a feeling of closure to the conversation.
You: Yeah! That's classic! Doesn't it seem like it's always in the last moment that the outcome is decided.
The conversation could end here – it feels natural. You now have balance, and it's time to inject your own yang before he gets going again.
You: That's just like when I was disassembling this unit yesterday, I had like five seconds left and no idea which wire to cut, but then MacGyver came in from his coffee break and was like "dude, green" and I cut it and everything was fine.
…and the conversation is yours to lead.

Example 2: you're talking to someone who you'd much rather listen to, like a wise old man whose every word drips with sage advice you want to soak up. In his situation, you are yang and they are yin. You can't just suddenly cut off your story and ask him to tell you one of his own, because that creates imbalance in the form of an emptiness in the conversation since nothing naturally leads into the next topic. You will end up sitting around silently draining your beers. Instead, balance out his yin with some yang, and when balance is reached, assume the yin role for yourself.

Like this:

You: … and MacGyver said the unit was the same type he'd seen in Vietnam and everyone knew it was the green wire. Five seconds before, everyone had had no idea but suddenly they were all nodding their heads. People like that, I just hate them.
You could go on, but you want to get him talking, so you are going to provoke some speech out of him to balance the conversation equally between the two of you.
You: When people try to assume the high ground just because they can even though they didn't earn it, it just grinds your gears… doesn't it?
Sage: Kid, the world is your mirror. If something in another person annoys you, it is only because you find that same thing annoying in yourself.
Balance has been reached – you are both talking and listening. Now, you just assume

the receiving role and he will naturally fall into the yang role.
You: What? So… I'm really mad at myself?
Sage: Yes, kid, the world is your mirror – you only see in it what you see in yourself. Greedy people think everyone is greedy, nice people think everyone is nice – what you think about is what you notice and what you attract into your life.
… and he will lead the conversation from there.

The yin-and-yang thought model can be applied to many areas of life and it will often lead you to new solutions you didn't realize were possible. In the West, we have nothing like the concept of yin and yang. Dualities and opposites in Western thought are clashing, competing forces, not necessary, complementary elements. In Western thought, it's all about one thing winning over and vanquishing another, but Eastern thought doesn't work like that. It's more about balance and equilibrium.

Growing up in the West, we've learned to think about things in a competitive way. If you look at Game, for example, a lot of people think it's all about defeating the girl's mind and her tests and whatnot and blasting through obstacles to score the victory. But, you could just as easily view it in a more Eastern way, with balance and equilibrium at the center. Had it been developed in China, Game might be about completing her feminine with your masculine, her tests would be viewed as an imbalance that you need to correct in order to bring her back into balance and not as an assault force that you need to defeat. There would be no "victory" or "score", instead there would be a balanced state of mutual desire and acting on that desire, and the whole process would be about correcting imbalances like a lack of masculine-feminine polarity (attraction), a lack of comfort and trust, etc. As a Westerner, it seems a little harder to think that way, but you see how it could be possible.

The "frame control" and "shit test" tactics, long-standing Game traditions, can very easily be seen as yin-yang processes. When a girl is testing you she's basically trying to lead, to be yang. If you flat-out challenge her with yang of your own, you lose. All the good responses are ones that deflect, evade or somehow subtly neutralize her leading, achieving a moment of balance where you can start to lead. This is basically the same thing as I described above. The "agree and amplify" Game tactic is *exactly* that.
Typical test and its professional handling:

Girl: That shirt is gay.
You: It's the gayest shirt in the world! Hey, do you believe in psychics?

The girl comes in with a yang-flavored shit test. If you go "uhh, no it's not" (also yang, challenging her) you have lost the game. Instead, "agreeing and amplifying" assumes the receptive yin role, creating a nice-feeling balance, and then the coast is clear to start leading her in a new direction with some yang of your own, like a psychic routine (which I probably would not be caught dead using, but it serves as a good obvious example here).

The yin-yang idea comes from a completely different background and way of thinking about everything in general, and as such it can often offer very different perspectives that not a single one of the other thought models we're using does – if all our other thoughts are based on the Western foundation of competition and vanquishing.

It's still just a tool, not necessarily any better or worse than any other for a specific purpose, but it's that weird-looking tool that's more different from everything else in the box than everything else, and that's why it finds a lot of use.

In the Land of the Beta, the One-Eyed Man Is King

April 16 2011

A reader sent me a link to this video, saying that it showed "game principles on display". I assumed this to mean that I would see the man in the video demonstrate good game and alpha behavior… but watching it, I saw at least as much beta behavior as alpha.

The real kicker here is that this guy is supposed to be some sort of self-made college game guru who actually charges college students money to learn his not too impressive skills. This goes to show you the true power of game: in the land of blind betas, the man with even just one eye slightly open to the principles of game becomes a revered master.

Watch the video and see if you can spot all of his alpha and beta behaviors.
Bonus points if you can analyze the girl's behavior and body language as well.

There' a lot to see in this video: beta, alpha, body language, attraction, female psychology… my notes are below.

00:14 "fuck that, I'm not emotional"
That's an emotional knee-jerk response if I ever heard one. Instead of pointing this out, the guy sidesteps with a "you know what I mean". Not the best response, he doesn't gain any authority but at least he doesn't fall into the trap.

00:26 "very shitty attempt"
Does he think this in any way reflects positively on him? Self-deprecation is beta. Also, the liberal use of "umm" is beta.

00:37 "that's a really awesome hat"
The hat is an obvious PUA prop, a conversation piece – it's not something I would wear voluntarily, but it works as an attention-getter. Advanced level: lose the hat and get attention with your alphaness. Unless you really love the hat.

00:44

She's visibly embarrassed – look at her body language: this is what female embarrassment looks like.

00:53
Look at the way he leans into her like a beta. She's smiling though – she's got that yang streak and wants to compete for the alpha position, and this will show later as well – his submissive body language makes her happy.

01:10
She keeps arguing with him, he keeps sidestepping and not establishing authority… there is no stable power dynamic between them, you can constantly see a competition for the alpha position going on throughout the video.

01:36
Alpha move: he puts her on the spot, focuses the camera on her and swipes her hair aside. Instant reaction: she gets giggly and shows attraction.

01:42
Notice how during the cut she's regained her composure and her voice has dropped some two octaves. Further notice how she really has no idea what "works" on her. Remember kids, it's all emotion-based and half the time women themselves don't know what they respond to.

02:21
Case in point: she does not know what she's talking about – and he recognizes this.

02:22 – 03:22
She's kind of sort of admitting that maybe she'd feel intrigued by a man who was preselected by other women, but she's also busy denying it and saying "that doesn't mean you'd get laid". This is her "anti-slut defense" – she doesn't want to seem easy and she doesn't want to admit that she'd more easily open her legs to someone just because everyone else is doing it. She would, though.

03:35
Again, she's blatantly challenging him and he demurely agrees to lose the argument. Beta. For future reference, dude, the answer to "Girls don't think like that, are you a girl? Do you have a vagina?" is "I believe I've seduced a few more girls than you have."

04:00
Never, ever ask a girl to explain her own mechanisms of attraction. She has no clue about half of them and believing what she says will only confuse you. You'll get some good advice and some bad, and you will not be able to tell them apart.

04:07 "girls like assholes"
Yep. Sad, but true.

05:35 "all night he was like 'i'm gonna kiss you, i'm gonna kiss you', and i was like 'no you're not'"
He started off the pickup by getting into a power-struggle frame… and as you can see, the power struggle is still going on to this day. Lesson learned: don't do that.

06:39-06:55
Commit this part to memory because it's all true.

07:29 "if you can't lead, then you just need to go home"
Write this on your bathroom mirror and meditate on it each day before you go out.

07:47
Another extreme example of beta body language – he's been leaning into her like a beta for seven minutes, but now it's *really* obvious.

07:52-08:04

Truth. Remember it. Live it.

09:22
This is true – what looks will get you is a two-sentence head start. Then you need game.

09:42 “any guy can get laid, if you have the right swagger”
“swagger” = alpha behavior. Game works for everybody. I know of a guy who’s a little man in a wheelchair and he’s pulling hot chicks because his game is solid. I am not kidding.

10:50-13:00
All girls are insecure – every single one of them, from ones to tens – it’s a fundamental part of their psychological makeup, and their insecurity motivates a great many of their actions. Whenever you’re observing a girl in a social environment, you should immediately be able to notice what in her behavior is motivated by insecurity. For this girl, we’ve already discussed the embarrassed body language, the attempts to compete for a position of power, the denial of her basic instincts and the anti-slut defense, and if we really wanted to we could find quite a bit more.

13:30-13:40
The most alpha moment in this video.
“you’re not conceited” = works as a neg here, although not recommended for approach situations
“Oh my God, I’m not conceited?” – she’s starting to feel bad, just a little bit, and about to get into the power struggle argument again
“shh, we’re on camera” – Now, finally, he cuts one of these situations short with an alpha reply, establishing authority, and just look at how she reacts:
that sound she makes is the sound of exploding attraction – and in the following seconds, the waves of attraction wash over her and she loses her composure again, just like earlier at 01:36.
“you’re doing good” – he’s keeping his frame of authority for once. Good job, although I can’t help but think this sequence was more than a bit accidental on his part. If he could keep this level of game all the time I would have some respect for him.

13:47 “the hot girls are just treated way better. that sounds horrible”
Such a simple fact of life and this girl has apparently not realized it before her twenties. The sound you hear is the sound of a fantasy bubble going “pop”.

The information content of the video isn’t great, but its real value lies in the visual examples of body language. The guy unfortunately doesn’t show us any alpha body language, only beta, but at least now you know what to avoid. From the girl we get to see some textbook examples of attraction – exactly the response you want – so remember what that looks like and you’ll know when you’re making it happen.

Four Stories

April 17 2011

The characters and events depicted in this story are all loosely based on people you know and their real lives. Any similarity between such semi-fictitious persons or events and actual persons living or dead or actual events is wholly deliberate. Names, places and other details have been changed to preserve your anonymity, and that of these people you know.

Jim, Seth, Rachel and Cindy were born on one of those nights that seem to go on forever. The sun setting on a sweet summer's eve, crickets chirping somewhere just out of sight, and a room full of freshly minted babies in rows and columns of identical cribs, waiting to be taken home from the hospital. At a distance, not even their mothers could tell them apart.

They all came into the world in much the same way, and no one could have guessed which ones were born with a silver spoon in their pants. Yet, two of them would end up having life, luck and the opposite sex smile upon them wherever they went, and two would beg for scraps.

At five years old, their futures were already decided.

Jim's dad was an auto mechanic. He played ball games with his son on his sober days and slapped him around some on Friday or Saturday nights. When Jim was bullied on the playground, his dad told him to go back out and fight like a man. He wouldn't relent even when Jim complained that the other kids were bigger and their numbers were overwhelming – Jim's dad told him to go and take his beating or he'd give him one twice as bad himself. Jim gave the other kids a run for their money.

Seth's dad was a payroll accountant. He lovingly read bedtime stories to his son on weekdays and played educational board games with him on the weekends. When Seth was bullied on the playground, his dad told him to just ignore the bullies, and when that just made the bullying worse, Seth's dad bought him scale model airplane assembly kits that he could play with at home. Seth mostly stayed inside after that.

Rachel's dad was a surgeon. He worked late and didn't see his daughter on weekdays, but he always took her sailing with him on the weekends. When Rachel came home crying that the other girls wouldn't play with her, he bought her the prettiest dresses and the shiniest toys any of her friends had ever seen, and she became the underground queen of the kindergarten.

Cindy's dad was a soldier. He kept the same picture of his wife and baby daughter in a pocket of his battle dress uniform for three years. When Cindy came home crying that the other girls wouldn't play with her, he was decomposing under a modest, taxpayer-funded gravestone. Cindy's mom bought her ice cream to cheer her up.

The long days Jim spent outside made him strong, and practice with his dad made him a skilled ballplayer. The other boys respected his skill and feared his wrath. They looked up to him and made him a leader in sports and in other ventures as well. Jim was unofficially the king of his elementary school, and officially the captain of two sports teams in high school.

The long days Seth spent inside made him weak, and focusing on solitary, intellectual pursuits made him an unpopular and introverted child. The other boys pushed him around and made fun of him. They looked down on him and made him do their homework in exchange for not shoving him into lockers quite as much. Seth was unofficially the weird kid in class all through elementary school, and officially the president and sole member of the high school model airplane club.

The long days Rachel spent being center of attention made her a happy and delightful girl, and her fancy clothes made her appearance eye-catching. The other girls envied her popularity and valued her friendship. They modeled themselves after her and competed for the right to stroll through the school hallways at her side. Rachel was unofficially the prettiest girl in elementary school, and

officially head cheerleader in high school.

The long days Cindy spent with her mom made her socially invisible, and her mother's attempts to lift her spirits made her fat. The other girls looked upon her with pity and sneering contempt, and few of them volunteered to be seen with her. They laughed at her behind her back and spread unflattering rumors about her. Cindy was unofficially too heavy for the see-saw in elementary school and officially seeing the counselor in high school.

Jim learned to see girls as nice, sweet and strangely exciting. When he looked at them, they would smile shyly and then quickly turn away. He learned that they were really just scared to talk to him, and that by being nice and reassuring he could make them relax and let him explore their fascinating bodies. At 14 years old, he went to a sleepover party at a friend's house where the friend's older sister pulled him into her bedroom, lifted up her skirt and laid down on her bed for him. When he got home and shared the story of his conquest, Jim's dad laughed heartily and gave him his first beer.

Seth learned to see girls as dangerous sirens, whose inexplicable appeal would time and time again lure him into their traps of withering rejection and social humiliation. He learned that they were impossible to understand, pointless to pursue, and best dealt with by staying far away from. Like mythical poisoned apples, they looked so good it hurt but if he tried to touch them all the good would vanish and he would find only hurt. At 14 years old, he found porn. When he forgot to hide his porn one day, Seth's dad gave him a stern look and told him not to let his mother find it.

Rachel learned to see boys as useful idiots – they would do all kinds of favors for her seemingly expecting nothing in return! He learned that they all desperately wanted to be near her, and would do anything if only she dangled the possibility of further contact in front of them just a little bit. For just a couple of them, she felt the same way herself… it scared and excited her at the same time. At 14 years old, her feelings for a friend's older brother overwhelmed her and she gave in to his gentle pressure against everything she'd been taught. It hurt. She didn't tell her parents.

Cindy learned to see boys as living in a separate world. She'd see them every day at school, but she wanted nothing much from them nor they from her. She learned that they mostly orbited the pretty girls, and she appeared not to be one. She'd get a little bit of attention now and then, but none of the fawning that some of the other girls seemed to enjoy at all hours of the day. At 14 years old, she belonged to the social underclass of girls who'd never been kissed, and everyone knew. She was sure that it was obvious even to her parents, and she thanked her lucky stars every day that they didn't bring it up – she would surely have died on the spot.

Jim applied to college with mixed feelings – sad to leave the bounteous buffet of high school girls behind, but excited at the thought of expanding his womanizing career into a bigger pool with more fish. A charismatic guy who could get along with anybody, he easily got a summer job at a bowling alley and charmed more than a few girls away from the lanes with his confident manliness. When his boss noticed that the same girls were coming back over and over but only during the shifts when Jim was working, Jim got a promotion and a raise.

Seth applied to college with mixed feelings – happy to be out of the hell of high school but apprehensive at what new torments might await him at college. Insecure and socially inept, he only managed to get a job at a burger restaurant – his eighth choice – that left him covered in grease after each workday. If he'd been unappealing to women before, this did nothing to help.

Rachel applied to college with mixed feelings – the thought of not being prom queen and homecoming queen anymore was unappealing, but she felt confident she still wouldn't be just another girl. She was special, always had been – she felt like the social spotlight was her birthright, and she would secure her rightful position. She beamed her lovely smile at the manager of a clothing store and he gave her a summer job on the spot. She sat around reading magazines from 9 to 5 each day and collected a nice hourly wage for it. Even though she barely sold anything, her boss never got mad at her.

Cindy applied to college with mixed feelings – scared it would be more of the same, but hoping that maybe she could reinvent herself as a normal girl or if not, at least find some abnormal friends to share her misery with. She wanted a summer job at a clothing store, but none of her carefully crafted applications extolling her passion for fashion led to employment, so she eventually got a summer job at a burger restaurant and her boss made her work in the back every day.

Jim's college experience was a four-year-long alcohol-fueled sex romp during which he racked up a notch for one in every ten girls on campus – and none of them was below average in the beauty department. He lost count halfway through his second semester. He was practically bribed into joining a fraternity and living in a night-and-day party house of indescribable debauchery for the remainder of his college years.

Seth's college experience was a four-year-long wait for the college experience movies had promised him. He managed to finagle himself invitations to a couple of frat parties, but the frat brothers would make sure to divide up all the spoils amongst themselves, and Seth went home empty-handed every time. During all the nights spent alone in the public areas of his dorm while his roommate was having girl after girl over in his room, and on more than one occasion in his bed, he got on friendly terms with a homely fat girl who quite often found herself in the same bind. After his careful nourishing of the friendship with a year's worth of intricate intimacy-increasing plans worthy of a decorated general, the stars and cheap beers aligned one night to open her flabby legs for him. The morning after, he felt ashamed of himself but gratefully fell into a steady relationship with her. Even a somewhat disgusting supply of regular sex was better than what he'd had until now – no sex.

Rachel's college experience was a four-year-long walk on clouds. The sexual power she'd wielded in high school worked even better in this new and bigger pool of useful idiots, and she got top grades for all of her coursework, almost none of which she ever personally touched. During the course of her college years, she had three long-term boyfriends, all picked from among the ranks of the highest-status fraternities, and a few discreet flings on the side with the creme-de-la-creme of the college world – the top few guys for whom a fire burned in the loins of every girl on campus.

Cindy's college experience was a four-year-long exercise in compromise. She tried to change her style, but male attention still eluded her, and she settled for having to dress slutty to be noticed. She wanted a steady relationship with a high-status frat brother, but none of the high-status guys would call her back after a night of drunken sex, and she settled for a string of orgasmic one-night stands. She wanted a boyfriend who made her feel that special way in that special place, but all such boyfriends were taken by prettier girls, and after a drunken mistake with a friend, she settled for one who would be her loyal servant but gave her no tingly feelings. Whenever the need to get her brains fucked out sideways grew too strong, she could manage a one-off with a frat stud on the down low.

Jim ended up a salesman at an electronics store. He had a natural way of making the male customers trust his recommendations, and of making the female customers too emotional and eager to please to really know what they were buying. He worked on commission and made good money. In the evenings, he picked up girls out on the town and kept at least two or three reliable ones on speed dial at all times. He figured he could do this forever.

Seth ended up a computer programmer. He studied hard, worked hard, and set his sights on a big house and fancy car – then surely he'd finally get that elusive female attention! His college girlfriend had moved across the country and he was back to porn now. Just as well – if he was going to have a woman, it should be one he could look at without cringing. He figured it was just a matter of time and effort until his hard work paid off by making him such a good provider that he could finally snag one.

Rachel ended up marrying her senior year boyfriend. Just as well – she had the grades to go to law school, med school or anywhere she liked, but she had no education or skills to actually make it in any of those places. Her husband was a relatively high-status guy, not the best, but far from the

worst. He could rev her engine and he would provide for her with a promising career in finance. She figured that was just fine – at any rate, it beat doing actual work, and if he wasn't the most sexually exciting man in the world, she'd never been refused sex before and she was certain she could always secure a discreet fling with the absolute best here and there.

Cindy ended up a lawyer. She was terribly dissatisfied with the level of male suitors she was attracting, and intent on increasing her social status with a prestigious career. It required lots of hard work, long hours spent poring over incredibly boring paperwork that only a trained specialist like herself could even make sense of, but if it would get her the dream husband and the dream life she'd wanted as long as she could remember, it would be worth it. She figured it would only be a matter of time until men impressed by her career advancement would start pounding down her door.

Jim's wife found him at the electronics store where he worked. He was 40 and starting to notice his pull with the young things waning, she was 28 and looking to start a family with a man ready to settle down. It was a good deal for both of them, and they were relatively happy for a number of years. They had two children.

Seth's wife found him at a software convention. He was 29 with a firm grip on a promising career, she was 29 and desperate to lock down a good one before the last traces of her once impressive youthful beauty vanished. He was overjoyed to finally have snagged himself a girl he could enjoy looking at, and she at having secured herself a provider husband who wasn't old enough to be her father. One of them was getting the short end of the stick, but didn't realize it yet, and they were relatively happy for a number of years. They had two children.

Rachel's husband divorced her when she hit 35 and started sagging in various places. They had two children, whom Rachel got custody of. She also got custody of his suburban mansion and one of the late-model cars. She remarried the next year, this time a man ten years his senior. The new man had money, too, and he was away a lot, too. Sex with him was the price to pay – for her own enjoyment, Rachel had a yoga instructor, paid for with her husband's money.

Cindy's husband failed to materialize. No matter how successful a lawyer she became, no matter how expensive the status symbols she bought, men just would not pay her any more attention than before – in fact, it seemed to her that she was falling even further off their radar. How could this be? She had been angry before, but now a constant bitterness started to follow her wherever she went. She wanted two children, damn it, and she was going to have them! She didn't need a husband to provide for her, and by the time she faced up to the fact that she wasn't going to attract one she would find sexually desirable, she was 39 years old and the fertility doctors she finally decided to see gave her the pity look. Cindy never had her two kids. Instead, she got cats.

Jim's marriage held until death did them part, although after the first ten years neither pretended to be very interested in the other any more. The leadership and seductive aura that Jim had radiated throughout his youth was all but gone, then, and he stayed with her for convenience. His job performance was experiencing an equal decline, but as a long-time company man he knew everything about the work and got to keep his job. His wife was displeased both with the financial cutbacks and her disappearing feelings for her husband, but she, too, was too old to do better any more. Their two kids grew up rather nicely.

Seth's marriage lasted only five years. As soon as the contract was signed, his wife dropped the last shreds of her sex appeal and proceeded to balloon into a nagging seacow. Seth, on the other hand, was getting more flirtatious attention than ever from a higher caliber of girls than ever before. He decided to cut his losses and give up half his wealth before he had time to really get rich. His bitter wife took the kids, leaving Seth free to play the field and fulfill all his adolescent fantasies with gold-digging beauties approaching their expiration date. Having had his fill of that type, he found himself a second wife at the age of 38. She was exactly like his first wife had been when he married her. He had two more kids with her anyway.

Rachel's second divorce left her 42 years old, with half of a really big house and her two now

teenaged kids from her first marriage. The sex appeal she'd coasted on until then was gone, the career she'd never started was no longer available, and she ended up moving her teenagers into a trailer park where they chewed on half of the second husband's money for a while.

Cindy's cats kept her company into her sixties. She retired on her savings to a life of bitterness, annoying her relatives with angry phone calls about inconsequential things she found to get annoyed at every day, watching law dramas and yelling at the TV, and the occasional senior cruise where her co-passengers did their best to avoid her company. She died from an obesity-related heart attack at the age of 72. People came to her lavish, self-financed funeral out of a guilty sense of duty.

Jim enjoyed the company of his tolerable wife and his wonderful kids, as well as a couple of young grandkids, until his death at the age of 77 from liver failure due to excessive enjoyment of liquid entertainment in his old age. There was much wailing and gnashing of teeth at his funeral, and it was all from the heart.

Seth divorced his second wife after a five-year marriage that was an exact replay of his first. Richer now than after his first divorce, he was able to play the field for two more years and enter into a third repeat of the same marriage at the age of 45. After his final divorce at the age of 50, he enjoyed the occasional gold-digging mistress until his death in a traffic accident at the age of 63 as he was driving his open-top Porsche high on cocaine on a freeway with a deteriorating ex-model's head, as the coroner would delicately put it, "resting in his lap". His six children dutifully sat through his funeral and amicably split his considerable estate.

Rachel didn't quite manage to spread what her divorces had left her with thin enough to cover all her remaining days, but her children had been well provided for by their father and they helped her out here and there. She spent a couple of decades watching TV in her trailer and cursing God for making feminine beauty such a transient and deceptively fast-disappearing quality, and eventually drank herself to death at the age of 69. Her two children didn't give a shit and she got the taxpayer funeral.

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Homework: You know all these people. Who are they? Are you one of them?
What are the lessons of this story for your particular situation?

More Stories

April 18 2011

In response to Four Stories, some readers submitted their own. Let's take a look at four more stories and see what valuable insights were inspired in these readers. My notes are in red as usual.

Bob writes:

What strikes me about these folks is that every lesson they could have learned, from themselves or each other, happened too slowly for them to notice. Likely they would only have taken even a single lesson from this is it had happened in some fast, epiphanic way.

Most people don't think very far into the future or the past, which is why I like to compress chains of events spanning many years into short summaries – seeing the big picture often reveals some very obvious connections that just don't get made if you forget the cause before you experience the effect. Think about your own life this way, and you'll see some insights jump out at you that you wouldn't have expected.

A generation raised on movies and TV shows where the solution to the protagonist comes in a flash of insight (conveniently ten minutes before the show ends) may have some effect, but most of it is probably just the way we gradually, unconsciouly adapt to slow changes.

We get used to things "just being" a certain way, and stop questioning why. When we stop asking the questions, we blind ourselves to the answers.

Seth, for instance (present and accounted for here), didn't learn anything about girls because he took months to ask one out. In that time, he grew used to the way things were developing and didn't take note of the situation. When his wives got fat, it was after years of courting (and I use that word deliberately, as in old-fashioned wife-wooing circa 1850).

What sets me apart from Seth was that I did pay attention to gradual changes. I was fortunate enough to have Jim-type friends. My senior year in high school, a few of us went on a road trip (which took me weeks to convince my parents to let me go on; yeah, I was that sheltered) to one of their hometowns. It was a small hick-town, where the only things to do were meth and fucking. My parents thought I was at the college town an hour away.

Often what wakes a beta up out of ignorance and makes him realize the facts of life is seeing an alpha in action. The experience of witnessing something that just isn't supposed to happen according to your view of how the world works is powerful, and hard to forget.

True to the nerd-mindset, I didn't end up fucking anyone, or doing any meth. What I did was observe a microcosm of the slutosphere, a place where low population and boredom compressed the usual games into a very short period of time.

In places where everyone knows everyone, and everyone knows which girls are town bicycles (everyone gets a ride), they don't benefit much from trying to play the usual coy games. What'll often end up happening is that the sluts just drop the pretense and jump on the carousel with reckless abandon.

I thought about it, compared it to everything i had seen in four years of high school, and

over the next few weeks of withdrawn introspection, figured it out. I went out, made an ass of myself, and lost my virginity a few weeks later. Got my first girlfriend shortly after that.
When you find yourself latching onto the girl who'll open her legs for you, that's symptomatic of a scarcity mindset. Most men can't even imagine having several girls compete for their favor… and women can smell the beta worldview from a mile way.

Like Seth, though, I chose an actual major in college, rather than an excuse major for a frat. Engineering didn't leave me a lot of time to screw around, so I didn't get the chance to refine my ideas and implement them in the field nearly enough.
Still got quality pussy more than most other engineers, though (not that that's saying much unless you count homely chicks). I didn't learn about formalized Game until shortly before graduation.
With experience or inexperience, we often see a feedback loop: the guy who's just a little bit more experienced gets lots of chances to add to that experience, while the inexperienced guy gets shut out from gaining any experience. This factor contributes to the natural divide between alphas and betas. Deliberate study of Game is almost the only way to close the gap once you're behind.

Unlike Seth, I can spit game when I want to. Like Seth, it's not internalized. It's a thing I turn, which will turn itself off if I'm not paying attention. Unlike Seth, I'm forewarned about modern marriage. Until I'm able to completely internalize my Alpha mindset, I'm still Seth.
Your game is a conscious effort. You are in the process of moving from basic knowledge about game to the advanced level.

Highly Advanced Scientific Rating:
You've made a good start! Crawl around in slutty areas!

Frost (of Freedom Twenty-Five) writes:

What are the lessons of this story for your particular situation? (Male, 25)

The broad lesson for men is that conforming to either archtype means enjoying much less success and happiness in one phase of your life than the other.
This is an important point – natural alphas lose out too. Not as much as natural betas, but they do. Nobody gets to take home the jackpot without deliberate self-improvement.

In my observations – the cool guys I played ball with are now mostly doing semi-skilled labour and sleeping with meh girls, while the nerdy guys are working at Google/Facebook/IBM and either married to fellow high school nerdy girls (who aged much, much better than the cool ones) or using their newfound money, status and social adroitness to bang hot chicks.
At 25, a natural alpha would still be awash in women, but for those whose glory days were only powered by high school/college jock status, their decline starts at graduation – right when the hard-working beta's star starts to rise.

16-year-old men would be smart to read this story, and figure out how they can snag the best of both worlds. Be the captain of the football team who scours his library for every book on evolutionary psychology and persuasion he can find. Be the hard-drinking, brawling, slut-chasing captain of the rugby team who's also taking straight AP classes. Defy stereotypes, and transition smoothly from huh-huh-huh high-school/college jock asshole into smart, successful, shit-together adult.

If the 16-year-old were really smart, he'd ignore both sports and fancy careers and focus all his energies on learning the things that really matter. Money and status are weak sauce compared to tight Game. What I wouldn't give to have known what I know now at 16…

Extra credit, implication for today's women is that in a world with no long-term enforceable marriage contracts, you are completely fucked when you turn 40 – no matter what you do.
Attention women – your looks will fade. You'd better learn to make your company worthwhile in some other way unless you want to spend the second half of your life with cats.

Cheers,

Frost

Highly Advanced Scientific Rating:
You've got a good thing going – but you can go further! You need not rely on the training wheels of career, status, or physical or material trappings – work to succeed solely with the power of your mind! Challenge yourself by wearing janitor's overalls when you go out or taking your pickups back to a cardboard box in an alley – free your mind from the constraints of socially conditioned priorities and you may make some amazing discoveries!

Knive writes:

I wasn't bullied so much as a kid as I was betrayed. I didn't whine about it, I just figured that's how it was, and as long as I didn't associate with them they wouldn't associate with me. I was the big kid, and no one really wanted to pick a fight with me. Still, all of that, combined with a fervent love for reading that my father instilled in me, I became introverted, and all the time spent inside and not doing activity caused me to become fat. Not that I disliked sports and stuff, but I always saw it as things you do with your existing friends, and never really liked anything enough to go join a team and make new ones.
Here we see the inexperience feedback loop in action. It starts with an innocuous choice one day that leads to less socializing, and leads eventually to a debilitating lack of social capital. In this example, the lack of friends can also be seen directly contributing to a physical decline, which of course further affects future opportunities. If only the five-year-old knew the consequences his actions will have for the 20-year-old…

Now I'm 21, had had two girlfriends and two girls that were summer flings, and yet I've only had sex with one and just once.
…the consequences being a missing seven years of hot teen sex. Putting up with those mean kids in kindergarten doesn't seem like such a sacrifice now, but who could have known back then.
I've been persuing the manosphere for the past couple months and am currently in a crossroads in my life I would have reached regardless, where I need to either "alpha"-up, or drop out of society as I don't have much direction to apply myself to.
If you are still considering the omega life (porn, Hostess cakes, World of Warcraft, brushing against a woman once a year in the grocery store queue and getting a disgusted look) then you must not have read the contents of this website. Studying Game diligently from the age of 21 will make you a god among men (and among women, but in a different way), and no amount of material obstacles can stop that, not even if you're

a little man in a wheelchair.

I'm living in NYC, but my introverted hobbies along with a mostly asian high school have caused my white washed black ass a slight disadvantage in attracting other girls, given some extra heft by the fact that three out of the four girls I've been able to do much of anything with have been either of Latino or Caribbean descent.
There are something like 1.8 million single women in New York. At least a hundred thousand of them are extremely fuckable. At least fifty thousand of those women will be at your leisurely disposal after, let's say, a year of intensive self-improvement. Would you like your Warcraft and Twinkies now? Or are you going to show those girls why they call it the city that never sleeps? It is true that racial sexual preferences exist, but with good game they should be no more than speed bumps on your highway to female abundance.

Highly Advanced Scientific Rating:
You're standing at the gates and hesitant at stepping inside – believe and you shall be saved! Rewards beyond your wildest dreams await you!

BeijaFlor writes:

I'm 57 years old and male.

I grew up like Seth, although I fell behind him after adulthood; worked 36 years for the Federal Government and retired two years ago (Civil Service Retirement System). Never married; had a few short romances along the way; I expect nothing of the future, but I've learned to live my own life.
Checking the box that says "no" – a viable option, but one all too many unfortunate betas are forced into without ever having a choice. The truth is that even though sex is often called a fundamental physical need, you don't really need female contact like you need food – being happy without it is possible. Spiritual masters can transcend sex and enjoy life to the fullest only through their own mastery of their minds. This path is difficult, and for a young man whose reproductive instincts are strong, it's probably easier just to learn Game. The worst option is to do neither.

The lessons I got:

Loneliness isn't so bad. The cure can be much worse than the disease.
…as all too many unfortunate betas live to find out. If I lived in a world where I had to choose between an average marriage and absolute celibacy for the rest of my life, I would probably go with the latter. Dealing with desire is one thing, dealing with waking up every morning next to your wife is another.

Enjoy your life as best you can. Buy the convertible; sail to the islands; but do it for your own pleasure, not for the sake of being "interesting" to the ladies.
Deciding to drop out of the competition removes a lot of pressure and gives its own wonderful kind of freedom. Whoever masters Game will experience a similar phenomenon: when your cars and clothes don't matter anymore and girls are all over you anyway, you have transcended the status-jockeying that most men expend most of their life's efforts on.

I should give thanks to God every morning and every evening that I never married.
If you're going to give thanks for something, that would not be a bad place to start. Few things have the potential to ruin a man's life like a marriage to a modern woman.

Highly Advanced Scientific Rating:
You have run enough – letting the race go on without you while you sit on the pier and fish is not a bad life. If desires disturb you, look into spiritual disciplines. Else, enjoy the sunshine!

If you want to submit your own compressed story of your life's lessons and/or analyze the original Four Stories for hidden truths, you can still do so at the very bottom of the Four Stories page. If I get something good, I will add to this page or make a new one.

Update: Submissions are now closed. More published responses here.

A Dangerous Game

April 18 2011

If you listen to people who are not me talk about Game, you may occasionally hear something like this:

- "Game steals your soul."
- "Game makes you a robot."
- "Game makes you incapable of emotionally connecting with a woman."
- "Game is approval-seeking and bad for your self-esteem."
- "Game means making your happiness dependent on women's reactions."
- …or other words to a similar effect

Now, these claims are all both right and wrong at the same time.
Just like the claim "fire will burn you to death", these claims are contingent on circumstances and should really be prefaced with "*If you use it recklessly…*".

Game is like fire. Use it right, it'll keep you warm. Use it wrong, you'll get burned.

Many who discover Game get too excited about playing with fire and don't take the proper care. Some who get burned blame the nature of the fire itself for their mistakes. Somehow, this does not surprise me. Some guy whose blog I stumbled upon after my admin dashboard alerted me to the fact that he had linked to one of my articles had this to say:

Here is a brief rundown of what is propagated at the moment:

I want to be happy (confident)

When people (especially hot women) like me, I feel happy

I should try to get people to like me, because it makes me feel happy.

And that is why game will never make you happy. You are not in control of your happiness. Your happiness is contingent on other peoples approval. Game simply heightens the chance of people approving of you. But you can never control an external outcome. And here we see games inadequacy as a foundation for happiness.

So instead of desperately trying to get our confidence from *outside* of ourselves, why not get it from the only place we ever can guarantee an outcome. From *inside ourselves*. All you're trying to do is attain happiness from the fulfilment of a desire; namely your desire to be *liked, or accepted.*

Here is how it should be.

I want to be happy (confident)

When I like myself, I feel happy

I should try to like myself, because it makes me feel happy.

And there we have it. A rock-solid foundation for your happiness.

But how can we like ourselves?

(This whole exposition is just one aspect on the topic of creating your own reality, but it is one of the most important ones)

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The blogosphere is slowly reaching this conclusion, I believe. I have recently read two excellent articles that are closer to what I've stated here than anything I've read before. They are from delusion damage and Krauser PUA. Read both. And if the authors of those fine articles happen to stumble upon this article, I am open to any and all critiques. That is the point of this site. Creating a beneficial dialogue.

Now, when someone implies that I'm slowly reaching closer to their level of wisdom, I tend to view the implication with a certain amount of skepticism – not that they couldn't be right, but these last years I just keep finding that they're usually wrong. If this guy's statements to the effect that true happiness comes from the inside and that the fulfillment of desires is not the way to get there sound familiar to you, it may be because I wrote an expansive article on exactly that called "Where Does Happiness Come From?" (later changed to "Getting What You Want Will Not Make You Happy") as part of my introductory crash course that this man apparently did not read. If he had, I suppose he would have linked to that instead.

There's something else he didn't read as well. This is from the same post of his as I quoted above:

> How confident are you going to be when *the entire source of your confidence (happiness) is how people react to you?* Well that depends on how good you are at making people like you. But let's say you're exceptional at making people like you; is that *really* how you want to live your life? Spending every time you interact with someone in a whir of thought trying to come up with the next thing to say to make them think you're cool? And for the rest of us mortals, we can never guarantee we can make someone like us; our lives will be an endless struggle, trying desperately to make people we meet think we're cool, and like us. If we succeed, we feel so good! And if we fail, the death spiral begins.

It sounds to me like maybe he should have read the article where I explained how your game should naturally evolve from the tips-and-tricks level he seems to be stuck at toward a more self-improvement-centered lifestyle where the focus is not so much on getting the women as it is on being the best man you can be. The approval-seeking phase is simply something most men have to go through due to lacking the willpower to truly not care about whether they're getting sex or not.

This dude may be new on the block, and that's okay, but to hear him tell it, you could almost be fooled into thinking that Neil Strauss didn't already discuss these very same concerns in his seminal book "The Game" in 2005.

There is nothing new under the sun. There's a passage in "The Game" where Strauss discusses how young PUAs tended to turn into "social robots", losing their authentic personalities and becoming copies of each other, copies of their gurus – copies of him. There are several passages where he discusses how PUAs would often quit the game and get married after a few years of abundant success – some would turn to religion and some to spirituality. They played with fire and it really screwed with their heads. There are passages where he discusses how memories of women would start to blend together, making it near impossible to think of any one as more special than another. He discusses how some of the top PUAs would be masters at starting a relationship with a woman but incapable of maintaining one. He discusses how PUAs, especially ones who taught professionally, would become stressed and obsessed with consistent success. He discusses how they
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would let the game take over their lives completely and become deeply unhappy. I think there's even a passage where he says something like "the only way to win the game is to leave the game". He ends the book by doing just that. I've heard he later got back into it, but the point was definitely made in the book that it's a dangerous game and if you feed your entire life to it, it will burn you.

Make no mistake: the tools we work with here have sharp edges. We use them because they are effective. If we use them carelessly and cut ourselves, we have only ourselves to blame. Game is not a life replacement and women are not a happiness replacement – women are something to enjoy as a side dish of life when you already have the ability to be happy without them, and Game is a tool for a specific purpose.

There's no rule against talking about things you don't know about on the internet, and you are liable to run into plenty of people doing just that, so it's well worth keeping in mind that somebody who says fire is evil because it burns you and that the warmth and light it gives are simply traps to lure you into getting burned might just not be very proficient at handling it. You can try and take your chances, or you can refuse to try at all. You take a risk either way.

The other article this guy links to in his lament over the dangers of the game besides mine is from KrauserPUA's blog where he discusses a fundamental tenet of "The Principles of Social Competence" – coincidentally *interestingly* enough, exactly a week after I concluded my three-part discussion of that very same book.

…speaking of which, the authors of that book (who call themselves Manhood Academy) contacted me a few days after I discussed it, wanting to rebut some of my more critical comments on it. It was brought to my attention that they'd also made a podcast on their site calling me some unflattering names and failing to respond in any convincing way to the arguments I raised. I responded with a very courteous email offering them the chance to prove me wrong on anything I said about their book and the claims in it, and I offered to post whatever rebuttal they could assemble on my site right there with my original article. I have not heard back from them. Even though my opinion of these guys' character is now somewhat lower than at the time I wrote that article on their work, it's still a very good book and you should read it.

For what it's worth, don't be stupid – Game is your servant, not your master. If you let it run amok, it will. If you keep your head on straight, you'll be fine. There's no reason to be superstitiously scared of it, nor is there any reason to superstitiously worship it. It's a tool. Just a fucking tool.

Even More Stories

April 19 2011

Here are a few more life stories your fellow readers sent in in response to Four Stories and More Stories. I'm sure a lot of you can identify with some of them and learn something that applies to your own life.
I made some notes in red.

Tim writes:

Male, 30

I identify most with Seth. I was never encouraged to do sport, but was in stead given computers to play with. I had a vivid imagination as a kid and and read a lot as a child. This resulted in me becoming the classic skinny nerd.

My parents relationship was bad due to my dad being a horrible beta and not being able to deal with my mother's emotions. He also hated his job and I was determined to be different but the environment I grew up in left me very insecure. Even with all the things I've accomplished in life this is something I still struggle with.

I was self-aware enough to know that I needed to walk a different path to my dad in order to get different results. I started changing things in my late teens (but did it in an introvert way, ie focused on music and art) and had a little success with women as a result. I discovered an early form of game just before college (SS) and although it helped me to approach it didn't result in any sex. After college I discovered the more modern methods (MM, Tyler Durden, David DeAngelo). Since then I've had more consistent success, modern game actually works! Although my game could always be better I've done pretty well all things considered.

I'm at a curious place where I'm not entirely a Jim, neither am I a Seth. I still don't have a real career due to changing job often and traveling a lot. I guess when you learn that you don't have to run the rat-race you start thinking about what you really want to do. But until recently I didn't really know what I wanted. The good thing is that I'm not afraid of pursuing my goal (I have one now) and am not afraid that I'm not following the traditional time line. I think I would like to have a family but I won't do it until I'm fully secure my new career. Until then I'll play the field hard.

I recognize that I'm still being held back by my upbringing (or let myself be), even after all these years of doing game I'm still quite introverted. Just an introvert that somehow gets laid. It goes to show how important those early years are. If I ever have a son I'll know exactly what it takes to make him a natural (in fact I already helped my younger brother become one).

Tim raises some points about Game's effects on life that I've discussed before: that you don't need the rat race to get women, and that you can use Game to help others as well as yourself. You can see that he's right in the middle of that transitional phase where he's left his old life behind but hasn't really built a new one yet – but he's seen too much now to bury his head in the sand and go back to the way things were. He's on the path and every day he gets a little further along it.

ABlackGuy (yes, that's what he put in the "name" field) writes:

I'm am a 20 year old male.

I am both Jim and Seth. I have become more like Seth in recent times. Like Jim I grew up with lots of friends and played sports. I didn't tolerate shit from anyone. I am equally introverted and extroverted but tend towards intro like Seth. I took AP classes and had good grades. Nothing I learned in school benefited me though, just the stuff I learned on my own.
The educational value of the education system is highly overrated.

My biggest problem. Porn. Zapped my testosterone and libido. I consciously wanted girls but had no motivation. I would flirt with girls but wouldn't pull the trigger. I got LJBF'd a lot. Freshman year of college all I did was hangout, very little porn. It brought back the female attention and landed me a girlfriend. I caught major oneitis. It was my first serious relationship and I didn't know what to do. I emulated what I saw from watching TV. Naturally she broke up with me. I dove back into porn. Low testosterone + low libido + oneitis = MAJOR FRUSTRATION. My grades dropped. No more female attention. Lost respect from friends and myself.

I stumbled across the manosphere. There I recognized the game I had been projecting unconsciously and also the huge mistakes I was making consciously. I also learned to see everything in the big picture. Porn felt great to watch and masturbate to in the short term but drained me physically, emotionally, and psychologically in the long run. It created lots of deep seated insecurities that I'm struggling to overcome now. My story is a warning to others. PORN WILL FUCK YOU UP IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. Don't fuck with it. EVER. If you can't get a real girl to do it don't do it at all.

Now I'm focused on getting back in shape, and finding ways to create multiple sources of income, and paying off my student loans. I recognized that school was a waste of time before coming to the manosphere. I left and am now trying to start my own business. Just remember don't fuck with porn. EVER!

On the dangers of porn: I somewhat subscribe to the "addictive personality" theory which holds that the degree to which you get addicted to anything – alcohol, heroin, cigarettes, porn, gambling, etc. – is, to a large degree, determined either biologically or by some confluence of personality traits or mental constructs. If you develop one addiction, you're probably at high risk for other addictions as well. If you know that you are the kind of person who easily gets addicted to things, take care not to put yourself at risk. If, like me, you don't really find yourself developing addictions, you probably don't need to shield yourself from addictive influences quite as much. "Oneitis" has elements of addiction as well, and a quick mental rundown of people I've known to fall hard for girls and/or addictive substances shows a correlation between the two. This reader would probably do well to watch out when he starts getting to the level where he's getting the girls he really wants – he might be at risk for falling a little too hard for one and ruining his life.

Camus writes:

18 year old male, from an empoverished spanish-speaking country in the Caribbean. I am before the gates of the Kingdom of Will. Long story short, I have always been the smartest kid in class. Learned to read by age four, Learned decent english by age twelve. In 8th grade of the Primary school I became a slacker. Had to travel 35km daily,

to and from another city for highschool. Was always somewhat introverted and read voraceously. I was not a social retard though. By age 13 I managed to get a sexual encounter with the hottest 13 year old girl I've ever known. Was always good with the ladies.

Entered college at 17 to study Electrical Engineering. For a year and some months I have been a slacker also. Got a hot gf, 5'9" like me, long hair, thin, etc… I dumped her because I saw her ways of game-playing and neglect (she "loved me" though) It was a LDR I was no longer wanting to put any effort on. She begged a lot for us to "start over". I resisted.

The problem is the following: I have always been an underachiever, wasted a sizeavle size of my time and never lived the life I want to live. I mean a plentiful life. Not mindless status-whoring (Though I have status), Not getting wasted every night or weekend (I renounced to that), And not chasing sluts (I have higher standards now). I mean something akin to my own Model Home or being a happy, fulfilled man.
In case you don't know, he's referring to The Model Home – my first article here.

From now on, I'll internalize game and alpha-ness, start working out (getting my hands on P90X), get good grades (because I can) and just about change every aspect of my life I want to change. My future is now mine, because I now have the Will I need to make it mine. And all along, Will was all I needed.

Will power is a funny thing – how much of it you simply get and how much you can deliberately build is a point of some contention. You can see this reader has had something of a "Jim" youth, where success with the opposite sex just naturally came to him. I get the feeling from his writing that he doesn't necessarily even feel like he needs to work on that part of his life. Something you'll get a lot from "naturals" is an attitude of "well, I'm already getting sex… what's the point of Game?". Former betas who've seen firsthand the massive improvement in their lives that their learning has brought them usually more easily internalize the idea that you are never "good enough" and that more skill will always make for a better life. It sounds like this reader has recently woken up to the realization that he can in fact remake his entire life through self-improvement and has now embarked upon that path with resolve.

Magus writes:

Quick note: I do not think you will see any Jim's replying here. Seth will dominate this discussion.

I was Seth. I was an energetic youth, interested in sports and other outside activities. My main role model, my brother, is about a decade older than me with Seth-like interests. Video games and computers and other forms of nerd culture were prevalent during my earlier years. Needless to say I became pretty bad at socializing.

Through my (to quote Roissy) "Greater Beta" friend I was able to obtain a girlfriend in middle school but the relationship was terrible because I was afraid to kiss her. AKA a bitch. There was actually another girl (I wasn't a social dead-end in middle school, but I was definitely bad at it) who would come on to me so strong I was taken aback. Like groping my dick and I was too uncomfortable to let anything happen. I was a hardcore "nice-guy" here, believing girls did not want sex. (Now that I think about it, The dick-groper should've been a fucking obvious clue to counter that notion but I missed it). I believe I also discovered porn around this time.

Come freshman year of high school I became intimate with the digital women who covered my computer screen. I played World of Warcraft from now until my early Junior year with the occasional hacky sac game during lunch (nerd sport).

During my sophomore year, with the help of the aforementioned "greater beta" friend, I was able to get into my second relationship, which I was more comfortable with — albeit still a beta idiot. I thought she didn't want sex because the guy she dumped two weeks earlier just wanted to fuck her. She dumped me because I never wanted to fuck her. It sickens me to think I willingly forgave pussy at the time, but that version of me was blind. I was also orbiting this cute girl (who I'm friends with now) for maybe a year around this time.

Beta Beta Beta.

Come November of either my junior or senior year, I had this crush on a girl that I would witness floating through my school courtyard once in awhile. Never said anything to her. Never. Some of my friends even knew her.

On one of my friends-girlfriends birthday parties, at some cheesy Mexican restaurant, she was there. This girl I had been idolizing was socializing with me and six other people and one of my other friends successfully had her attention the whole time. It was this day I realized "I have no idea how to attract a woman."

Then I read magic bullets. And I joined the attraction forums.
I bought "The Game" and the shitty "Rules of the Game" that Strauss published just to milk the subject. I flew to the asshole side of the spectrum.

I cut my hair; I lost my glasses; I fixed my posture; I essentially became a greater beta. Within a short amount of time I had girls calling me "hot" and I finally received attention from girls. It felt great.

Except I never acted on it. I enjoyed the attention switch but I never capitalized on the 10 or so girls I could have easily plowed in high school. Past is past though…

Interestingly enough, a girl who I had been friends with for a while came on to me incredibly strong. This was my first lay.

Fantastic.

Fast forward high school graduation and a couple college semesters and I haven't had anything since. I've read countless amount of game text within that time frame, essentially overloading myself. Recently, I resolved to only reading Roissy, Roosh, and the bygone Assanova, but now I'm also indulging in man-o-sphere discussion outside the realm of game (men's rights and such). The past 2 years have been crazy as far as personal realization but I've yet to put anything into practice.

Day in and day out, I walk by cute girl after girl on my college campus and my mouth remains shut. I bash myself about it later only to read a piece of game that discusses some advanced technique that's ultimately irrelevant to me because I still can't open a girl.

I'm still that really shy guy. I honestly don't give much of a shit anymore. The women

and people forced into my life react favorably, and I'm a much more actualized individual that I used to be, but I'm still behaving passively. My life is yin.

Pussy don't like yin.
Pussy like yang.

I know the first step is the hardest. I sometimes wish my childhood was that of Jim's but I ultimately think Seth is in a better position. If I actually abuse the knowledge I've accumulated, my "life revenue" will be enormous. It's just a matter of me not being a bitch anymore.

If you gave Seth the same Id as Jim, he'd be a monster. He'd Ganghis Khan the fuck out of any town.

Soon I'll be dropping out of college. I don't believe in the system, and my perusing of the man-o-sphere backs up my ideologies about it. I'm not going to rot somewhere, but rather I'm going to travel and pursue things that truly interest me. I'm just lucky I have a Seth-like parent who can fund it while I get a foothold.

This ended up pretty fucking long and I still have so much shit to say. I've been meaning to vomit this textually to get it off my chest.

I forgot to mention I'm male and 19.

I believe a lot of you reading this can find some of the "analysis paralysis" phenomenon in yourselves – it's common. When guys who are not used to interacting with women discover Game, they can easily get to feeling like they need to "master" it and learn "everything" before they feel OK actually going out and using it. But, it's not that way. Just one day's study of Game can give you visible results in the field. There's no reason you can't study, practice and enjoy the fruits of your labors concurrently. For this reader, I'd recommend just going out into the world and starting to apply what he's learned. If you are socially shy by nature, no amount of studying is likely to make you feel confident about using what you've learned on real women in the real world – the best way to gain that confidence is to just feel the fear and do it anyway.

Anonymous writes:

I am a 24 year old male, and I have found my life trajectory to be roughly between the two male examples in the first point- with both some good and bad aspects from each. I was always heavily involved in sports through being co-captain on our high school football team, but on the other hand taking the nerdy AP classes and working through high school on top of sports partially kept me away from the social scene at my school. I had friends, but was certainly not part of the in-crowd.

College was more of the same, engineering classes and work. Plenty of partying with a small group of friends, but nothing like the 'alpha' character in the original story.

Perhaps most pertinent to the subject at hand has been my experience with girls since my teen years. Since 15, my life has been a string of 6 month to 2 year relationships which would end with me discovering the girl had cheated, or was showing warning signs of doing so such as less sex, overall bitchiness, basically all things easily predictable when the guy turns gradually beta during the relationship and the female loses attraction. This pattern was repeating itself with my current girlfriend prior to

discovering game, which over the last year has totally reversed the tide due to me finally being able to pass shit tests and generate/maintain attraction by taking the lead in the relationship.

This knowledge has greatly reduced my frustration with my previous relationships as I finally understand what the hell was going on, but has also been a bit sobering regarding the prospects of building a traditional family, which I have not given up on yet. The fact that I now have much more knowledge on the risks and how best to reduce the chances of shit going off the rails has made me a lot more confident regarding this goal.

Professionally, the realization that the amount of money/status I have is not going to be the determinant of my happiness or relationship success has lifted a weight off me over the past year. Whereas previously I had a lot of stress over the fact that my grades in medical school were not going to be good enough to get me into the more lucrative specialties, I now know that can go into what will give me more fulfillment and less stress- which incidentally doesn't require ridiculously high grades.

Overall less stress and more confidence and happiness. Blogs like this didn't 'save' me or any such nonsense, but have been great aids in helping me focus my efforts into what will bring me the greatest long term happiness as opposed to tons of wasted energy and time chasing after illusions created by society.

Thanks for the great blog, I look forward to reading more.

Again, we see the wide range of improvements Game can bring outside the penis-in-vagina area of life. This reader is now chasing his own dreams more than what he'd been taught he "had to" do, and a lot of that is thanks to Game. The reason I write about Game so much is that it brings such massive positive change to so many areas of life – not because I think that having lots of sex should be your first priority in life, or similar nonsense often heard from Game's detractors.

I'm sure a lot of you can identify with several of these readers' life summaries, and I'm sure you can see clearly the paths they've taken and how their development has progressed. For your own benefit, I suggest you try to summarize your own life in a similar way and see what you can learn from the patterns that emerge. Actually writing your summary down in text can help, but it's not necessary. When you have an uninterrupted moment where nothing external requires your attention, for example when you're sitting on a train or walking in a park, just tell yourself the story of your life in your head like you would tell someone who knows nothing about you but whom you feel no need to hide anything from. Do not do this while you are driving, or walking in traffic – you can get very immersed in it and it will impair your ability to notice your surroundings. When you do this exercise, clear patterns you may never have consciously thought about will start to emerge.

Thanks to everyone who shared their story with us. I'm sure a lot of readers learned from you.

How the Liberated Feminist Slut Created the Pick-Up Artist

April 21 2011

I've written before about women's sexual "liberation" and how Game provides similar "liberation" to men. What I didn't get around to discussing is that Game is in fact a *direct result* of said women's liberation. The feminists themselves have created the pick-up artists and players they are now so fond of despising.

Back in the "good old days", people got married. If they didn't get married, they by and large didn't have sex either. This applied equally to men and women. Infamous womanizers in those days were not looked upon kindly by society at large. For a bunch of them to get together to exchange tips and tricks for bedding women faster would hardly have been publicly tolerated. "Players" of the time, like the eponymous Giacomo Casanova, largely made their trade by seducing unsuspecting damsels with promises of marriage and then absconding into the night before their fathers found out. It was a dangerous Game back then.

Then came feminism and women's "liberation" – these women, for some reason, felt that the old rules were not so much for their own protection as for the sick enjoyment of evil patriarchs who got off on oppressing women by making them submit to possessive patriarchal desires. A discussion of those claims will not be included in this article, because, frankly, I like to spend my time discussing things that make sense. In any case, these women wanted the freedom to have sex with anyone and everyone with impunity, and the evil patriarchs, being the sadistic bastards they are, gave the women exactly what they wanted.

Now, it was okay for a woman to be as big a slut as she liked, and consequently, it was also okay for a man to sleep with one without any designs for marriage. This opened the field for unapologetically professional players. Those men who found the lifestyle of a serial conqueror alluring could now practice their craft with impunity, and "liberated" women were available in ample supply to give them all the practice they wanted.

Now, "The Game" was truly born. Regular Joes could avail themselves of the practically inexhaustible slut supply of their home cities without having to run from shotgun-wielding fathers while doing their day jobs on the side. Players' reputations could spread, and they could find each other and network, and no one had anything to say to that. The "seduction community" was formed.

Wherever information gathers, innovation will flourish and scientific progress will accelerate. So, too, in the seduction community – it didn't take long before its pooled talents had distilled the process of getting into a girl's pants into very pure and very effective forms. Armed with unprecedented tactical knowledge, players of a new breed never before seen flowed forth into the streets, bars, nightclubs and grocery stores.

Before the new breed of trained players, women were rendered powerless. The sluts and the shy girls alike fell before the might of the industrially optimized players – right onto their beds with their Birkenstocks in the air.

Women are slowly starting to wake up to the fact that it's getting difficult to secure commitment from men any more. Not all of them are ready to face the fact that giving the milk away for free isn't the greatest way to sell the cow, and even those who face facts can do little about the abundance of free milk available to any man willing to learn Game.

What women really ought to do if they want to make men commit again is push for the reversal of their original "liberation", but I'm not holding my breath for that one. What they are doing instead is further shooting their own gender in the foot with dating advice that'll guarantee a lonely cat-

filled future.

The feminists made their bed, and now their daughters lie in it with men who won't remember their faces a month and ten more girls later.

Oh, and if any of the women I refer to as "sluts" here take offense, it's wholly unjustified, because – haven't you heard? – "slut" is now an empowering, positive term!

Progress

April 23 2011

Craig writes:

Reprint the site into a book; Thank you

If you could package your website into a fifty-dollar paperback book, I would by that sucker in a heartbeat. Just so you know. Because your website is killer, and I would absorb it in one long hotel-room orgy of education if I could. Instead, I'll have to nibble it down slowly, one article at a time, like the girl who ate the whale.

Also, I have to admit to you that I RESIST it like a motherfucker. I don't want to learn how and why the human race is as shitty and simian as it really is. I don't want to BE an alpha, not today. Why?

Well let's see. First, I think Don Draper on Mad Men is a gripping and amazing character, but he's also a home-wrecking shithead and I don't want to be like that. Second, being truly 100% responsible for my life is a scary idea. And third, I have so far found women humiliating and exhausting and want nothing to do with them in real life.

AND I also want very much to be married someday, a good Daddy, and never divorced, cuckolded or resented.

ERGO my realization that your website is killer. I can feel in my queasy guts just how much I need this education.

So thank you. This is a hell of a service you're doing here.

The biggest obstacle to our progress tends to be ourselves. Often, this obstacle appears in the form of fear – fear of the unknown, fear of letting go of the pretty lies we've been taught to believe, fear of disappointment that stops us from investing in something we know we need. Once we learn to accept the fear and do the smart thing anyway, that's when we really start to see amazing results.

Fear can lead to resistance – the discomfort we feel when what we're seeing in front of us is not what we want to see – and if the resistance is strong enough, it can lead to denial. One who stays in denial can make no progress no matter what tools are available. This skews the value of "life experience" – 4 years spent watching and learning from the world can give more wisdom that 40 years spent in denial. The more vehemently you hear someone deny this fact, the more certain you can be that that person is very fond of denial in general.

We all want life to be good to us. Some try to achieve this outcome by convincing themselves that life is, in general, fair. They want to believe that things like divorce, cuckoldry and spousal resentment won't happen to them unless they themselves engage in similar practices. Others acknowledge that life is not fair, and do what they can to learn nature's hidden rules and use that knowledge to avoid unpleasant outcomes. The first approach gives more pleasant beliefs, the second, more pleasant outcomes. It's a trade-off.

Progress is a prerequisite of life – life that is not growing, evolving, "in progress", is stagnating, dying. The same goes for entities that are "living" only metaphorically – for instance, this website. It started out as a nicely put-together whole consisting of six parts that naturally followed each

other, all bound together by an overarching theme – something like “if I only had one hour to prepare you for the real world hidden under the cultural blanket of lies, this is what I would tell you”. It was a complete foundation that I could build upon, adding a variety of articles to flesh out its lacking aspects.

Now, there are lots of articles, and reading the site as a congruent whole is getting unwieldy – I try to keep everything easily accessible and navigable, but with so much content, things like where to start and what ties into what are becoming less clear. I’ve been thinking for a while that progress to some kind of “next level” is in order. I’ve been thinking of how I could improve the packaging of the information to provide the best possible value.

Perhaps a book is the answer. I once printed out the entire contents of a website, about 20 hours of reading in all, on about a hundred A4 sheets filled with the smallest readable font, and carried the stack of papers around in a binder all through a week-long vacation – through airports where I carefully dragged my suitcase around with the binder balanced on top, in airplanes where I shuffled the pages around in cramped seats, to the poolside area at the vacation resort where I diligently guarded the pages from being taken by the wind… I would have appreciated a book.

I’ve read through blog archives consisting of hundreds upon hundreds of largely unordered posts, following their meandering path from one topic to another to a third back to the first on to a fourth back to the third back to the second on to a fifth… I would have appreciated a book. I’ve done this on a south-facing balcony on a lovely, sunny afternoon with a ten-inch laptop running on battery power… then, I really would have appreciated a book.

I’ve introduced friends to interesting and useful information online, sent them links to web pages, encouraged them to explore and learn – “you’ll see why this is great, just click around some more!”… I bet they would have appreciated a book.

Thinking about collecting and editing my articles into a book, my first thought was that it would be a lot of work. A *lot* of work. Then I thought of something else… you as the cool uncle/godfather attending your nephew/godson’s high school graduation party, pulling him aside for a moment, away from the excited blabber of friends and family, and handing him a nondescriptly wrapped package – “godson/nephew, I haven’t been around that much to give you advice, and that’s a pity, but now you’ll be going off to college and starting your life on your own, so it’s time you knew about some things…” – I want that for that kid. I want him to have that help. I want that kid who was nobody in high school to become the underground king in college and for his black book of powerful secrets to be passed clandestinely down the fraternity lines for years to come with a reverence like that afforded to mystical relics. I want the older brother who’s been away out in the world to come home oozing contentment and success and to pass the book on to his admiring younger brother with a solemnly proud “this is yours now… I don’t need it anymore.” I spent a lot of my youth wishing someone would do something like this for me.

I could do a book – it would be a lot of work, it would probably take at least a week full-time, but I could do it. I have a flexible work schedule, I could take some time off to edit my articles into book form and maybe add something new as well – I’d still have to pay the rent, but if enough people bought the thing to make up for the lost work days, there should be no reason why I couldn’t do a book. If a book is what you want, I think I can make that happen. The cost in work-time for me to do that would be substantial, and each copy of the book would have to cover a share of that, but Craig’s $50 per copy seems like a high estimate to me – I think a lot of people would appreciate a book and it would probably end up being cheaper than that.

Let’s try to get a feel for the level of interest in this, and please be honest, because if I end up dedicating a week’s work hours to compiling and editing a book, putting a lot of effort into making it as good as I can, I’d like to not just be doing that for Craig, although I’m sure he’s a great guy.

Don’t Ask and You Shall Receive

April 24 2011

Hawaiian Libertarian’s recent post on apologies is worth a look if you find yourself constantly apologizing to women with a tendency to bring up a laundry list of all your past transgressions whenever they need some leverage to beat you over the head with, and the essential part to remember is this:

never, ever ask her for forgiveness.

He also points out that there’s a beta way to apologize and there’s an alpha way:

I’m sure every guy in a long term relationship with a female has encountered the recitation of “the list” of past transgressions for which she has never forgotten.

This is because you’re abject apologies have beta-ized you in her eyes, and beta’s are contemptible creatures as perceived through the lens of female hypergamy. Admitting your wrongdoings (whatever they may be, from minor transgressions to major, potentially relationship destroying ones) and apologizing profusely for them, is not the path to forgiveness and healing. It’s the path to betaization and putting her up on a pedestal for which she is now looking DOWN on you.

If you done wrong, and you feel the need to apologize for it, you need to maintain the alpha frame. If you must say sorry, you must say it without *being* sorry. In other words, you cannot project abject submission to her anger, even if that anger is justifiable.

The difference between a beta apology and an alpha apology is very simple: a beta apology is outcome-dependent – you are asking her for something, you are putting her in a position of power, submitting to her judgment, hanging your hopes on her response. An alpha apology is outcome-independent – you are telling her something, you are keeping your position of power, holding onto your authority, and her response does not matter to you.

The word “apology” is used for both but they are in fact completely different things. A beta apology assumes that you have knowingly done something unkind, and its intent is to ask another person to overlook your purposeful transgression, which, frankly, there is no good reason for them to do. An alpha apology assumes that you have carelessly made an accidental error in judgment resulting in unfortunate consequences, and its intent is to inform another person that your intention was not to be unkind, which should logically lead to the conclusion that there is no good reason for them to hold your mistake against you.

A beta apology requires a response for its completion, and an irrational one at that. Nobody actually thinks that for you to deliberately hurt them is okay, no matter what they may say in response to your apology. As soon as you utter a beta apology, you have failed – even if you get the response you want, it’s still a failure because the record now shows that you were being intentionally unkind.

An alpha apology is complete as soon as its target has received the information. Whatever response you may or may not get does not matter. As soon as you utter an alpha apology, you have succeeded – even if you get a response like “I’ll never forgive you, you bastard!”, it’s still a success because the record now shows that you were not being intentionally unkind.

If you were in fact being intentionally unkind, your position is somewhat weaker, but you can still frame your apology in a response-independent way.

Beta: “I was wrong to call you a fat bitch, will you please forgive me?”

Alpha: “It was unfair of me to call you a fat bitch, and I want you to know I’m sorry about that.”

No matter how serious the transgression, there is never a reason to ask for forgiveness. Forgiveness is not the point. By asking for forgiveness you are trying to use the other person’s response to make yourself feel better – you are trying to take something. By informing the other person that the damage you caused was not intentional, you are trying to make the other person feel better – you are trying to give something. Whether they take it or not is irrelevant to the fact that you made an effort to help them. The more serious the transgression, the more obvious it becomes that the informative apology is superior.

Imagine that someone has just accidentally shot your mother in the head with a shotgun and her brains are now running down the wall and collecting in a pool right on your favorite electronic gadget or piece of clothing. Which would you rather hear:
“I’m sorry, will you forgive me?”
“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean for that to happen.”

It’s not going to be a very nice situation no matter what is said, but you can see how doing something horrible to someone and then *asking them to treat you like you didn’t* is just adding insult to injury.

Most people think that forgiveness is for the person who has committed a transgression – that it helps him to stop feeling bad about himself and frees him from a position of emotional indebtedness. It can do that, but only if the person has previously *made* himself feel bad and *assumed* a position of emotional indebtedness. We all make mistakes, and sometimes our mistakes cause damage to other people, but when we realize that beating ourselves up over it doesn’t help anybody, we can stop doing that. The person who offers an alpha apology doesn’t do it to gain forgiveness in order to feel better about himself, he does it to offer the person hurt by his mistake a chance to forgive him *for her own sake*, so she can let go of negative emotions.

The forgiver is the one who benefits from forgiving. An alpha apology is *a favor*. People who have been gravely wronged know this. Listen to people whose families have been murdered etc. and you’ll hear them talk about how they needed to forgive the perpetrators in order to *help themselves* let go of the anger and emotional pain and thoughts of revenge and destructive victim mentality that filled their lives and prevented them from being happy. Do you think the kind of people who break into your house to steal your TV and kill your family without a moment’s hesitation because they just happened to be in the way give a shit about your forgiveness? You don’t forgive them for their sake, you do it for yourself.

Forgiveness as it’s commonly understood is, by its nature, irrational. Somebody does something to hurt you and you agree to pretend like they didn’t. A beta apology is an irrational request and it is never really accepted, regardless of whether its target *claims* to accept it. Apologizing for an accidental mistake in a beta way means making the other person see it as not accidental.

Acknowledging that mistakes were made and nobody did anything to intentionally hurt you, that you just got hurt accidentally and that it’s not anyone’s “fault” and that you in fact have no right to feel like anybody owes you anything for your pain and suffering is what allows you to let go of the negative emotions brought on by thinking you were hurt *by another person*. An alpha apology facilitates this.

Just as forgiving someone for an intentional transgression is irrational, so is asking for or expecting an apology for one. When you ask for an apology, what you are saying is “you wronged me, and now I need you to ask me to pretend like you didn’t so I can give you a free pass to walk away from your transgression without any consequences.” Does that sound like a good way to manage your relationships with people?

I don’t forgive and I don’t forget. I don’t tell people that a lot because they take it the wrong way. The common understanding is that forgiveness is supposed to be a good thing, something that’s

required in order to uphold interpersonal relationships during the course of which we will all inevitably make mistakes. Really, it's a crutch for people who make themselves feel bad for making mistakes and people who hold grudges against others for accidentally hurting them – that's most people. It's a tool to help people let go of their self-inflicted bad feelings. If you tell people you don't use the tool, that you don't ask for forgiveness or bestow it upon others, they will interpret this to mean that you hold grudges forever and that you have no consideration for whether your actions hurt others. They will not be able to understand what it really means – that you don't hold grudges against people for their mistakes, that you don't depend on external permission to feel okay about the fact that you make mistakes too, that you don't give people the freedom to intentionally hurt you and avoid responsibility through an irrational social convention, and that you don't expect such privileges for yourself either. The results these policies have for your relationships are all very positive, but people are not likely to understand that, so it may be better not to tell them.

Due to its irrational nature, forgiveness creates incongruence, and relationships built on it suffer. A relationship held together by beta apologies where forgiveness is verbally granted but in reality withheld develops problems that look something like this:

Dick: I'm so excited to go to Vegas with the guys!
Jane: You can't go to Vegas!
Dick: Why not?
Jane: Last time you were there you had sex with a stripper!
Dick: Jesus Christ, Jane, how many time are you going to bring that up? I already apologized for that a million times! Did you not already forgive me for that?!
Jane: Yes, but you still can't go!
Dick: What the fuck is wrong with you Jane? The past is the past and I'm not going to fuck a stripper again and we agreed that this issue was handled back in '95 and you said it was water under the bridge! Now you're dragging it up again, how long are you going to keep doing this?
Jane: Well I guess I just can't trust you!
Dick: I can't trust you either because you accept my apology and then you turn around and revoke your acceptance and what the fuck am I supposed to believe? What do I have to look forward to? Fifteen more years of fighting over the same goddamn thing every day?! Can we just handle this issue once and for all already?
Jane: All right, let's handle it once and for all.
three hours of "I'm sorry I love you I'll never do it again" later…
Jane: Okay, I forgive you.
Dick: Really?
Jane: Yeah. It was a long time ago and we've gotten past it now.
Dick: For good?
Jane: Yeah, for good.
Dick: Okay. See you in three days, Jane. I love you.
Jane: Wait, you're not going to Vegas!
Dick: What?
Jane: Last time you were there you had sex with a stripper!
rinse and repeat for the next fifteen years

What's going on here is that while the situation is very simple – either Dick needs to choose between Jane and Vegas, or Jane needs to choose between Vegas-going Dick or no Dick at all – the delusional belief that the problem can be solved with apologies and assurances of forgiveness and endless painstaking talks about feelings is keeping these people from realizing the simplicity of the situation and from getting to work on the real solution: making a choice.

The need for apologies and forgiveness arises out of not accepting the people you interact with as they are. For example, I know people who won't stick to a schedule. They'll tell you they'll do something by a certain deadline or show up in a certain place at a certain time, but they will usually not keep their promise. I don't ask for apologies, I simply accept that these people cannot be relied

upon for these things. I don't accept apologies either, I'm not going to irrationally convince myself that these people are suddenly going to start showing up when they say they will just because some words were exchanged. That's a fool's hope. The only way I'm going to believe that they can show up when they say they will is if they actually start consistently doing that. This lack of reliability with regard to time-related matters is something that lowers the value of these people's company to me by a certain amount, and I accept that and act accordingly.

People are used to being allowed a certain amount of consequence-free destructive behavior by the ubiquitous irrational "forgive and forget" mechanism. This is one of those things that they really know they shouldn't be getting away with, which is why calling them out on it is very effective in curbing their unpleasant tendencies.

As a particularly annoying example, the passive-aggressive tendency to try to avoid conflict by agreeing in words to something without ever intending to keep the promise, and then turning around and behaving in a way that breaks the agreement is common, predominantly among females. Asking them to apologize for their behavior will do nothing to change it – you'll just be giving them a free pass to avoid consequences and reinforce the behavior.

Given the choice, it would of course be preferable to surround oneself with people who don't exhibit this type of behavior at all, but in the case of someone you will by force of circumstances keep running into a lot, the best you can do is accept the behavior – and accepting it can, paradoxically, change it.

A friend's girlfriend pulled a stunt like this on me once, and had it not been for the fact that she was so deeply embedded in my social circle through her boyfriend, I might not have bothered with her at all – but she was, and that made a constructive solution necessary.

A group of us were driving from downtown to a friend's house to continue the evening when the girl in question announced that she did not intend to accompany us and wanted to be driven home instead. The rest of us objected – I don't quite remember whether it was to losing her company or to having to sit in the car for the extra time it would take to get her home – and she eventually agreed to come along, but insisted that she needed to pick up some things from her apartment first. We ended up having to sit through the long drive anyway, and once safely inside the walls of her building from whence she would not reappear, she sent us a jubilant text message gloating over how she felt she had gotten one over on us, like lying about her intentions in order to score a ride home and slip away unhindered was something to be proud of.

I would have liked to think better of her, but exposed to the truth about her character, I had to accept it. I knew we would keep running in the same circles a lot, and I knew I wasn't about to reinforce her behavior by letting her think she had scored some kind of twisted victory. I sent her a text message back saying "and your words will never be trusted again".

Since then, she has kept whatever promises she's made to me.

“Thank You For Not Being a Stupid Fuck”

April 25 2011

I get my fair share of fan mail and I’ve gotten thanks from readers for various aspects of my writing, but this one I thought deserved to be shared with you (the emphasis on the best part of the text is mine):

Mickey writes:

> Hi. I think you are the smartest, most self/socially-aware and enlightened person I have ever had the immense pleasure of having some sort of interaction with either via internet or real life. **Thank you for not being a stupid fuck.** Thank you for typing out and sharing everything you have written. Thank you for trying (but alas inevitably failing in most cases because people are stupid) to enlighten people, trying to make them wake up and become aware of what’s actually going on, what the world actually is.
>
> xx M

Apparently some people really know what warms the statistical calculator where my heart should be.

Bonus points if you can tell the emailer’s gender by the writing. Double bonus points if you could before you got to the signature.

In other news:

Quite a few people seem to be interested in reading my articles as a book, and I’ve decided to make that happen. I’ve looked into self-publishing/print-on-demand services and it seems fairly doable – if you know anything that you think I should know about this stuff, please shoot me a message. Printing costs are going to be somewhat higher than for regular books since the book won’t be produced in thousands of copies, but they promise me the physical quality of the final product will be just like in bookstores.

I’ll endeavor to make the quality of the content great as well. The book is not going to be website-dependent, it will work as a standalone entity that you can give to someone who’s never read a word of my writing before. I’ve gotten some requests for a Kindle version, which seems to be easy enough to make, so I’ll do that too (unless some unexpected problem stops me). I will not be doing any marketing or advertising of any kind, the whole thing will be very low-profile and only for you who already know about this site and those you choose to tell.

The book itself will have a similar underground feel – there will be no flashy cover graphics, no promotional blurbs with pictures of me staring mysteriously into the distance, no barcodes on the back, no frills of any kind. Appearance-wise, since I’m not interested in doing the flashy promotional look, I’m going for the mysteriously cool “there’s something special about this” look. Sleek, sexy and soulless, it will be something you can read in public without shame. For those of you who do read it in public, I know it would be great fun if the cover said “Suicide Bombing for Dummies”, but I’m not going to do that. The cover will probably say “Delusion Damage” and it’ll be exactly what it says on the cover. I’m not one of those actresses who suddenly think they can sing, and the book is going to be exactly what you’re used to seeing here, except slightly better with more careful editing and probably longer chapters – I’m probably going to combine some articles that fit together well.

I’ll be starting work on this project within days and it’ll be finished when I’m satisfied with the result. I like to get things done in short order, so it won’t be forever, just as long as it takes to make it good. I’ll keep you updated on the progress of the book project here on the blog.

Sexual Marketing

April 27 2011

"Welcome to the sexual marketplace.
Here are your coins, have fun."
- the note you should have gotten with your feminine curves

Before starting work on the book, there's one more thing I really think needs to be included.

This long and meandering essay, touching on a variety of important topics, is definitely one of my personal favorites on the site, and even though it's been a while since I wrote it, I still feel like it contains some of my best work. The visitor stats show that it remains an enduring crowd favorite – whether that's just because I link to it all the time is unclear. I've gotten some very flattering email about it, and I believe it stands out in the minds of readers like it does in mine.

The major problem I faced in writing that essay was the difficulty of explaining how to navigate the sexual marketplace as a female, how to understand what alpha males value and how to embody that in order to capture one.

I asked anyone with an idea to suggest a solution. To date, not a single person has answered that call. It's a difficult challenge. I promised you I'd think about it. I have.

The question is primarily one of sexual market value, and what can be explained about it is probably best understood in the larger context of the sexual market as a whole.

Like any market, the sexual market is primarily about supply and demand. The supply of alpha males is always short, seeing as social domination is a zero-sum game. Female sexual attraction is consequently also zero-sum – the more a woman is attracted to one man, the less she is to all other men. Male sexual attraction is not zero-sum – it's objectively based on indicators of health and fertility. Ignorance of this fact is a major reason why women get so terribly disturbed when their men show signs of being attracted to other women. They project their own psychology onto those men and believe that a man's attraction to another woman is directly subtracted from his attraction to her – that it's zero-sum. It's not.

Alpha females do not exist. The phrase is sometimes used figuratively to describe the highest class of females who have a shot at the alpha males, but the comparison is not realistic. With regard to sexual market value (henceforth SMV), as with many other things, men are distributed much further toward the extremes and women bunched up much more tightly in the middle. No woman will ever be as attractive to as many men as an apex alpha male is to women. It is physically impossible.

When women fall in their most passionate love with the highest of alphas, the target of their love becomes their world – a unique and special snowflake who sucks up all of that zero-sum attraction so none is left for others and she "has no eyes for other men".

These same women wish to be seen the same way by the men they desire – but it is not possible. Male attraction is not zero-sum, and in addition, it is simply not possible for one woman to be that much more attractive than all other women. One of many women's greatest fears is to be seen as interchangeable, and the truth they spend much time and effort trying to shield themselves from is that, relatively, they are. No woman can be as special to the opposite sex as can an alpha male.

When I discussed the common 1-10 female attractiveness rating scale earlier, I mentioned that the relative value of an apex alpha to women on that scale might approach 25. The SMV tradeoff in being female is that it is much easier to be decently attractive as a woman, but a woman can never reach the maximum level of attractiveness that a man can. The greatest alpha heartthrobs remain forever out of the league of every woman. No woman can pressure them into marriage with her sexual power, and managing to tie the knot with such a man is a stroke of luck more than anything –

sometimes a man, even an alpha, will really, honestly want to get married for some reason that has nothing to due with "locking down" a woman that's "the best he can get", and a lucky girl who manages to be in the right place at the right time can hit the jackpot.

This is not a reasonable goal, though, and as I've explained, it's probably not as great as you think it will be. Marrying a natural alpha with a relative value of 10-12 points as compared to the female rating scale, like Jim in this story, is possible, and if you are very determined and somewhat lucky, a reasonable goal.

What you need in order to do that is good genes and great marketing. Nothing is as important to a woman's attractiveness as her body. Just like no amount of nice personality will help a man if he is beta, no amount of nice personality will help a woman if she's ugly. These are the facts we must live with.

The good news is that most girls are born with OK genes – it's only through their lifestyle choices that they fail to reach their full potential. As you should already know, most girls naturally fall into the 5-6 range on the scale, but I would say that the average girl has the *potential* to reach up to 7 or 8 with intelligent effort.

The optimal female body is fit and healthy. When I say "fit", I do not mean "muscular" – I mean the kind of fit you get from eating healthy food, engaging in aerobic exercise, and generally trying to replicate the natural conditions that human bodies are supposed to operate in. This should not be difficult for a girl in her prime – her body will naturally tend towards this state, and only through seriously screwing with it, for example with a fast-food diet and a modern sedentary lifestyle, can it be disturbed. Most girls, of course, do seriously screw with it, but choosing not to should not be difficult. By the way, starving yourself is not the way to get in shape – nobody likes the matchstick look. Eat enough, eat healthy, and exercise. Exercise a lot. Walk, run, bike, climb, you can even lift weights as long as you don't go crazy with it – the female body does not pack on unsightly amounts of muscle very easily. Ask any female bodybuilder if it was easy.

At your prime age, which is 21 in case you didn't know (with the curve peaking relatively smoothly from 17 to 25), with the right diet and exercise, you should, with average genes, be able to reach a score of at least 7 or 8. Getting higher than 8 is largely contingent on whether you happened to have the good fortune of being born with nice features like an unusually pretty face, etc. But don't worry, 8 can be enough if you know what you're doing. Even if you don't have a billboard face, taking good care of your skin and making sure it's clear, soft and smooth will probably let you pull off the 8 with a well-maintained body.

Where do we go from there? This is where the sexual market comes in. It is a market like any other, and the highest quality product does not always win. What you can do with a product that is not quite the best available is sell it better. If you were buying some sort of equipment, you might be inclined to choose the slightly less great product if it has a longer warranty and uses less electricity and that store has much better customer service etc., even if you know that another product in another store is better, but it comes with a shorter warranty and the customer service is nonexistent. The packaging matters – the product itself matters more, but everything else is not unimportant.

The good news for a less than stunning girl is that girls tend slightly toward SMV equilibrium – the pretty girls don't need to work on their personalities, so they usually don't. They are high-quality products but they suck up a lot of power and there's no customer service. There are pretty girls who are also exceedingly nice, but they are not as common.

If you are an 8 with a really nice, sweet, feminine, yin personality, and you learn the sort of attractive behavior demonstrated by the examples at the end of this essay, you will still be an 8, but you will be able to compete out of your league. I'll take a sweet 8 over a bitchy 9 any day, and so will any man in his right mind.

It's often said that the "bonus effect" a girl's personality can have is around one point, and "in

nature" this is usually quite accurate. An unusually sweet 8 ties with a normal 9, a bitchy 9 ties with a normal 8. But things change when you get industrial about it – if you make attractive behavior a scientific study and devote a determined effort to understanding and embodying it, you can do things that don't happen naturally. I could show you examples of talented professional actresses seemingly effortlessly demonstrating behavior that is certainly worth a solid two points. If you are not one, it will probably be a challenge, but with practice, you should be able to get close. This is not something you see a lot even on film, but for a spectacular example, watch Christina Hendricks guest star in the episode of "Firefly" called "Our Mrs. Reynolds", where you will see her spend at least half the episode pulling off a flawless execution of vulnerability game that's easily worth the full two points. Note that while her character happens to be an opinionless eager-to-please doormat, that's not a prerequisite of attractive behavior. It can make it easier, because that mindset happens to align nicely and naturally with the sort of mindset you need, but I'm sure that if we brought Christina Hendricks in here right now, she could collect the full two points without being a doormat. If you put your mind to learning this, you should be able to get pretty good at it as well.

If you can polish your product to an 8 and market it with bonuses worth an extra 2… now we're cooking with gas. It's a tragically hidden secret that at least 50% of girls have the natural potential to make it to somewhere around the 95th percentile and into the class where you start getting to marry alpha males, who form the upper 5% of the male population.

Recall "Four Stories". I wasn't thinking of numbers when I wrote that, but based on how I've described her, Rachel is a 9. She also has the pretty girl sweetness that you can get from living in a world where everyone is always nice to you. A 9 with a nice, sweet disposition, she's definitely hitting in the big leagues and that's reflected in her success with the opposite sex. She marries a natural alpha – and even the higher natural alphas, like Jim in the story, do usually end up getting married. Rachel could have married Jim. Rachel was blessed with really good genes and didn't have to work for her success, but with average genes and smart, hard work, you could probably be Rachel.

Cindy is a 3 or 4. The really sad thing is that she did work hard, and if she'd just been smart about it and worked on the things that actually impress men, she could probably have been Rachel. Most girls could.

You don't need to reach the 8+2. Perfect tens are exceedingly rare in nature, and they don't really form enough of a contingent that you'd need to compete with them. In an average lifetime spent in the normal kind of social circles that most people move in, you aren't likely to know more than one.

Your serious competition for alpha male commitment are the nines. There's one in every high school class and some of them have the dancing-on-roses fantasy bubble world bonus personality. Some are intolerable bitches who just don't bother with manners because they don't need them. These girls are the ones you can blow out of the water with your lovely, sweet femininity that will outweigh the fact that their bodies are sightly shapelier than yours. I wouldn't go up against a naturally sweet 9 unless you seriously know what you are doing. The good news is that you probably won't need to beat them – if you can join them on the level where it gets difficult to choose between you, you are pretty much golden. Your personality will weigh more when you're being considered for marriage and long-term commitment, so with really good behavior you can possibly edge out even a nice 9. Even if you can't, it's not a problem. You'll probably still make it into the top 5% where the alphas are available.

True tens are no more than one in a hundred, and that's a high estimate. Nines are maybe one in twenty, at their best age, and half of them are bitches. That leaves about 3-4% of girls you can't beat no matter how hard you try, which means you still have a chance at making it to the 96th or 97th percentile and securing yourself an alpha husband. If you're starting from above average attractiveness, then the sky is the limit.

Let's say you have good genes and a nice face, and you're a 7 even though you don't exercise or eat

especially well. Follow my instructions and you can probably make it to a 9. You may think that things like petite breasts or a strong jawline would prevent you from reaching 9, but they won't (see: Kristen Bell). 9 is not an exact science. 10 is an exact science, 9 is like cooking by heart – it's really good even if all the ingredients aren't mixed in the most optimal possible ratio.

nine point zero - click picture for full size

If you have potential 9 genes and you are reading this… holy fuck, I shouldn't even be telling you this. You're going to be dangerous. When girls who already naturally rub up against the maximum score start collecting the bonus points, things happen that really shouldn't be allowed to happen. I consider myself a master of will power, but there is a level where things start getting hard – it's not a level I run into in the course of a regular day, but it does exist. Men, beware of this – as you advance on your journey further toward alpha, you will start running into things that can really, really fuck with your head if you let yourself be caught off guard. You are not in Kansas anymore and all that. It's a different ballgame.

Sexual marketing is one of the most useful skills you can have as a female, right after the skill of identifying patterns and making connections (commonly known as "intelligence") and the skill of mastering your emotions. Hit the trifecta (and be pretty), and you can have pretty much anything you want in this world… hell, you can be my girlfriend. For a while, anyway.

Sadly, most women are afflicted with a severe lack of all of these skills. Very few have more than one. Most waste their short window of opportunity during which the world smiles at them not knowing what they should be doing. Some realize, albeit too late, what's really going on.

Honestly
What will become of me

Don’t like reality
It’s way too clear to me
But really
Life is dandy
We are what we don’t see
Miss everything daydreaming

[Chorus:]
Flames to dust
Lovers to friends
Why do all good things come to an end?

Traveling I
Only stop at exits
Wondering if I’ll stay
Young and restless
Living this way I stress less
I want to pull away when the dream dies
The pain sets in and I don’t cry
I only feel gravity and I wonder why

If this isn’t an experiential description of that cartoon moment in the life of a girl’s sexual market value when she has just gone over the cliff and gravity waits for her to realize her predicament before the plunge, then that fact has certainly been hidden extremely well. If you look at the singer in the video, you can see she’s been absolutely beautiful, and she’s still pretty, but she’s reaching the point where she’s starting to feel the pull of gravity (her words) and knows the crushing fall into sexual oblivion is just a moment away. I could write a hundred words on every one of the lines I’ve quoted above, but I think you’ll be able to analyze them yourself. The message is rather clear.

Why do all good things come to an end? Who knows these things… they just do. We have to live with that and make our choices accordingly.

Don’t Be Tooled

April 30 2011

It is the way of most guys who are not quite alpha enough as they are to try to prop up their attractiveness with external status markers such as expensive possessions, unusual achievements, or membership in some exclusive group. The more shrewd among them will take any chance they can get to tool an unsuspecting beta bystander with the help of such status markers:

“Hey, nice watch. I just got a new one – Cartier, 400 bucks.”

“Yeah, I do 200 pushups every morning. Is that a lot? I dunno, what’s a regular amount? How many pushups can you do?”

“Hey, what fraternity are you in? I’m Alpha Beta Omega… oh, you didn’t make it into one?”

These can come in crude or subtle forms. If the guy is not too smart, he may shoot himself in the foot by being too blatant with his bragging and his attempt will backfire without your needing to do anything about it. If the guy is a little more skilled, though, he will insinuate his higher status in a more subtle way that will not sound as much like bragging – it is in these situations that a counter-move is required. The regular betas he’s used to will just roll over and take the hit, giving away a piece of their social status to build up his, but for you as a student of The Way of Alpha, defeat is not an option. Walking through the world among these sucker-punching wannabe tough guys you are a ninja, and your kung fu is strong.

With the help of a secret move passed down from the ancients, you will render his attack ineffective and retaliate with a devastating blow.

Reject his reality and substitute your own.

What you must remember is that his display of higher status is not effective until you *believe* it is. In order for some possession, achievement or membership to confer higher status upon him, the audience (you and possible bystanders) must accept the guy’s version of reality where that particular thing is a marker of high status. This acceptance usually happens without the audience much reflecting over it, but you are going to make them reflect, and you are going to push them to choose your reality instead – a reality where whatever the guy is claiming is a marker of *lower* status. As a mystical warrior trained in powerful skills, you honorably choose not to use your power to kick those who are already down, but to save it for unleashing upon those who would mistake you for a victim. When a guy tries to tool you, you smile on the inside, because you know he is tempting fate with his arrogance and asking to be tooled himself – and you have no qualms about being the instrument of that fate.

Before he knows what’s happening, you turn his own status markers against him and leave him in a pool of humiliation on the floor:

Guy: “Hey, nice watch. I just got a new one – Cartier, 400 bucks.”
You: “Dude, you got ripped off.” *You hold up your own watch.* “Twenty-two bucks, Walgreens.” *You need not challenge his words, only change their meaning. In his reality, he’s saying “Look how much richer I am than you”, but in your reality he’s saying “I’m so stupid I would pay $400 for something that doesn’t tell time any better than a $20 version.” The audience will have to accept your reality as the “last reality standing” because the guy can’t very well counter with “The extra $380 is just for showing off”.*

Guy: “Yeah, I do 200 pushups every morning. Is that a lot? I dunno, what’s a regular amount? How many pushups can you do?”
You: “I don’t know, I think the last time I counted was in eighth grade when all the guys competed in that.”

In his reality, he's saying "Look how much better shape I'm in than you", but in your reality he's saying "I'm still in eighth grade which is why I'm assuming you must be too". Your reality wins because the audience knows that push-up ability is really not very important and once you've reminded them of this fact, the guy can't counter by trying to convince them that it matters.

Guy: "Hey, what fraternity are you in? I'm Alpha Beta Omega… oh, you didn't make it into one?"
You: "I wish I could have told you this before you spent all those weeks being a servant for the older frat guys…" *You lean in slightly and mime the "whispering a secret" move while still staying in your own space and keeping alpha body language, and then you "whisper" loud enough to make sure everyone around can hear you.* "You don't need to do that just to get girls to like you."
In his reality, he's saying "Look at my high social status", but in your reality he's saying "I have to debase myself in order to get social status, because I can't get laid otherwise." He can try to counter by extolling the virtues of the brotherhood or whatever, but it will not work as the audience knows that the main reason anyone would join a fraternity is to get easier access to sex. With your noticeably innocent phrasing of "get girls to like you" instead of the more common and obvious "get laid", you are further reinforcing the image of him as a hapless beta who doesn't know what he's doing and of yourself as condescendingly offering him advice, like an adult would to a child. As an extra bonus, you are also subcommunicating that you yourself have no problem attracting girls without the help of fraternity membership. This is a double whammy in that it both lowers his status and raises yours.

With great power comes great responsibility… use your power for good, not evil. Studying here, you gain the power to be a dick, and it falls to you to decide who deserves to get fucked and who doesn't. The guys who are assholes deserve to get fucked, but the guys who are pussies are fucked enough already, so please don't add to their troubles. I'm trusting you to use your dick power honorably and to vengeance-fuck only assholes, not pussies. With pussies, be gentle, like this.

New World, No Bravery Required

May 3 2011

"Anyone who can appease a man's conscience can take his freedom away from him."
"Men can never be free, because they're weak, corrupt, worthless… and restless. The people believe in authority."
- from "The X Files"

So, they say Bin Laden is dead. Can we have our Constitutional rights back now? No? Color me surprised.

Perhaps somewhere on the opulently decorated 47th floor of a postwar New York skyscraper, men who own the world rub their hands together in satisfaction and congratulate each other over brandy and cigars for being masters of the universe.

Conspiracy theories come in various flavors distributed over a sliding scale, from the ones that are almost impossible to believe (like that world leaders are actually reptilian aliens hypnotizing all of us into seeing an illusory human form instead of their green-scaled real selves) to the ones that are almost impossible *not* to believe (like that members of government and industry are in cohorts to exploit the population for their own financial profit).

The phrase "new world order" is commonly associated with a particular conspiracy theory that comes in a few different versions of variable believability. The most common claims that appear in many of these versions are as follows:

1. There is a small group of extremely wealthy people who control the U.S. government and various other political bodies.
2. These people have a plan to further increase their power and influence over the rest of the world, culminating in a "new world order", a totalitarian worldwide government heavily limiting personal freedom and practically enslaving the human race in service of this small group.
3. Whilst having their tentacles wrapped around most profit-producing industries, these people are particularly involved in banking and the financial services industry, which is practically completely under their control.
4. This group subscribes to some sort of occult or Satanist religion and intends to destroy all other religions.

5. Institutions commonly associated with the group include the International Monetary Fund, the Bilderberg Group, financial firms Goldman Sachs and J.P. Morgan, the Rothschild, Rockefeller and Kennedy families, the U.S. government and military, and the major media conglomerates.
6. Alternatively, instead of Satanism or the occult, the group is sometimes associated with the Jewish religion and/or the state of Israel.
7. The group is secretly responsible for the 9/11 "terrorist attacks", a false-flag scare tactic used as a tool for limiting civil liberties and moving toward the "new world order" under the guise of protecting the people.

The basic "NWO conspiracy" comes in more or less elaborate versions. Sometimes the conspiratorial group is loosely defined as the wealthiest 1% of Americans, sometimes it's only the pure-blooded descendants of a centuries-old Satanic cult, sometimes it's the extended families of old banking clans and "new money" industry captains, sometimes it's the Jews, sometimes the old royal families of Europe and their American banker buddies, sometimes it's claimed that all of these people are the same people.

Sometimes their influence is limited to fleecing ridiculous profits off the working public, sometimes it extends to planting Satanic messaged in pop music, sometimes they control all of the Western world's governments and financial institutions, sometimes they just have disproportionate lobbying influence in Washington.

Sometimes their ultimate plan is to subject you to gulag-style slavery and 1984-style thought policing, sometimes it's just to live in luxury without having to work while keeping the public uninformed of who's running the show.

Sometimes this conspiracy is supposed to be the greatest, most acute threat to your personal well-being right now, sometimes it's just one more slightly bothersome way in which the world is unfair, like having to pay taxes to support welfare queens.

People, being what they are, tend to split into two opposing groups on this issue (if acquainted with it at all), one supporting the theory and one denying it. Such a debate is, of course, completely beside the point.

The question isn't whether there is a small wealthy elite making an effort to exploit the unwitting masses – of course there is, that's what most people would do if they had money and power. Most people's thinking revolves around win/lose deals. The real question concerns the nature and organization of this so-called "group".

Do you think just having lots of money and profiting from capital through the capitalist system means that one is involved in a "conspiracy"? Do you consider anybody who declares capital gains on their tax return a "member" simply because they're rich and getting richer? Do you consider only those individuals who engage in governmental corruption or similar shady practices "members"? Or does one have to be formally initiated into some sort of Satanic cult to qualify as one of "them"?

The idea that there is *one overreaching,* strictly organized, top-down, master-plan-following conspiracy working deliberately to "keep you down" that is responsible for all your troubles is something you can only believe if you don't know anything about how people work and how the world works.

It should be obvious to anyone who bothers to think that the current Western capitalist system "keeps down" anyone who does not have money and "keeps up" anyone who does. Anyone who manages to get money will automatically move from being "kept down" to being "kept up" without any sort of Satanic initiation being required – without the acceptance, or even the knowledge, of the system's current beneficiaries.

"The rich get richer and the poor don't get a fucking thing,

with me ain't nothing changed but the things my money brings."
- Curtis "50 Cent" Jackson

Capitalism rewards capital. If you don't have any, you're going to have a hard time. If despite that you manage to acquire capital, you will then have it easy. Do you think Mr. Jackson enjoys the kind of life he does because he was accepted into some exclusive world-domination club? Do you think some conspiracy leader told his chauffeur to drive his bulletproof Cadillac to the street corner in Queens, NY where Mr. Jackson was selling crack and said "Hey, we need you in particular out of all the corner drug-dealers in America for our world domination conspiracy, would you like to become rich and famous?". I'm thinking that probably didn't happen.

Do you think Mr. Jackson happened to become rich and famous through his own work and/or a stroke of luck and was then subsequently accepted into some exclusive world-domination club? Do you think some conspiracy leader came to see him at his newly purchased mansion and said "Hey, welcome to the club, now you need to know about the rules: you get to enjoy the benefits of money and fame as long as you don't use your influence against the system that provides those benefits. Okay?" That could, theoretically, have happened, but I don't see any compelling reason to believe so. The case could just as easily be that he simply got rich through work and luck and now enjoys being on the nice end of the capitalist system, without any involvement in a conspiracy at any point.

Are there *some* rich and powerful people who want to enslave the world under a Satanist planetary government? Maybe. There are always crazies, even among those who can afford health care. Do *most* of the rich and powerful have such designs? Probably not. I'm not inclined to believe that a very large portion of the people who've been smart enough to out-compete everyone else also trying to get money and social status could be dumb enough to engage in some silly devil-worshiping. Logically, the most successful power-grabbers should be unsympathetic hedonists of the Tony Montana variety. That's the picture I'm getting from what I see of the Wall Street types and the politicians. The idea that they can be that calculatingly realistic all day in their relentless quest for power and then go home in the evening and in all seriousness pay their respects to some demonic anti-deity seems unlikely. I just can't be persuaded to believe that any major portion of the people in power would take something like that seriously.

The system is built in a way where anyone who wants power above all else can get it. There are no built-in checkpoints to ensure that the prospective power-grabber subscribes to an occult faith. Even if we theorize that a member of an existing occult conspiracy were to interview all prospects about their beliefs before allowing them into positions of power, we must still conclude that power would systemically shift to the single-minded Tony Montanas who paid lip service to the faith but in reality concerned themselves only with personal power – just like it does in any political organization. The USSR was way better at keeping an eye on its prospective Party members and checking out their beliefs than it is physically possible for any Western conspiracy to be, and still it kept ending up with corrupt leaders who cared nothing for "the workers" and only wanted power for power's sake. No matter how devoutly Satanist an existing power-elite might theoretically be, as old members made way for new ones it would naturally tend towards the Tony Montana mentality until not a single true believer was left. This is why I can't take seriously the claim that world leaders are Satanists, or Jews, or anything but the kind of people whose only god is power. This is also why I can't take seriously the claims that people who aren't born into the right circles are forever excluded from the power-elite: a group of power-worshipers will always accept as an ally anyone who can help them in their quest for power, regardless of heritage, race or religion.

The idea that a group of unsympathetic power-worshipers would want to perpetually increase their power over the citizenry by imposing ever stricter control over personal freedom, and the idea that some of them might not have any qualms about killing a bunch of citizens in order to scare the rest into giving up their freedoms – given the starting assumption that anyone in power in the current system must, because of the earlier explained "Tony Montana invasion effect", be ruthlessly single-minded in the pursuit of power, saying that there is nothing they won't do for more power becomes

redundant. Of course they'd stage a terrorist attack – whether they happened to find some actual real terrorists to cooperate with or just did it all by themselves is beside the point.

Politics is not infested with corruption – politics *is* corruption itself. From the very lowest level to the highest, it's all based on the same "scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" deal. A voter helps a candidate into the position of power that he wants, and the candidate promises in return to help the voter by furthering the interests of whatever special group the voter belongs to. A CEO helps a congressman with money to get the luxury mansion that he wants, and the congressman, in return, helps the CEO by changing the law to reduce his financial responsibility to customers who get hurt when his products malfunction. One of these processes is called "democracy" and the other "corruption", but they are both exactly the same thing: politics – exchanging favors. The only reason every government in the world isn't 100% corrupt is that in some countries enough of the voters are paying attention to make it worthwhile for politicians to at least occasionally keep their campaign promises.

There may be the occasional politician who just does it for the good feelings he gets from helping his constituents and isn't a power-hungry Tony Montana type, but the way the system is built means that the Tony Montanas have a substantial advantage and that they will always get the overwhelming majority of the influential positions.

The fact that the banking and financial industries, the families that have been involved in these industries for generations, and the organizations formed around these industries are filled with Tony Montana types is an obvious result of the capitalist structure of our society – where capital is power, those hungry for power will self-evidently gravitate toward the manipulation of capital. Even if it's better than communism, capitalism isn't all good either – despite of what cultural propaganda would have us believe, it, too, has its problems. The fact that the capital ends up in the hands of ruthless bastards is one.

Do I believe that there's an "NWO conspiracy"? In the sense that power-hungry people will always cooperate with each other to exploit others, yes, I believe they are doing that. In the sense that there's some specific underground society with specific "official" members and a specific agreed-upon agenda for world domination which all the members together work towards – no, I don't believe that power-hungry people would ever put a group's agenda before their own. Whatever seems at the moment to be the path to more power will be paid lip service to, but in the end a power-hungry person has no loyalties, and I don't believe any secret society can emerge among such people where the members wouldn't cut each others' throats for a chance at more power. If they cooperate against others, it is only because they see that as the best way to gain power at that time, but whenever a situation appears where screwing over their previous allies will give them more power, that's what's going to happen.

These people are all each others' enemies. They're all engaged in a cold war against each other, guarding themselves with the principle of mutually assured destruction. They would kill each other if they didn't need each other. When they come together to go after someone like Julian Assange, it's only because they can all agree that he's trouble and none of them need him. They would do the exact same thing to each other if they didn't need each other. It's not a big conspiratorial group of "insiders" fighting a clandestine war against "outsiders". It's a loose collection of codependent power-hungry persons, each fighting his own clandestine cold war against everyone else. There is no conspiracy, and there are countless conspiracies. There's Jim And Bob scheming against Bill, Bill and Bob against Jim, all three of them against the world, and each of them with a fourth party against the other two.

When people talk about "*the* conspiracy", like there's *one* and you're either *in* or *out*, I feel like banging my head against a wall. When people try to "inform" me about the "revelations" they've recently had while watching some "revolutionary" internet documentary, I feel like telling them to go read a book about human nature instead. The most annoying part of it is that a fair few of them think they're so bloody smart for "seeing the truth" about how they're being exploited by "The

conspiracy" (with a capital T) and strut around on their imaginary high horse calling everyone else sheep. It is of course true that to the average person, the genius and the idiot look the same, but that doesn't make me not want to punch people in the face for waving around their symbolic certificate of slightly-less-than-average ignorance like it meant something. You stopped believing in the TV gods? Good for you, but don't talk to me until you're ready to let go of your oppressed class fantasy as well. Saying that everyone in power is banding together to oppress you is the same as feminists saying that men everywhere are banding together to oppress women. It's a silly oversimplification that completely distorts the facts, and it shows that you know next to nothing about people.

There is absolutely no good reason to believe that all the powerful people are involved in some secret society with some specific plan. They are just doing what the kind of people who are likely to achieve power in a Western democracy do when they have power. There could be a few crazies among them who really do believe in some Satanic prophecy that their banker grandfather wrote down 200 years ago and the family has ever since devoted itself to making happen, but to claim that the entire "power elite" is in on it is colossally stupid. First you will have to explain how on earth they keep the Tony Montanas out, and how their organization, intellectually crippled as it must be by excluding everyone who won't subscribe to silly occult beliefs, can hold onto its monopoly of power against equally ruthless and much smarter competitors.

The smart move always wins. Strength is as nothing to understanding. No tyranny can survive without restricting the flow of information. Smart people can only be kept down if you don't let them be smart. If you are a tyrant, you'll want to feed your own brain with all the knowledge you can find, and keep the portion of citizens who were born smarter than you from feeding theirs. You can't fight people who are smarter than you because you *don't know what they'll do*. You can't defend against being fucked with in ways you don't understand. It's like playing chess against a better player – by the time you realize what he's doing, you are already irreparably fucked. The only way to be a successful tyrant is to make sure that no one who wants to fight you is smarter than you, and that no one who is smarter than you wants to fight you.

Most tyrants restrict the flow of information and keep those who want to fight them from becoming smart enough to succeed. It's a risky game, and often a losing one. Smart people naturally want to make themselves smarter, and once in a while, even when you try to stop them, they succeed.

The smart tyrant does it the other way around – he restricts the incentive to fight. When you understand that you can't take the risk inherent in betting that no one is smarter than you, the solution becomes clear – you must make sure that those who are smarter than you do not want to fight you.

The Western system does this. Advertising-driven democracy is a sham, but most people don't realize this. The circus of elections keeps them from revolution because they feel like it's fair and they have a chance at making a difference. Some who aren't quite dumb enough to buy into the "hope and change" refrain vote for an independent, not realizing that the system is designed to make it impossible for them to have any significant impact. A minority that recognizes the futility of voting for anyone at all is dissatisfied with the fact of really having no say in what goes on in their nation, and some of them, ones with nothing to lose, would like to take the whole thing down. Most of these people are not smart enough to make any significant impact. They can complain, but the system is designed to drown out their concerns.

A few are smart enough to be really dangerous. The information they need to sharpen their minds way past those of the people in power is available when they know where to look. If they put their heads together, they could fuck shit up something fierce. This is a group that the power-elite cannot afford to antagonize – they are a risk factor, an unknown variable. The power-elite are smart enough to realize this. They don't even try to keep the really smart ones down. The design of the democratic Western country is ingenious because of the intellectual pressure valve included in it.

Are you dumb enough to believe what's on TV? Then you're a useful cog in the system.

Are you smart enough to realize that the TV is lying but not quite smart enough to be able to do anything about it? Then you're unhappily trapped in the system, forced to turn with the other cogs by the sheer momentum of everything around you.

Are you smart enough to be able to wrench yourself loose from the other cogs and damage the machine? Then, there's no need – if you understand the structure of the system enough to see how you can get loose, you'll see that the easiest way is to just slip right out without grinding against anything.

Imagine it like a prison – something quite a few conspiracy theorists like to compare our society to. Most prisoners are too busy watching TV to look around and notice the bars. Some get bored of the TV and angrily pound on the bars. Some go a step further and start planning an escape.

There is a deliberately unguarded escape route in the prison, but it is not obvious. Only the smartest prisoners figure out how to utilize it. Those who want to escape but see no way to do so may try to incite a riot – but they're not smart enough to pull it off successfully. Those who could make a riot happen don't need to, because they understand the built-in escape route, and they take it. Risking their lives in a riot makes no sense when they can just climb out.

This is the true ingeniousness of the brave new world we've been born into.

> "My dear young friend," said Mustapha Mond, "civilization has absolutely no need of nobility or heroism. These things are symptoms of political inefficiency. In a properly organized society like ours, nobody has any opportunities for being noble or heroic. Conditions have got to be thoroughly unstable before the occasion can arise."
> - Aldous Huxley, "Brave New World"

Bravery and revolution are last resorts. Smart people don't do things like that if there are safer and more rewarding options available. Providing such options for those prisoners who are unhappy with their captivity is what keeps our society and its power structure stable.

I suspect many more people are fond of making references to Aldous Huxley's novel "Brave New World" than have actually read it, and even of those who have, I wonder how many realize how the part about what happens to the individuals caught rioting against the system reflects the workings of our own society.

> [...] said the Controller, as the door closed. "Whereas, if he had the smallest sense, he'd understand that his punishment is really a reward. He's being sent to an island. That's to say, he's being sent to a place where he'll meet the most interesting set of men and women to be found anywhere in the world. All the people who, for one reason or another, have got too self-consciously individual to fit into community-life. All the people who aren't satisfied with orthodoxy, who've got independent ideas of their own. Every one, in a word, who's any one. I almost envy you, Mr. Watson."
> - Aldous Huxley, "Brave New World"

This is why smart people in the West don't bother with inciting a riot against the system. Are we living in captivity? In a way, yes. Can we still have everything we want? By and large, yes. Risking our lives in a riot is just not worth it. The Westerner smart enough to fight the system and damage it finds his own brand of metaphorical island more alluring than the prospect of strife and struggle.

"Freedom" is in the mind. If I get to do everything I want, I am free, regardless of whether other people call the place where I'm doing it a prison island or a vacation island.

And you do get to do everything you want, if you can figure out how to do it. Our society is built so that getting the important things without disturbing the system is easier than disturbing the system to get them. An "escaped prisoner", you may be a burden on the system, but the labor of all the regular prisoners will support you, and for the system, that sacrifice is worth making because supporting your island life costs less than fighting you and trying to prevent you from "escaping" would cost. It's an insurance policy the system buys against potential revolutionaries.

Is the system still unfair and immoral? Oh yes. Am I inclined to sacrifice what I have to fight it? No way. I consider myself relatively charitable, but there's a limit.

The reason I don't write about fighting the system is not because it *shouldn't* be changed – it's just that I prefer doing things the practical way. Of the two ways to get what you want in the world, changing yourself is much more practical than changing the world. That's why all my advice is about changing yourself and none of it is about changing the world. I like to focus on the kind of action that gets the best results.

In other news:

The Delusion Damage book is coming along nicely. I've selected the articles for it, organized them into a more practical order where they support each other better than they do on the site, and made some edits. I've made an effort to make it into a smooth read, removing quotations, references, Q&A's, etc. in favor of a continuous narrative where I could, and I've generally tightened up the text by removing unnecessary parts and added a few new ones. After all this, I think it's going to be a significantly better read than the website has been. I'm still going to write an introduction and maybe something else, then I'll go about seeing how to get it printed. The text I have now is about 90,000 words, which will probably fill about 300 pages in paperback. It includes most of the articles currently on the site – what I think are the important ones. I've tried to choose the most informative and useful ones and leave out the ones with less learning value, and what I've done with them has been with the intention of making them give you a lot more than they have so far. I'm pretty satisfied with the result, and I think you'll like it as well.

Navigation

May 6 2011

Craig writes:

I read Four Stories at midnight last night and it just fucking DESTROYED me.

I'm 99% Seth and 1% Jim. I've been wacky and brash enough, from time to time, to stand out, speaking my mind in my own way, which is almost always funny. I've also been Jim-enough to not realize the opportunities I've had. My first sexual experience was on the night before graduation with a girl who I was absolutely over the moon for, but scared to death of initiating anything with. I just didn't see that as an ALLOWED possibility. I believed that all women had agreed on this before meeting me.

But still, she made her move on me on the last night she could. That's very encouraging, because it shows I still have some little atrophied alpha-scraps lying about my personality. Somewhere to start.

I'm 36 now. Engineering career, failed 8-year entrepreneurial experience, Chapter 7, putting my life back together. Constant porn use/sexual-refuge from ages 10 until quite recently (knock on wood).

So as I paced up and down my kitchen at 3am, stumbling and gasping with fear, these are the clearest realizations I could manage:

1: It's not that I've done anything WRONG. I'm not ashamed. I've been doing the best I could.

2: Rather, what I have BEEN has been wrong. My mind and heart have been full of B.S. that kept me from seeing and taking the opportunities I've had. My warped childhood (unhappy bossy Mom who rarely gave affection, ultra-beta Dad who never stood up for anything) simply left me in that state, with those perspectives. I couldn't have imagined life any other way.

3: If I can dig myself out of this, I'll feel quite awesome, even if I never have the 9-to-10 pussy carousel spinning through my apartment. It's not about the results. It's about peeling off the self-esteem, feeling the pain, learning, and walking away from shitty beliefs/delusions that I never needed anyway.

Eh? You had an experience like this?

Still, I have concerns for which I (and others) very much want your perspective.

I really do understand how Game can change the nature of one's existence in the context of women, and therefore his understanding of what life can be. I've experienced that by accident in bits and pieces, but never integrated them together.

MY BEEF with starting Game, though, is twofold:

1: Fuck, I don't WANT to spend time in bars and clubs. I hate those places and I dislike

most of those people. It would feel like sucking up.

I'm willing to hold out the possibility, though, that it's because I've never known how to socially function in those contexts that I blame THEM for the discomfort and time-wastage. If I DID know how to function, I might find them much more enjoyable.

(Eh?)

2: While I'm sure I'd psychologically benefit overall from "playing the field" and using young(ish) women to build up my self-concept, I look out at this imagined version of me and IMAGINE that I'd feel like shit for being a such USER. Even if I CAN use/manipulate/Game women to feed my hindbrain and build confidence, wouldn't that also make me a shithead for doing so? These are people, after all.

Likewise, my best counter-guess against this point is that I only feel this way because I still assume that sexual contact with me is "a bad" for somebody. 'Damage that I'm doing to them. I'm not considering/imagining how I can actually benefit/improve someone's life and future by being with her.

(Eh?)

Of course, when I was 20 years old I'd never have given a fuck about these. Me wanted pussy, me no cared. But now that I better understand how these women's lives usually go, I worry about feeling that I'm "part of the problem".

Like I said above twice in microcosm, surely my reservations have mostly to do with how Game looks FROM HERE, from the deprived side of the tracks. But this is all still theoretical to me.

Whatever words of perspective and wisdom you can offer me, either via email or on the website, would be very much appreciated. I can't be the only one with these inner conflicts. Feel free to use this to help me and others.

I guess I should have a warning on the front page: don't read this site in the middle of the night. In fact, maybe it should only be read under professional supervision. I reflect sometimes, as I walk along the riverside in the sunshine, on the fact that I am telling people things many of them probably should not know, and that I am giving people powers that many of them probably should not have.

But if you're going to want to try alcohol to find dangerous tools on the internet anyway, I'd rather you get them from me than from your delinquent friends. The things that I don't consider suitable for unrestricted distribution and that you aren't likely to get from other sources, those I can exercise some measure of control over by being careful only to pass them on to individuals I think should have them – the greater the power the greater the responsibility – but if there is booze out in the street, I'm not going to tell you not to drink. That's a job for the reality-denial brigade, and they have all the manpower they need already – here on the reality-acceptance team, on the other hand, we're a bit short-staffed. If you're going to partake of the firewater that makes men your fools and women your playthings, do it in the house. (No, you can't exchange your parents for me anymore. I'm sorry, you should have done that before you started your game. Anyway, you would probably have ended up with just a few hours on your birthday after having to share the year with all my other future illegitimate children.)

Now, raise your hand if Craig is describing your life… OK, that's a lot of guys. This is the life that a

lot of guys have. These are the questions a lot of guys ask, the concerns that a lot of guys are troubled by. This is your life in betamax.

visual aid for the humoristically impaired

I've been wacky and brash enough, from time to time, to stand out, speaking my mind in my own way, which is almost always funny. I've also been Jim-enough to not realize the opportunities I've had. My first sexual experience was on the night before graduation with a girl who I was absolutely over the moon for, but scared to death of initiating anything with.

Craig is accomplished with the nice-guy weapon of choice, comedy. Unfortunately, this does not make women feel like Titanic after the collision, it makes them feel like he is a court jester, there to entertain them. He is also accomplished with the nice-guy emotion of choice, fear of rejection, and the nice-guy allergy of choice, attraction-induced paralysis. Most of all, he absolutely shines in his Broadway-quality performance as the guy who does as he's told – this is my favorite part of his email:

I just didn't see that as an ALLOWED possibility.
I believed that all women had agreed on this before meeting me.

Who's ever felt like that? Yep, I thought so. Craig just nailed it right there.

But still, she made her move on me on the last night she could.

Interesting point that comes up in Craig's story: women will just about practically never "make a move" – they expect you to do this. It's classic that Craig's girl would only risk it at the last moment before the big cleaning of the slate. If you think you're afraid of rejection, think about this for a second: if approaching and risking rejection was up to women, the species would die out within a generation.

I'm 36 now. Engineering career, failed 8-year entrepreneurial experience, Chapter 7, putting my life back together.

Nobody has a "failed" entrepreneurial experience. Mine, for example, was a raging success: years of living super-broke, disappointing pretty much the entire (extended) family and their great expectations, going deep into debt, anger, depression, stress, inability to sleep at night, not a pot to piss in at the end of it, learned a lot. Best thing I ever did.

Constant porn use/sexual-refuge from ages 10 until quite recently (knock on wood).

A lot of guys think of porn as something they really shouldn't, or shouldn't *need* to consume, but I think that's reading too much into the whole thing. It's entertainment of a sort, no better or worse, necessarily, than TV or music or video games – if you want to enjoy an hour of "Face Painters 4″ instead of an hour of "Survivor: SandFreezeJungleland", I don't see that it's objectively any less useful for you. In fact, physical exercise is a plus. Don't overdo it to where you're depleting your body of stuff it needs, but frankly I don't see any reason to be more worried about someone watching porn than someone playing World of Warcraft. I don't really believe the feminist "porn screws you up" propaganda. I think American Idol or World of Warcraft can screw you up just as bad.

So as I paced up and down my kitchen at 3am, stumbling and gasping with fear, these are the clearest realizations I could manage

When you find yourself doing this, that means it's time to go to bed and compartmentalize the problem, admitting that you can only produce your best solution once you're back at 100% effect. Of course, actually calming down enough to sleep is very, very hard, but make a habit of working on it. The skill will slowly develop, and each step will allow you to sleep slightly better with slightly bigger problems under your pillow.

1: It's not that I've done anything WRONG. I'm not ashamed. I've been doing the best I could.

See what Craig's doing here? "It's not my fault!". That's what most people's reaction would be, but what is he *really* saying? He's reinforcing his belief that *making mistakes is something to feel ashamed of*. File this under "the thoughts that make you feel better are often the same ones that will make sure you'll keep needing to tell yourself to feel better over and over again until you are old". Every time you "un-blame" yourself for something, you are forming a habit that keeps you from making the mistakes you need in order to learn, and from gaining the understanding of how your own behavior affects your life that you need in order to permanently improve your situation. Of course you don't need to feel ashamed for where you've ended up, but if you're ever going to get away from there, you do need to understand the factors in your own behavior that have played a part in leading you there. This is paramount because you can't change your environment, only yourself. You are the factor that you must change if you want to change your life – the world is not going to change for you.

2: Rather, what I have BEEN has been wrong. My mind and heart have been full of B.S. that kept me from seeing and taking the opportunities I've had. My warped childhood (unhappy bossy Mom who rarely gave affection, ultra-beta Dad who never stood up for anything) simply left me in that state, with those perspectives. I couldn't have imagined life any other way.

Oh, well that solves it! Just get new parents and all will be fixed. See the problem? Craig is blaming his parents (who would probably say the exact same thing, that they only raised him the way they did because their own parents, the *real* culprits, made them that way…). The fact is that "fault" is an imaginary construct – it does not physically exist in reality. Let's just remove it from our own thought models of reality altogether and focus on what *actually* happened – Craig's parents behaved in certain ways, Craig behaved in certain ways, Craig's environment was a certain way – the confluence of all these factors led Craig's life to play out the way it has. If he wants to change his life, which factor can he change? His parents? His environment? No? How about his own behavior? That's the solution.

3: If I can dig myself out of this, I'll feel quite awesome, even if I never have the 9-to-10 pussy carousel spinning through my apartment. It's not about the results. It's about peeling off the self-esteem, feeling the pain, learning, and walking away from shitty

beliefs/delusions that I never needed anyway.

It is about the results, but the results aren't external, they're internal. People tend to focus on things they can see, like "I have these girls so I can tick off that success box now", but much more important are the things you feel – the degree to which you're at peace with yourself. Girls or no girls, that makes much more of a difference, and as is the case with many things in life, you only get the girls once you don't really care that much about them any more. Achievements are nearly always anticlimactic, the things you want really badly are usually the things you can't get. You can mostly only get things you don't really want very badly. If you're thinking "I want X and Y and Z so badly, if only I got them I'd be so happy", I can almost guarantee you that you're in a position where you won't get them. You will need to develop yourself to where you feel like you're fine without X and Y and Z, and then you'll probably be able to get them pretty easily, and they won't feel all that special. Such is the nature of life. This is an ironic quirk of the world, and there are plenty of causes that ensure this phenomenon will happen to you over and over again, but let's stay on topic.

Eh? You had an experience like this?

An experience like what? Realizing that your life is in the express lane towards fuckedville? Yes. Blaming and un-blaming yourself for your life? Yep. Blaming everyone else? I've done that. Realizing that what you really need is not out in the world but in your mind? Oh yes, I've definitely done that. Have I ever paced miles and miles across a small room feeling like the entire world and the walls themselves are pressing in on me? More times than I can remember. This is what I was trying to spare you guys, but apparently somebody did not read the rest of the site… luckily, this will be much better with the book, because everyone will read the earlier pages before the later pages and my arrangement of the material will be counting on that.

Still, I have concerns for which I (and others) very much want your perspective.

I really do understand how Game can change the nature of one's existence in the context of women, and therefore his understanding of what life can be. I've experienced that by accident in bits and pieces, but never integrated them together.

Making connections between the things you know is much more important than knowing a lot of things. Much, much more important – and most people do not actively make an effort to do it.

MY BEEF with starting Game, though, is twofold:

1: Fuck, I don't WANT to spend time in bars and clubs. I hate those places and I dislike most of those people. It would feel like sucking up.

"Daniel-san, you too much TV." Game is not in a bar, in a club, or in a fuzzy hat. Game is wherever you find an attractive female. This is another one of those "you are just thinking wrong" -situations. Just throw away the ideas about what you're used to imagining Game looks like, and start instead by learning how to use it. I have several hours of material on that here on this site, and there's plenty more around the internet.

On another, at least equally important note, I have a principle in my Game and my life, and it's this: don't ever do anything you don't enjoy doing. If you think attracting women is worth *suffering* for, you are most likely doing it wrong, and you will most likely be gravely disappointed.

I'm willing to hold out the possibility, though, that it's because I've never known how to socially function in those contexts that I blame THEM for the discomfort and time-wastage. If I DID know how to function, I might find them much more enjoyable.

(Eh?)

No. Well, partially yes, but mainly no. You could start to dislike them less, but really, there is nothing objectively likeable about those places. The only reason men go there is because they think that's the only way to meet women (or because they need to get drunk to cope with their lives).

2: While I'm sure I'd psychologically benefit overall from "playing the field" and using young(ish) women to build up my self-concept, I look out at this imagined version of me and IMAGINE that I'd feel like shit for being a such USER. Even if I CAN use/manipulate/Game women to feed my hindbrain and build confidence, wouldn't that also make me a shithead for doing so? These are people, after all.

Likewise, my best counter-guess against this point is that I only feel this way because I still assume that sexual contact with me is "a bad" for somebody. 'Damage that I'm doing to them. I'm not considering/imagining how I can actually benefit/improve someone's life and future by being with her.

(Eh?)

You're almost getting it. The hurdle is your self-image. Do stop considering yourself as "taking" and start considering yourself as "giving", but go even further. To do this mental exercise without your old limiting self-image, just put yourself aside for a moment and imagine a different person. Close your eyes. You are now me. Do I feel like I'm taking something from a girl I choose to share a little piece of my life with? Does she feel like she's being taken from when she's with me? Now, you are no longer me, you are now the girl who gets to spend a day with me. Do you feel wronged? Well? Instead, do you feel like this is the best thing that's ever happened to you? Do you feel like your routinely dull and boring life has momentarily exploded into technicolor? Do you feel like memorizing every moment to masturbate to on those countless future nights when you're married to some provider beta who's working all night at the office again and you're sad and lonely in the bed you share with the man who will keep not exciting you at all until death do you part?

Now, you are going to be yourself again, and you are going to start thinking about how incredibly lucky all those women are going to feel to be in your life. You will not "use" women to build your confidence or for any other ulterior motive – you will enjoy them and *let* them enjoy you. You will *allow* them to absorb some of the golden rays emanating from your wonderful self.

If you are not able to feel like you have value to give, then don't even start Game until you have dealt with that first. It'll be an exercise in stupidity. Women can smell dishonest, self-esteem-lacking, manipulative needy betaness from three miles upwind and your Game experiences in such a state of mind will only reinforce your bad feelings with an array of spectacular failures. You will get so much further if you first believe that you have something to offer – that you *are* something to offer, in fact. Don't try to please women or buy their affection with gifts or services, that directly communicates that you don't think you are enough. Everyone can think of at least one way that their company can be valuable to others, and I need you to find that value in yourself and keep it firmly in mind while you Game. You are doing charity. She needs something and you're magnanimous enough to throw some of it her way. Seriously, learn to think that *you are doing charity by talking to a woman* – this mindset is so incredibly powerful I ought to make people pay me just for mentioning it. It has wide implications that can reshape your entire game. I may write more about this later.

The way to avoid feeling like you're "using" women is very simple – *do not use them*. Give them something. Something they will cherish. Something they will never forget. You already have the *ability* to do this, you are just *not applying* it. Everyone has the capacity for interacting in a way that is a positive experience for those they interact with – I know because I always make an effort to

coax it out of them. Fuck me if I'm going to spend my time with negative interactions. The thought makes me grimace.

Of course, when I was 20 years old I'd never have given a fuck about these. Me wanted pussy, me no cared. But now that I better understand how these women's lives usually go, I worry about feeling that I'm "part of the problem".

Guess whose problem a woman's life is. Yours? Try again. You can't save her, she can only do that herself. You can provide something positive in her life (and you can even help her find the path to saving herself from a dismal future if you want). This is really the same issue as above.

Like I said above twice in microcosm, surely my reservations have mostly to do with how Game looks FROM HERE, from the deprived side of the tracks. But this is all still theoretical to me.

Guess what the solution to "it's still all theoretical" is? Make it un-theoretical. Go do the thing and then you'll see how it looks from ground level.

Whatever words of perspective and wisdom you can offer me, either via email or on the website, would be very much appreciated. I can't be the only one with these inner conflicts. Feel free to use this to help me and others.

I'm sure lots of readers are having these very same thoughts, which is why I thought this was such a great email. Anybody who's going to ask me for advice could learn from how Craig writes here. He's describing his life. The facts. Candidly. Most people make excuses, try to avoid embarrassment. I end up having to tell a lot of people what their problem is, and that's a piece of work because I have to look at what they're claiming they want help with, then backwards deconstruct why they would want to present themselves that way, compare my theory to what they're saying about their life – the facts – and formulate a whole new situation in my head that's completely different from the situation they decided to describe. Now, I'm pretty good at this and I usually get it right where they'll say "yeah, that's exactly it" and then accept what I have to say about that situation, but I really like it a lot better when I don't have to do the disassembling.

If you're seeking my advice then it must be because you believe that your current thinking is somehow missing something, no? Now, if you're going to tell me what you *think* the problem is, at what point during that process do you forget why you started? Now, this is a very easy mistake to make because in a lot of people's minds their interpretation *is the same as* their reality, but that's not the way it is. The map is not the territory. Even my map isn't the territory, but if you come to me wanting me to draw my map for you, do you think I can draw it better if you're describing *your map* or if you're describing *the territory*? Or *both*?

If you don't get the metaphor, an example can help.

These are descriptions of the territory – of your life:

she made her move on me on the last night she could.

I'm 36 now. Engineering career, failed 8-year entrepreneurial experience, Chapter 7, putting my life back together. Constant porn use/sexual-refuge from ages 10 until quite recently (knock on wood).

I paced up and down my kitchen at 3am, stumbling and gasping with fear

These are descriptions of your map – of how you interpret your life:

I'm 99% Seth and 1% Jim. I've been wacky and brash enough, from time to time, to stand out, speaking my mind in my own way, which is almost always funny.

Rather, what I have BEEN has been wrong. My mind and heart have been full of B.S. that kept me from seeing and taking the opportunities I've had. My warped childhood (unhappy bossy Mom who rarely gave affection, ultra-beta Dad who never stood up for anything) simply left me in that state, with those perspectives. I couldn't have imagined life any other way.

The reason I've been able to draw Craig such a nice map that his head is probably going to pop right off when he reads this is that he has described both his territory and his map in such vivid detail. How he describes his life and what's physically and, to an extent, emotionally going on in it gives me a view at what the actual territory looks like. How he describes his thoughts and attitudes relating to it gives me a view of what his map looks like. Now I can *compare them*. That's how I see what the trouble with his map might be. If he just gives me his map and asks what's wrong with it, it's a lot more challenging because I don't know *what the territory that the map is supposed to describe looks like*. If there's a mountain on his map and I can see that there is no mountain in his territory, then that's an easy conclusion, but if I cannot see the territory then I cannot know whether the mountain should be there.

Also rather challenging is the opposite version where you only show me the territory and then ask what's wrong with your map. Guess what, I *haven't seen your map yet*.

This is the sort of thing you should think about if you want to learn to know people. When they communicate with you, make a distinction – what's map and what is territory? When you've identified somebody's thought patterns, how they map their territory, you can shift your own mental gears to work with that kind of map, and you can communicate with them much more effectively. This is the reason people feel like certain people understand them and others don't. People who draw their maps in similar ways feel that emotional connection that comes from shared evolutionary interests – they feel "understood" by each other. People with wildly diverging maps feel like they're from different planets. (Extra credit: consider the implications of the fact that men and women see the world in very different ways for maps and understanding)

Learn to use multiple maps. This does not mean that some are not more right than others. I have my own "master" map that shows everything I know, then I separate different layers out of it to look at in order to understand different people's thinking. A subway map for people who are continually depressed and angry, a street map for people who are down-to-earth and organized, a map of parks and recreational trails for people who live in fantasy bubbles, etc.

When you tell me about your map and you say "there's a big blank area here", I look at my master map and there is no big blank area anywhere and I don't know what you're talking about. I analyze your map and conclude that it's probably a subway map, and then I take out my own subway map and see where the big blank area is, and then I look back at the master map and see that there is a park there and that's why the subway doesn't go to that area. Then I go back and tell you "look, I don't know if I can really tell accurately by your description, but it seems to me like you might be having a problem because you see the world as a pretty dismal place and these pretty girls of yours are living in a fantasy bubble that says it's a nice and caring place, and they think you are a homicidal maniac when you behave according to your worldview".

But if you had just described the territory along with your map… if you'd said "just as the subway was about to go underground I saw some green trees growing behind some buildings" I would have immediately known that the subway is turning away from a park, and that would have closed the case right there.

Conversely, if you only describe the territory: "there's a station and train tracks that go into a tunnel and then buildings and then green trees, what's wrong with my map?" I also have a hard time. I have to go look at my master map to figure out that there's a whole bunch of buildings and lots of trees and only a very small subway station in a corner, and based on that I have to guess that since you noticed the station and the tracks and the tunnel and didn't pay much attention to the buildings

and trees, you are probably holding a subway map, and then I have to figure out what the problem really is that you are having, and assume that it's probably that you wanted your subway to take you into the area beyond the buildings and trees since that's where you were looking, and then I have to do the whole "I can't really tell by your description, but I'm thinking it's probably…" thing again.

From now on, if you're going to ask me for advice:
Map. Territory. Honesty. Candor.
The more you feel like "well I don't need to mention this part because I feel uncomfortable about it" the more it means that's definitely important. The reason you feel that way is that you know that very thing is at the very core of your problem and you are used to shielding it from everybody so they can't leverage your vulnerability at the point where the torque is the strongest. Guess what, the worse your description of the problem, the worse the advice you will get. I work with the material at hand and I do not read minds despite what you may be tempted to believe.

The map-territory thing is not just for asking advice. It's a very rewarding form of communication in all manner of situations. If you're telling a story like "I woke up and then I ate ice cream and then I went to work and then I attended a meeting and then I wrote a report", listeners will kill themselves. It's all territory. If you tell it like "I was sullen at first and thought life was unfair but soon I felt great and satisfied and thought it was a beautiful day but then I started getting depressed and bored and thinking if there's any point to any of this and during the day I got really sad as I wondered what I was doing with my life", listeners will kill *you*. It's all map and you sound like a crazy person (hint: this is a big factor in why men think women are crazy).

Combine map and territory: "I woke up feeling sullen and thought life was unfair, but after eating ice cream I felt pretty great and satisfied, and as I went to work I was thinking how it's such a beautiful day, but then I had to attend a meeting that really made me depressed and bored and I started thinking 'is there even a point to all this'?, and I had to write a report after that which just made me sad because what the fuck was I doing with my life".
It's still not going to win any Pulitzer prizes but it's leagues better than the other alternatives – no one is likely to get killed and somebody might even be inclined to feign interest in order to get into your pants.

Here's what you need in order to be able to communicate in a rewarding way with pretty much anyone:

1. Your master map must be really good.
2. You must be able to isolate different layers of your map to see what different people are seeing.
3. You must remember that map and territory do not work independently.

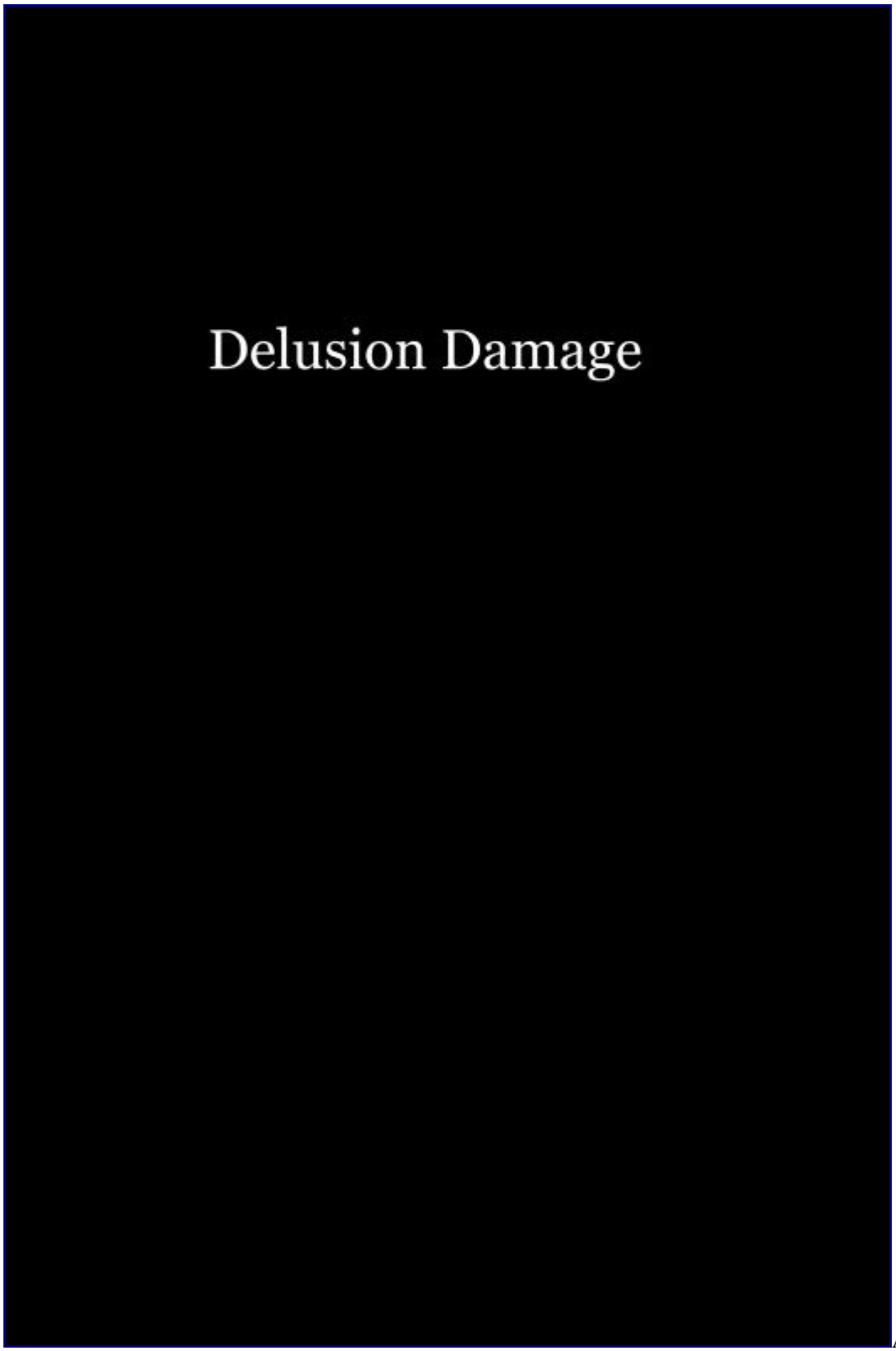
Think about the articles you've read here and consider how I write: when I'm writing about something very theoretical, I usually illustrate it with practical examples. When I'm recounting some event, I usually put in commentary pointing out the theory at work there. I often use reader emails as the "territory" to "map" out my explanations around. I believe these practices help you get a lot more out of the articles than you would otherwise.

Bonus quest: The map/territory duality ties into *everything*. How?

Weekend Update

May 8 2011

The book is done. Yes. I finished it this morning and am now waiting for a proof copy from the printer. The stunningly beautiful cover will look like this:



Ain’t that just the prettiest thing you ever saw… I put all my talent into it.

Well, maybe not quite… if I were designing a t-shirt, it'd be a little more colorful, but for a book, I like the simple look.

As for the content, I'm quite excited about it. I think I managed to add quite a bit of value by reorganizing and editing the articles into a more controlled linear progression, and I couldn't resist making a few small changes in the text itself where I just thought it could be better. I feel like the end result satisfies my quality standard of being something I would want to read had I not written it.

Thanks to everyone who emailed me with suggestions or even just to tell me you're looking forward to reading it. One reader told me he was going to give the book to his 15-year-old brother. I don't know if I can really even imagine what my life would have been like had I known what I know now at 15… that lucky kid is probably going to be king of the world by the time he grows up.

I'm flying to London tomorrow and I won't be writing anything during the week I'm there (not even answers to emails). I know a few of you Londoners probably want to email me asking to meet up, but unfortunately the things I have to do there leave time neither for male nor female company. Maybe next time.

Once I get back, get the proof copy of the book and see that everything looks good, I'll be releasing the book. I've thought about maybe doing some redesign on the site as well to make it a little more practical. The way it is now is way superior to a regular blog layout, but it could still be better. If you have some site feature in mind you really want to suggest, you know what to do.

If you want something to read during the week, allow me to introduce you to the 1585. The main guy who writes there is a national level beta who swallowed all the deranged feminist fantasies hook line and sinker (and when I say this I'm feeling sorry for him, not insulting him) pretty smart, if you can look past his few unfortunate tendencies. When he's not writing about sexual dynamics, he's got some rather interesting things to say.

Have a nice week – I'll be back.

Questions of Identity

May 16 2011

Always remember to occasionally distance yourself from what you are doing – distance allows you to see the big picture more clearly. During my week-long separation from my usual projects, I have definitely gained something. If you're a spiritually inclined person, you might say I'd gotten more centered or balanced. If you're more of a professional, industrial type, you might say I've gotten more effective and focused. In any case, something has definitely changed.

Exciting new developments for the site are in progress: the book is coming out as soon as I get the layout sorted out with the printing outfit, which should not take long, and I am working on material that will break new ground: in addition to articles centered around a certain topic or sometimes answering specific questions, I will soon be publishing a piece comprised wholly of dialogue – back-and-forth email correspondence spanning a few weeks in time and consisting of questions, answers, follow-up questions, follow-up answers, etc… going deeper into a topic using the most natural way of all: the questions that naturally arise in a reader's mind. I think this type of piece will give a lot to readers, and I may even make dialogues a regular feature of the site. As I've mentioned before, I will probably also be reorganizing the site in some way or adding some sort of practical navigation since the archives are getting a bit large to dig through.

Since my return to the site yesterday, I've been answering some emails. I'll include a couple of answers here which I think you may be able to benefit from.

Monica wrote:

Hi – I want to commend you on your blog. The articles I've read so far have been fairly thought-provoking. My favorite article so far has been "New World, No Bravery Required". I found myself nodding in agreement the whole way through. I already shared your opinion re: the unlikeliness of a coordinated secret sect conspiracy against the masses. I hadn't yet spent the mental energy to analyze the Western system in the detail you did – so I got a lot out of that part. I've read quite a few of your alpha & game oriented articles and although I have no objections to what you've written I didn't get as much out of those. I'm sure that's because I'm not the intended audience. I did recognize myself though (of course sometimes it's a much younger & immature version of me) in some of your descriptions . So, I give you full credit for understanding parts of my nature that I couldn't have articulated just a few months ago (prior to stumbling upon the "manosphere"). I vary from a few of your descriptions (specifically the one re: shame) – but I know other women who behave this way so I agree it's still accurate. Ultimately what I got out of your alpha & game articles was a renewed sense of why after around the age 18 I quit allowing myself to be attracted to full on balls out alpha types. What I like most about your blog is the emphasis on facing reality and learning to make the most of it. It's somewhat of a mantra of mine to "deal with reality" so I'm psyched at the idea that you might be able to teach me something more on the topic. Take care.

My response:

I'm glad you like the site. I work hard at it.

The new world article seems to be a few people's favorite, although I don't personally see it as one of my best… or at least, I think some of the others deal with much more important topics. The Game articles do of course open up more easily to certain audience segments… but I would actually study Game were I female, because I think

that field does illuminate aspects of the male mind in a way that isn't usually found elsewhere.

I'll take your claim to shamelessness at face value for now, although it's much more often an indicator of a deeply felt lack of approval than a healthy way of transcending emotional self-sabotage, but as for "allowing myself to be attracted"… who are you kidding? Me? Yourself? Attraction is not a choice. I can't help who I'm attracted to any more than you can. We feel pain when we get punched in the face and we feel attraction when we get exposed to those things that signal high mate value in a person. Let's just face reality and deal with it on this one.

I'm a little amused at why you would even want to specifically avoid the "alpha types"… if you really want to make the most of reality, I would examine the reality of what sort of male-female interactions you can expect in the real world and how much of what you may have gotten used to thinking is disney. Seems to me like you wouldn't be avoiding the "alpha types" if you were really being honest about how things work.

Be that as it may, I appreciate the kind words.

Someone who asked me not to use her name wrote:

Your blog is just the thing that I should have just read and not the "Why Men Love Bitches" crap. Following the advice on that book (as well as my well-intentioned friends, but led me to the wrong direction nonetheless because I'm not too sure if they know how to land an Alpha guy) was one of the worst things that I've ever done. I was dating an Alpha and got his interest. Stupid me followed the advice on this God-forsaken book and got absolutely nowhere. I learned my lesson: be yourself. After all, Alpha or Beta male, that's what the guy is going to fall in love in the end, right? Not some stupid chick who hides her true self because of some "game." With that said, what can a woman do to truly win an Alpha male? P.S. You can publish what I wrote in the message, but not my name and email, please. Thanks!

Her message raised an important point that I thought I should elaborate on a bit more here:

"Being yourself" is a silly thing we're all told to believe in but… what is "yourself"? Just a collection of behaviors you've gotten positive reinforcement for and subsequently made into habits. Identifying with your habits is nothing but self-sabotage. If you go around thinking people should accept your annoying behaviors (I'm sure you can admit to having some… maybe just a few) because "this is who you are", you will very quickly find that people with options are going to choose to spend their time with others who "are" not like that. The thing about "hiding yourself"… you shouldn't "hide" yourself, but you should always be reconstructing yourself. You're never "ready". The more you think you're "good enough" the less you have a chance of becoming better. This is a tricky thing for me to say because I do not mean for you to feel bad about yourself, to make yourself feel inadequate or ashamed etc., to throw away your self-esteem. You are perfectly good enough in the sense that you "deserve" (as much as anyone) to be liked, accepted, cared about by other people – but you're never good enough in the sense that you can give yourself permission to stop making an effort to improve. do you see what I'm saying? FEEL like you are good enough but WORK like you are not.

I've discussed something you may think is a minor sidetrack of your question, but in fact I think it may be the most important part. If you can really understand this and

embody both the feeling good about yourself and the always working to improve, you will automatically grow so many positive qualities from there that you'll be far ahead of most girls in the race for the top men. Do note that improvement is not the same as trying to fit somebody's expectations – that's how you end up being exploited and going crazy. Try to judge the expectations you run up against objectively – is this quality something that makes me a great girlfriend, or is it something where my kindness is just being exploited? Does it improve my own life as well as the life of the person who expects this of me?

On "truly winning" an alpha male… big topic. Hard topic. Read "What's a Girl to Do", "Sexual Marketing", "Yin and Yang", "You Are Now In The Church Of Alpha", read the reasons I gave for why the silly advice is silly, and most importantly understand that men and women are complementary opposites. Most everything you like about us, we hate about you & vice versa. Do not ever project your own feelings onto men – this is probably the #1 mistake that's being made today. And do not ever listen to your girlfriends, they don't know shit. This doesn't mean they're not lovely people, I'm sure they are, but trust me, they don't know shit about how the male mind operates. Evidence for this is found in that if they did know, they would be married to millionaire athletes right now.

You'll notice I haven't given you five easy steps. This is not cosmo, this is life. There are no five easy steps, there are two hard steps:
1. Take every opportunity to get into the male mind and seek to understand it. Most women like to think they "understand" men – nope, bullshit. Accept that there is much to learn and take every opportunity to do that learning. You are unlikely to find someone who will actually tell you about every little thing whether it's attractive or unattractive, so you will have to piece together this body of knowledge yourself. It's just as complex as "Game" for men, and you know how much is being written on that.
2. Always keep getting better. Don't be afraid to make mistakes, that's how you learn. Embarrassment, loss, humiliation, failure – these will become your closest friends if you are ever to make the journey to true excellence. Keep the self-esteem of feeling that you are good enough, but never stop thinking about how you could be better. BE, not DO. don't start thinking "well I could do this for him and take care of that for him…", that's not a road you want to go down. You want to think "I could BE this and BE that". If you don't think you can "be that" quite yet, just keep making an effort and acknowledge that you will eventually get better.

This is what you will need to really get where you want to be. I know it sounds like a lot of hard work, and it is. I'm not going to give you five neat little simple tips right now, because those will not get you one percent of the way there. It takes a prolonged effort in the right direction, and I have endeavored here to give you that direction.

But do "be yourself" in the positive sense of what I hope you mean by it – don't put too much pressure on yourself to perform. When you feel like you have some extra energy to make an effort that will take you a few steps forward on the long road to the top, put that effort in. When you start to feel like it's too hard, slow down, take a break. I think of these things in terms of "I don't expect you to be able to do this, but I do expect you to try. Failure is fine but refusing to make an attempt is not fine." This is how I would have you think of yourself as well.

I hope this helps. I know it's a difficult situation you're in.

What's the common element in both of these emails? They both touch of questions of *identity* – "I am this" and "I am that" and "I and not the kind of person who…".

Identity is fundamentally an illusion. If you catch yourself thinking "I am **X**" or "I am not **X**", ask yourself: why? Why not? If **X** is something that will make your life better, just throw away your limiting ideas about what you are or aren't and start being that. If **X** is something that makes your life worse, just throw away your ideas of being that and start not being that. Who you are is constantly in flux, you are not the same person today as you were yesterday, and tomorrow you will be something different. Holding onto something that isn't beneficial just because you believe it's somehow *a part of* you is not going to do you any good. Just because you've been doing something every day for the past 20 years doesn't mean you have to keep doing it.

"You", as in your mental "self" that resides within your physical body, are not somebody definable, measurable in terms of your personality characteristics – trying to maintain that illusion is just hurting yourself. Accept that you are nobody in particular. You just are. Then, just be the best that you can be. Freedom, in this case, is not only learning to ignore who other people think you are, but also learning to ignore who *you* think you are.

Unshakeable Confidence

May 18 2011

Is that not the Holy Grail of Game? Confidence, probably more than any other quality, defines male attractiveness. Confidence is what allows homicidal religious wackos who look like they crawled up out of some centuries-ago-abandoned sewage tunnel to command the love and admiration of women, and the respect of men, to a great enough extent to make those affected by it leave their entire lives behind and move out into the middle of a field somewhere and form a cult where they devote the rest of their lives to glorifying their fearless leader.

Unshakeable confidence is the ultimate display of dominance, an implied message that no matter what other people think or do you fully believe that you will always be perfectly fine.

Many (if not most) of the tips and tricks of "game" are just simulations of what you would do or say if you were feeling confident. Much of what's called "inner game" is trying to develop that confidence for real.

So important is confidence to attraction that even the general public, the people who have never heard of Game or in fact any kind of psychology, know of its value. Even women themselves, who are normally not to be trusted on what they say they want when it comes to attraction, universally know that confidence in a man heats up their insides, and a man without it would save himself a wasted effort by just turning right around and going home.

If you intend to reach a black belt level in Game, the kind of skill that you can rely on to save the day even if you look like a sewer-crawling religious wacko, dress in an old potato sack and roll up to the party in a rusty old bucket that breaks down in a sputtering mess with plumes of black smoke billowing out of the tailpipe and from under the hood at the exact moment you step out through the driver's door which subsequently falls right off when you slam it shut a little too hard – if you intend to achieve the kind of mastery of Game that will let you walk away from that with two of the hottest girls within eyesight in tow, ready to move into an empty field with you and worship your holy presence, the first thing you will need is absolutely unshakeable confidence.

Here's how you get it:

Love everything. Not only attraction, attention and success, but also rejection, failure, humiliation and being completely ignored. When you are able to appreciate even the "negative" experiences for what they are – experiences – you will truly be fine no matter what, and you will achieve true indifference to and independence from other people's reactions. You will be fine with all outcomes and you will experience an inner peace and confidence that will radiate from your every word and action with an irresistible power.

You know how memories have a tendency to get "golden" with time – when enough time has passed, you remember the times you failed and got rejected and humiliated and felt terrible with the same fondness as you do the times you succeeded and felt great. You look back and laugh: "Hah, that was *brutal*! I just got *destroyed* there!". You smile and shake your head… that experience, oh, that was really something, wasn't it? The fact that you felt bad at the time doesn't seem to matter too much – when you look back at what you experienced, you can't very easily bring back the bad feelings – instead, you end up just feeling… *alive*. In memory, even the trials of war can turn into "the good old days", adventures to be fondly remembered over beers over and over every Friday night for the next fifty years.

What allows you to turn even the unpleasant experiences of feeling bad into wonderful experiences of feeling alive like that is being mentally outside the situation – when you look back at a past event, you are no longer *in it* – shortly after the event you still feel, in some way, like it's happening, but when enough time has passed you will almost always get to a point where you can look at it

from the outside and just appreciate both the “positive” and the “negative” in it as experiences of being alive.

You can even do this *while the experience is happening*. Mentally step outside yourself, quit worrying about what’s going to happen and what people are thinking and how you are perceived – appreciate the experience like you would if it were a golden memory of glory days past. The success, the failure, the attraction, the rejection, they are all part of the richness of that experience and when you realize that nothing so bad is happening that you won’t eventually remember it fondly, you will be able to love everything about the experience. You will welcome rejection as you do attraction, you will appreciate failure as you do success, and you will truly feel fine about any outcome – you will have become indifferent to people’s reactions and independent of outcomes.

When nothing can ruin your mood, you have nothing to fear, nothing to feel doubt, hesitation, anxiety or insecurity about – you have unshakeable confidence… and with it, a powerfully attractive presence that women will find close to impossible to resist.

It is one of the common ironies of life that here, like in many things, you only start really experiencing abundance when you have learned not to need it anymore. It’s unavoidable that the less terrible you feel about *not* getting girls, the less special getting them will feel.

But it will still be pretty nice.

Unshakeable Confidence (Hard Mode)

May 18 2011

In response to "Unshakeable Confidence", Zac writes:

Whats up DD (you should pick a pseudonym by the way, unless you want to remain strongly anonymous to your readers),

First things first, I want to say thanks on your blog. I posted previously under the name "Magus" on the four stories entry, and I want to say thanks again for responding to my quandary.

I also want to say I doubted you for "plugging" RSD's Blueprint but I completely recall that judgement because:

A) I shouldn't really care either way
B) I watched it and it was fucking amazing

It seriously helped me more than anything I've read in the past two (maybe even three, I'm beginning to lose count) years of game. Sadly, I haven't practiced much in these few years…

Until recently. The Blueprint set me on a course of enlightenment that had remained elusive for almost three years. The sort of enlightenment that values the journey over the goal. A mostly mental journey, but nevertheless the most valuable journey I have ever begun to actualize.

What is it? The journey to disconnect from my ego.

I'm sure you've read Tolle's "Power of Now." I'm only a few chapters in currently, but his point remains that the ego is the primary source of pain, fear, and all negativity. Obviously, something like breaking a bone fucking sucks, but unless you're in physical pain he claims it's mostly self-onset pain — something you can control.

That's an interesting thought to me. You can FEEL angry or sad, but you can choose not to identify with the feeling if you accept it and mentally disconnect from it. This is such a strong realization that for the past two weeks I've been in what games-men might call "state."

But I don't see it like that. This brings me to the idea of confidence in your article.

Like state, I believe confidence is a manifested construct of the ego.

To get to my point, we need to define confidence. I would define unshakeable confidence as "ultimate comfort in any situation" or "knowledge that you can handle anything and all things that come your way." Confidence is a direct result of repeated experience in any situation, as the more you DO the thing, the better you are at it — regardless of what it is. This is why people advocate "30 day challenges" or "100 approach challenges" — it forces you to become "comfortable" (confident) in the situation. (Note that this isn't true for every person — those who resist strong enough

will not become comfortable/confident no matter how many times they do a particular task).

So my issue with unshakeable confidence is that it makes people believe they need to "reach this point" or that they aren't confident enough to begin with.

I argue that if you just believe there's no such thing as confidence, you'll be just as comfortable as if you were "unshakably confident." To become confident is a goal of the ego, not of the self.

If you disconnect from the idea of state, you'll never be out of state — because there is no such thing as state. If you disconnect from the idea of confidence you will never not be confident as there is no such thing as confidence.

You will just be.

You will be unshakeable because there is nothing to be shaken.

—

After writing this I concluded that your sentiments to "love everything" is very similar to "disconnecting" from everything. In both ways you don't allow your ego to take charge. Rather, you just allow yourself to "be" and to "experience." You lay no judgements upon yourself and you accept things as they come and go.

Ultimately, I would say "loving" everything has a stronger positive connotation than "disconnecting" from everything, as well as being an easier concept for a less learned individual to understand and accept.

Either way, once you realize that all discomfort, fear, and pain is a construct of your mind/ego, only then can you start to see things as they truly are — irrelevant.

Disconnect or love and you will be set free.

As Eckhart Tolle put it,

"The key to life is to die before die."

-Zac

P.S. Please do not show my e-mail as it is my full name.

I haven't done the notes in red thing for a while… although somebody who emailed me decided to do that, which was a real funny thing to see, because I originally chose red for its well-known function of correcting mistakes (which I thought fit the original context quite nicely), and then along comes this girl with these red paragraphs telling me how great I am and how awesome my writing is… it's funny how these things take on a life of their own. Today, I'm going to do something completely different and make **my notes in bold** instead. Zac raises several good issues so let's get right to it:

Whats up DD (you should pick a pseudonym by the way, unless you want to remain strongly anonymous to your readers),

I have indeed deliberately endeavored to keep myself something of an anonymous and nebulous entity to my readers, because I want you concentrating on what I am saying and not on who is saying it. I don't think it necessarily helps you get maximum value from my writing to know where I work and what my house looks like and what my favorite movies are. In fact, I think it might be a negative distraction. Imagine, for example, some artist whose art you think is beautiful. Do you really want to know that he eats at McDonalds and works at a slaughterhouse and has five daughters and builds trains in his basement? Wouldn't those associations disturb you when you're trying to appreciate his art? I think they would, and I try not to find out too much about people whose work I find valuable – I think that would distract me and make it more difficult to find all the value I can find in their work. I try to offer you guys the same opportunity to focus on content here. Sometimes talking about myself is relevant and valuable in an article, but often it's not.

First things first, I want to say thanks on your blog. I posted previously under the name "Magus" on the four stories entry, and I want to say thanks again for responding to my quandary.

You're welcome.

I also want to say I doubted you for "plugging" RSD's Blueprint but I completely recall that judgement because:

A) I shouldn't really care either way
B) I watched it and it was fucking amazing

It seriously helped me more than anything I've read in the past two (maybe even three, I'm beginning to lose count) years of game. Sadly, I haven't practiced much in these few years…

Until recently. The Blueprint set me on a course of enlightenment that had remained elusive for almost three years. The sort of enlightenment that values the journey over the goal. A mostly mental journey, but nevertheless the most valuable journey I have ever begun to actualize.

My own experience with the Blueprint was similarly momentous… which is why it remains the only Game product I have ever recommended here. There's a common attitude going around like if people look up to you as a big guru, you're not allowed to acknowledge any sort of greatness in others – like saying someone else knows something implies that you don't. That's ultimately not a very useful way of thinking, and I'm going to reiterate here that Tyler (guy who made the Blueprint) is someone who really really knows his shit, and possibly the only person I would trust with carte blanche to write for this site and feel confident that everything he chose to say would measure up to the quality standard I have been adhering to here.

What is it? The journey to disconnect from my ego.

You can tell a lot by what words a person chooses to describe something that could be described in a variety of ways. "Disconnect" here jumps out at me as a word I would not use in this context. I'll return to this later, just make a mental note of it

for now.

I'm sure you've read Tolle's "Power of Now." I'm only a few chapters in currently, but his point remains that the ego is the primary source of pain, fear, and all negativity. Obviously, something like breaking a bone fucking sucks, but unless you're in physical pain he claims it's mostly self-onset pain — something you can control.

That's an interesting thought to me. You can FEEL angry or sad, but you can choose not to identify with the feeling if you accept it and mentally disconnect from it. This is such a strong realization that for the past two weeks I've been in what games-men might call "state."

But I don't see it like that.

I have written before about conquering negative feelings by consciously choosing not to feed them – most notably here. I interpret Zac's use of "disconnect" as meaning "okay, the anger is there, and I am here, so I'm removed from it now", which is much, much better than the common "I am angry", but I find the approach I've previously advocated – "this anger is just something I'm doing to myself, and I'm going to stop now" – preferable.

This brings me to the idea of confidence in your article.

Like state, I believe confidence is a manifested construct of the ego.

I've written about ego-based confidence before too, most notably here. Confidence is not in itself an ego construct, it is a feeling. That feeling can, for example, be triggered by ego ("I'm so great because I have a cool job and a big house, I feel confident now") or by letting go of fear ("Nothing too bad can happen even if I make a mistake, I feel confident now").

To get to my point, we need to define confidence. I would define unshakeable confidence as "ultimate comfort in any situation" or "knowledge that you can handle anything and all things that come your way."

I would define confidence as a feeling. Feelings cannot satisfactorily be translated into thoughts. Comfort is a feeling, and confidence can lead to comfort, but they are not the same. "Knowledge that you can handle anything" is a thought, and while it's a thought that can lead to confidence, they are not the same either. The word "confidence" is often (mis)used to imply a thought about certainty ("The economists were confident that the recession would end soon"), but what it really is is a feeling about certainty – a feeling of freedom from doubt. This distinction between thought and feeling is critical for later.

Confidence is a direct result of repeated experience in any situation, as the more you DO the thing, the better you are at it — regardless of what it is.

It can be that – despite his words, I'm going to assume Zac isn't claiming this as an absolute rule (which it isn't) but rather just as a rough general description to set up his upcoming point.

This is why people advocate "30 day challenges" or "100 approach challenges" — it

forces you to become “comfortable” (confident) in the situation. (Note that this isn’t true for every person — those who resist strong enough will not become comfortable/confident no matter how many times they do a particular task).

So my issue with unshakeable confidence is that it makes people believe they need to “reach this point” or that they aren’t confident enough to begin with.

I argue that if you just believe there’s no such thing as confidence, you’ll be just as comfortable as if you were “unshakably confident.” To become confident is a goal of the ego, not of the self.

“If you just believe that there is no such thing as confidence”… you could perhaps do this if, in fact, confidence were purely an ego-construct that did not exist in any detectible sense, but I believe anyone trying to employ Zac’s solution will discover that confidence (or lack of it) is in fact a feeling – and trying to convince yourself that you are not feeling something that you are in fact feeling usually only leads to bad things. (File under “denying reality”.)

If you disconnect from the idea of state, you’ll never be out of state — because there is no such thing as state. If you disconnect from the idea of confidence you will never not be confident as there is no such thing as confidence.

You will just be.

You will be unshakeable because there is nothing to be shaken.

This works for things that are ego-constructs, like self-image. For example, you can call me all the unkind names in the world and drag up every embarrassing failure from my childhood through yesterday and tell me I’m a loser and nobody loves me and I’ll never amount to anything and I should be ashamed of myself and I’m a bad person… but you can never make me feel bad about myself because I have ceased to believe in self-image and a view of myself as situated somewhere on a good-bad or loser-winner or cool-uncool scale as something “real”, and no matter how hard you attack my self-image there is just no target there to hit.

On the contrary, you can make me lose my confidence if you are very skilled and have serious resources at your disposal. If you manage to induce a situation where I can legitimately conclude that I am losing control and something intolerably bad is possibly about to happen and I may not be able to influence it, the feeling of non-confidence will creep up on me regardless of my beliefs, because it is in fact real. Now, these situations don’t usually happen to me without being physically afflicted with some debilitating condition, but that doesn’t mean they don’t ever happen.

A couple of years ago, I found myself sick, delirious, starved and sleep-deprived in an unfamiliar environment on a foreign continent thousands of miles from anyone who cared, trapped in a small area without the right supplies, and I could feel myself starting to lose my confidence. But, no matter how bad things get, my self-image will never be vulnerable. I believe this proves conclusively enough that confidence is a feeling, that it is real and not an ego-construct, and that a problem with it cannot be solved by denying it.

—

After writing this I concluded that your sentiments to "love everything" is very similar to "disconnecting" from everything. In both ways you don't allow your ego to take charge. Rather, you just allow yourself to "be" and to "experience." You lay no judgements upon yourself and you accept things as they come and go.

It's not that similar. What I am advocating is acceptance and appreciation of all experience, whereas Zac seems to be advocating denial of unpleasant parts of it. Denial and "disconnecting" is seductive in that it seems to have an initial effect in the desired direction, but you eventually run into trouble when the things you are trying to disconnect from come and connect with you.

I'm going to illustrate this with the example of physical pain, although I suspect that some of you will hurt yourselves trying this at home. I've tried to withstand elevated amounts of pain by mentally disconnecting from it, pretending I can't feel it – but eventually it grows so urgent that I must accept that I am feeling it and it really hurts. If instead I accept and even embrace the pain, it works much better because I am not fighting the sensation itself, I am simply removing some of the unpleasantness associated with it.

If you're going to try this at home, don't be stupid. You can end up with serious scars, or worse. Pain is good, it's a signal that your body is being damaged and you really don't want to fuck with it too hard.

Ultimately, I would say "loving" everything has a stronger positive connotation than "disconnecting" from everything, as well as being an easier concept for a less learned individual to understand and accept.

I tend to agree, and I also tend to believe it is more effective – not to mention a much more pleasant experience.

Either way, once you realize that all discomfort, fear, and pain is a construct of your mind/ego, only then can you start to see things as they truly are — irrelevant.

Overall, it seems to me that maybe Zac's gotten a little too enthusiastic about this wonderful discovery of a new way to control his feelings and experience of life, and might be trying to stretch it a little bit too far even to things it doesn't quite apply to. Some forms of discomfort, fear and pain are caused by the ego and can be completely thrown away by simply letting go of belief in the structures that support them, but with others it's not quite that simple. However, Zac is off to a great start here.

Disconnect or love and you will be set free.

As Eckhart Tolle put it,

"The key to life is to die before die."

-Zac

P.S. Please do not show my e-mail as it is my full name.

(I now have small welts on my arm and typing feels a little bit awkward. Seriously,

be careful with the pain resistance thing.)

In this piece, I've been discussing concepts that I usually try not to discuss because… I guess I don't think you are necessarily familiar enough with them to really find them valuable, and I guess I don't necessarily think I can explain certain feeling-based things well enough in text to really be useful.

Leveling Up

May 22 2011

You'll sometimes hear people imply that there's such a thing as "too alpha". That you should dilute your alphaness with a few beta traits, or that women need to see some signs of commitment before they'll agree to a relationship with you, that just being as alpha as possible won't get you a girlfriend unless you balance it out with some beta…

Maybe you've always thought that the explanations for these claims sort of made sense, but still felt like there was something strangely off about them… something you may not have been able to articulate, but still something unmistakably skewed.

It's time to set the record straight.

Being 100% pure alpha will not get you a "girlfriend". The highest, greatest alphas don't have "girlfriends". To put one girl above others on a special pedestal and give up enjoying other girls is the action of – can you guess? – …someone who is not completely alpha. It's a beta move of neediness, and there is hardly a healthy man alive who would not rather have his cake and eat it too. "Commitment", for a male human being, is always compromise.

The illusion of beta signs of commitment as necessary arises from a position of weakness, and – you guessed it – from not being alpha enough. I will explain:

Imagine you're learning Game, coming from a past with little to no sexual opportunity. You've developed your talents in the dark skills of seduction and you are starting to get the kind of attention you want from the kind of girls you want. Maybe a drunken fling here and there, maybe some sort of short-term hook-up… but they don't seem to be coming back for more. You're experiencing the player's plague – the girls want you, but they want you all to themselves. They might eagerly climb into your bed for a night or two, trying to win you over by giving you a taste of everything they can offer, or they might save themselves the trouble and just decide that you're "a player" and even their best show won't change your ways. Either way, you're noticing a distinct lack of repeat customers.

You start to wonder – "is this the magical life of alpha? I'm sleeping with all the girls I want to sleep with, so that must mean I'm as alpha as it gets now! But they won't stay in my orbit… they want a steady boyfriend and they don't see that in me… could it be that maybe I'm *too alpha for my own good*? In order to make the girls I can get into my bed stay there for a longer time, do I need to *become more beta again*? Is all-alpha-all-the-time not the answer after all? After all, chasing new girls only to have them run away after just one hop on the magic stick is exhausting. I'm spending more time working to get girls than I'm spending enjoying them. It would be so much easier to just have a girl I could always go to… surely, showing some beta signs of commitment must be the key to repeat business!"

In your confusion, you sow the seeds of your own doom. You turn from the path of alpha just as its greatest rewards await you and go back to the familiar, back to the cruel captivity of a beta mindset. The worst part of it is that you don't realize how close you came… how short your path would have been to real sexual abundance. Now you think you're happy with your new hot girlfriend who is, of course, so much prettier than what you would have dared hope for in your old beta days, and you let yourself believe this is as good as it gets. And it is, for you, if you choose this path, forever going to be the best you can do. But it isn't the best you *could have* done.

The problem was never that you were "too alpha", it was always that you weren't yet quite alpha enough. When you're not sleeping with the hot girls, it's easy to see that you still need to improve… but when you start getting better, your mind can trick you. If you're sleeping with the hottest girls around, you can get to believing that you've reached the top level of alpha: there seem to be no more heights to conquer!

You must look deeper, though – sex with a hot girl is not the sign of the end. It looks like your path has hit a rock wall, but that's merely the start of the climb to the true summit of the alpha mountain.

Women work on a sliding scale of sorts, a scale that measures your sexual market value against hers. Which level you end up on depends both on your objective SMV and on hers – it's the ratio that counts. Despite the names I've used to refer to the different levels here, let's remember that where you stand relative to a particular girl does not reflect whether you are really beta or alpha relative to the population at large. To be a true omega, you must relate in an omega way to the low-level girls, and to be a true alpha, you must relate in an alpha way to the high-level girls. Note that while some of the positions on the scale can be occupied by different males in relation to the same female, some of them are mutually exclusive assuming that the female in question can only have one publicly acknowledged "committed boyfriend". In case of several males on different levels competing for the "committed boyfriend" spot, she will usually default to the highest one. Some girls will default to the least troublesome one (high beta).

Level: Omega

When you're way too low in sexual market value, she won't even give you the time of day. She'll despise you like a homeless crackhead.

Level: Hopeless Beta

A little higher, she'll put up with your nauseating beta presence long enough to let you buy her drinks or carry her furniture up the stairs, but carefully withhold physical affection. You're "just friends".

Level: Regular Beta

A little higher, she'll start weighing your doting affection against the price of opening her legs to you, and may find herself "unexpectedly developing feelings for you" if you give her lots of expensive presents. She'll condescendingly agree to be your bitchy ungrateful girlfriend, suck you dry of all the resources you lavish upon her, and once in a blue moon, if you've been a really good boy and rubbed her feet all evening, she'll lay back, close her eyes and think of England.

Level: High Beta

A little higher still, she can be your happy girlfriend. She'll even have sex with you voluntarily on occasion, and she won't require monthly payments in jewelry and servant behavior. Exclusive rights to all your affection will be enough.

Level: Low Alpha

Still higher, she'll consider you a catch – she'd gladly be your girlfriend, have sex on command, cook your dinner, and let you slip away Friday nights to watch football with the guys, just as long as you'll spend most of your time being her high-status boyfriend who loves her and only her. She might even forgive a fling or two on the side, as long as she can somehow irrationally convince herself that you still love her and will never do it again. To lock you into her exclusive possession, she might take the initiative and make a grab for you, trying to entice you – she might give you a little freebie, a taste of her best offer, hoping you'll swallow the hook and tie yourself to her.

It is this level that can deceive you. You're getting the free samples from the best girls in your social environment, and you may be fooled into thinking that you are now king of the world. You are, however, not. The solution to your problem, the problem of the girls running away when they find out you won't commit, is not to scale yourself back to the previous level. It is to advance to the next one.

Level: High Alpha

At the highest peak of manliness, you are irresistible to her. Compelled by her instincts, she must have the glorious appendage that injects your winning genetic code inside her, in any way and on any terms she can. Her nighttime fantasies will revolve around having you all to herself, but in the harsh light of day she will settle for what she can get. If it's five minutes every other Thursday, she will take it. If it's the type of relationship that revolves around her coming over to do your laundry

and take a quick pounding in the ass and then leaving so you can drink beer in peace until the next time you require her services, she will take it. If getting to share your bed means sharing it with five other girls as well, she will take it. She might cry and she might complain, and she might tell all her friends what an asshole you are, but she will come back for more again and again. Only when the panicked ticking of her biological clock eventually drowns out the sound of the waterfall in her panties will she "come to her senses" and settle down with someone she can make commit to her and her future offspring. If you do somehow manage, through extreme carelessness or just sheer cruelty, to hurt a girl so badly that she'll pull away from your almost inescapable field of gravity, there will always be others to take her place. When you know that it's always easier for you to replace a troublesome girl than to deal with any trouble, you are living in sexual abundance. When girls know this about you, they will transform into the sweetest things you ever did see… their own parents would hardly recognize them.

Omegas are common, as are hopeless betas and regular betas. High betas used to be quite common but their numbers are dwindling as the culturally driven feminization of Western males continues. Low alphas are relatively rare, but everyone probably knows at least one. High alphas are extremely rare, most people don't know one. In fact, most people believe that such a blessed life is reserved only for presidents, celebrities and others who are not real people. This is a major factor in the low alpha's end-of-the-road illusion as well – on previous levels, he's always looked up to those who've been doing better than him, but now he's reached the point where he probably doesn't know anyone who's doing better than him anymore. This may lead him to foolishly assume that it is not possible to do better without being a rich celebrity.

Luckily, as a reader of this revelatory collection of ones and zeroes that has the power, through the 21st century magic of a complicated series or wires, relays and invisible electromagnetic waves, to transfer assorted bits and pieces of the contents of one man's head into thousands of other heads thousands of miles away, you can copy, from my memory to yours, the password to the secret domain of alpha: "more".

From the angry hopeless betas complaining about how women only use them for money and labor, to the sad higher betas complaining about how their girlfriends won't satisfy their desires, to the confused lower alphas complaining about how their one-night-stands won't come back for a repeat performance, the solution to the problems brought by an increase in alpha essence is always: more.

The Incredible Effects Of Alpha On Women

May 24 2011

I've said many a time that women transform into completely different creatures depending on whether they're interacting with an alpha or a beta. A lifelong beta may form a persistent image of women as mean, flighty, uncaring and exploitative people, eventually convincing himself that their company is not even worth having at all. This conclusion, while seeming to make sense to him in his current situation, is however completely contingent on his staying beta for all the rest of his days. Were he to step over to the sunny side of the alpha/beta divide, things would look very different indeed.

Will the jury please turn their attention to Exhibit Alpha: a letter from a woman affected by the mind-altering influence of an alpha presence…

Dear author of delusion damage,

I'd like to start by saying how much I found myself nodding in agreement with everything you said in your 'Questions of Identity' article, especially about the concept itself being something people construct out of habits they have received positive reinforcement for, concluding at some point that's simply "how they are" and has to be accepted, when in reality 'identity' isn't static but dynamic as well as highly subjective, and a person could just as well start or stop 'being' a certain thing if they thought it might improve the quality of life they experience.

It was nice to read your reply to the second email, as what you advocated for is basically my preferred approach to identity, also and especially where it comes to being capable of creating and sustaining attraction – I like myself, I'm in favor of myself, yet I think improvement is always possible and I want to make a conscious effort in that direction.
While I think I am good, I'm alright, I'm doing fine and it's ok, failures and successes all included; there is always room to do better, I try and whenever I feel it's to hard to manage, I retreat, nurse my wounds and go easier on myself for a bit.

Basically, I enjoyed reading your article tremendously because, well, it always feels good to have your own mindset reinforced by someone who's opinion you place value in judging from his work, whom you believe to be insightful et cetera.

Same goes for the article about why dating advice a la "Why Men Love Bitches" is bullshit – I have found myself feeling pleasantly reassured.

I tend to think being clear, upfront and honest about your level of attraction/timetable/expectations, and giving the other party space to be equally precise and honest, accepting their opinions and dealing with their position factually and without hysterics, is the way to go in romantic or sexual scenarios.
Still, if various sources around me (girlfriends, advice columns, what have you), keep insisting on the inherent falsehood and naiveté of those assumptions, I also tend to get doubtful about my own conclusion and wonder whether I'm the one who's got it all wrong after all.

So, thanks for confirming my suspicion that advice like 'play hard to get', 'don't be open about what you'd like or what you're looking for', 'never put him first even if you'd like to', 'pretend to have less time for him so he'll pine for you', 'being too available or completely honest is unattractive' is nonsensical and won't get you anywhere with alpha men.

So, after getting the "thank you for reassuring me that I'm not completely nuts" part out of the way, here's where the "asking for your insight" part of the email starts, and I apologize because it came out a little convoluted, and ultimately seems like something I should be able to judge or determine or face-up-to-the-reality-of by myself; yet I find myself asking as I think my own judgement on the

matter might be too tainted by fear and hope and want and desire and ego and worry and insecurity to hold any accuracy whatsoever.

So, if you decide to read through this and possibly give advice, I thank you in advance for your time and kindness in bearing with me.

My query (or, y'know, sob story) starts with there being one, rather alpha guy, whom I'm hopelessly attracted to, admire, like, respect, look up to, would like to please – I know, big surprise that, with him being alpha and all.
My loyalty to and respect for that person know practically no bounds, I'd obviously do anything within my power to make him happy, I'd love to be with him, can't see anyone ever making me feel as he does with his specific personality constellation; you know how it goes, his desirability to me specifically is definitely at a solid 25.

In my dealings with him, I think I did my best as far as can be, considering that improvement is ever possible – my behavior and attractiveness could have no doubt been even better still, and I continue to work at it, yet at the time I did feel, and still do feel, quite acceptably fine about the way I was handling myself.
Making an effort certainly wasn't a conscious hardship either – my adoration and respect for him being what they are, wanting to be my best for him came naturally, displaying my sweetest, most accommodating, caring, friendly, level-headed, feminine qualities and behavior was sort of an inevitable natural occurrence much rather than a chore; still I also exercised conscious judgement and effort over myself where necessary.

At some point he broke it off, as an alpha he obviously has options aplenty, wasn't at a point where he'd liked to settle down, had no pressing reason to commit to me despite liking me and being attracted to me.
He was friendly and honest about it; from what I've seen of his exceedingly direct and upfront nature, I operate under the assumption that his statements of liking me and caring about me and having a stellar time with me were also true.
It has to be added that no fight, hostile tension or non-amicable argument occurred between us at any point, to sum up I'd say we got along quite spectacularly in a number of relevant arenas.
The fact that he didn't want to be in a relationship nonetheless probably doesn't need much explaining considering his alpha nature; I am hardly the most convenient option he has (for starters we live 2 – 2.5 hours apart depending on how fast you drive, so even in terms of physical distance, he could easily find dozen girls much closer to home, quite literally).

That being the situation, here's my thought process: Improvement is always possible, and I did make some mistakes, even if they were of minor nature.
I feel quite confident that given the perpetual learning curve that I'm on, I could make up for those mistakes a thousandfold if given another chance, and maybe improve my odds of giving him a higher incentive to actually uphold the relationship, even against slight inconveniences. I think that I might raise my overall attractiveness to balance them out, so to speak, with relatively minor improvements and changes.
I also think that I wasn't at the right place at the right time, and that might be the thing I could realistically work towards/ try to achieve, as there are no actual objections to myself on his part.

All these thoughts, however, are highly subjective on my part, and probably informed more than I care to admit by the fervent desire that it be so, by the unwillingness to submit to the idea that I'll never be with him again no matter how hard I work or what I try. (Also, begging on hands and knees for another chance doesn't strike me as a viable option, no matter how much I believe I could make the most of it.)

So what I'm asking and cannot determine for myself, is pretty much whether what I'm thinking might at all be a realistic and valid interpretation of reality, and thus a realistic goal to direct energy into making it happen; or whether it's wishful thinking plain and simple.

I'm asking you to give me your opinion on that based on how your understanding of male and female nature is much more in-depth and insightful than what I can muster, and being as you are not emotionally invested in the problem as I am.

I know what I'm asking is a bit strange, it's like I'm saying "Help me get inside the mind of this particular alpha and tell me whether there's still a chance of me being that lucky girl who's in the right place at the right moment", although you don't know the man personally and you're not an agony aunt designated to deal with my specific man-problem.

Still, you appear to comprehend a great deal about those types of interaction on a general level – and what I'm hoping is that there is something that can be said about this on a general level that might benefit me in making a specific decision, some evaluation of overall probability that could be done, which would help me determine how sensible it would be to expend energy into achieving one or the other outcome.

I hope you'll indulge me for a moment and assume as fact my emotionally informed claim that in fact my rapport with that one specific man and no other is of pivotal and crucial importance to my psychological well-being in the very long term.

He once intimated, partly in jest, partly with a more serious undertone, that he would like to settle down with a cohabiting steady partner/wife and kids in ten years time at the earliest, we jested about the inconvenience of no good women being available in his age bracket by then anymore, he mock-complained to my suggestion of taking a much younger wife saying "but whatever would I talk to her about, y'know, she'd bore me to tears", I teased him lightly about not being able to have it both ways and having to make some concessions and so on.
I have to say that particular conversation adds to my suspicion or pile of 'evidence' that being in the right place at the right time might eventually be quite possible with him, I'm thinking "Hey, why shouldn't I be that girl, then?" (Of course, apart from the fact that it proves a logistical nightmare, how would I go about doing that and how would I know the exact time etc.)

Would your advice be to give up that line of thought and come to terms with the fact that any improvement I make from here on out might benefit me personally, and benefit me in further dealings with other alpha men I might possibly encounter, but that one ship I so desperately favor and love has already sailed for good?
Or would you advice to keep doing my best and improving, and pursuing that one person I believe to admire and desire to make happy above all others, because if I act sensibly, intelligently, deliberately I might succeed?

If it leans towards the latter, of course, I'd be curious about specific pointers (although rationally, I suspect it's kind of futile to ask "How do I manage to be in the right place at the right time if I'm not even sure when that'll be? He might actually decide to settle down in 10 years, or later, or earlier, but even if I miraculously could determined the correct point in time, how would I go about casually reinserting myself into his life so that I'm present as a viable option?" There's really no good answer to such questions, is there?).

Thanks for your time,
Sincerely,
Maria

Based on what I can tell from her writing, Maria seems like a lovely, wonderful girl – someone who would be a pleasure to spend time with – but I'll bet anything that the betas in her life don't get to see this. Every girl has the capacity for this type of behavior, given the right circumstances, and if you think there is something particularly unusual about Maria in this regard, that's proof positive that you are not an alpha male.

The second thing to note here is that Maria is completely, utterly obsessed with this particular man. The objective likelihood of him actually being all that unique is rather small, and despite her

assurances ("*my rapport with that one specific man and no other is of pivotal and crucial importance to my psychological well-being in the very long term*"), I am quite certain that with the introduction of another man of equal or greater alphatude into her life, her currently overwhelming and eternal-seeming obsession with this particular man would quickly fade into irrelevance. Even Maria herself might intellectually realize this, but that doesn't change how she feels – she feels like this man is the only man in the world, and no other will do. This may remind you of sentiments expressed by women in love (or women trying hard to convince themselves that they are in love with the current partners who are the best they can get at the moment), and the case could be made, without too much exaggeration, that to meet a true alpha is to fall in love. This is the standard effect that the quality of being unrestrictedly alpha has on women.

As your alpha skills grow more powerful, you may want to start thinking about developing "hidden alpha" rather than "exposed alpha". Hidden alpha is inherent in things like Game and your personality – things that you can turn on and off at will, or show more or less of according to your own judgment. Exposed alpha is something that you have little control over, it's just always there. For example, Johnny Depp has loads of exposed alpha – he can't go anywhere without women losing their shit over him. It must be a terrible burden to bear. Having women fall in love with you is nice – in moderation. If you had to choose between being loved by all women or by none, could you even say which choice would be worse? This is why hidden alpha is superior – you can pull it out when you need it, and hide it when you don't. You can regulate the level of female attention you're getting and adjust it just right to where it's most enjoyable in each moment.

I don't walk around radiating unrestricted alpha appeal in all directions. I look quite unremarkable when I move through the crowd. I only let my alpha traits show through in situations where it's beneficial. I can play a hopeless beta quite convincingly, and I often do when around women I have no interest in attracting. Johnny Depp can't do that. Imagine if the hot girls who get approached fifty times a day and spend half their waking hours fending off suitors left and right had a defense mechanism whereby they could suddenly temporarily transform into blubberous landwhales at will – if you are in fact one of those hot girls, imagine how wonderful that would be… wouldn't you pay anything for that power? Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on where you're coming from) women can't do that, but as a man who has developed his hidden alpha traits and avoided developing exposed ones, you can. Welcome to the Delusion Damage school of wizardry.

The third thing to notice about Maria's experience is the spinning, spinning, endlessly turning wheels and gears in her head that constantly replay and rehash every little detail related to her interactions with this man. There's a saying that "**the way to make someone think they're in love with you is to occupy their mind**". This is true. Would Maria feel that this particular man is so important to her "well-being" if she wasn't spending so much of her time agonizing over him? Most likely not. The pain that she is creating for herself through this mental suffering feeds the desperation that she is feeling, and the desperation feeds the suffering… all of which works to amplify her burning desire for this man way above what his objective qualities should reasonably merit. In a man, this is known as "oneitis". In a woman, just regular old passionate love.

Alphas and betas truly live in completely different worlds, worlds filled with completely different women. The woman this alpha knows as Maria, and the rest of the women he knows, are a completely different species than the woman a beta knows as Maria, and the rest of the women he knows.

Having used Maria's letter to illustrate something mostly unrelated to what she was asking, as I am wont to do, I will now take a moment to answer her questions and point out a few details in her writing that are relevant in a more general way.

advice like 'play hard to get', 'don't be open about what you'd like or what you're looking for', 'never put him first even if you'd like to', 'pretend to have less time for him so he'll pine for you', 'being too available or completely honest is unattractive' is nonsensical and won't get you anywhere with alpha men

You'll notice that this is all good Game advice – for men. The silly women who spread these ideas as advice to other women are projecting their own inner workings onto men, which of course leads to disastrous results as male attraction is almost the complete opposite of female attraction. File this under "just another way in which feminists hurt both men and women with their idiotic ideas of equal treatment".

So what I'm asking and cannot determine for myself, is pretty much whether what I'm thinking might at all be a realistic and valid interpretation of reality, and thus a realistic goal to direct energy into making it happen; or whether it's wishful thinking plain and simple.

As I've said before, marrying or "settling down with" an alpha is, even for the best of women, a stroke of luck. You can try for it and take a chance, but it's not a very good chance. I don't recommend it.

I hope you'll indulge me for a moment and assume as fact my emotionally informed claim that in fact my rapport with that one specific man and no other is of pivotal and crucial importance to my psychological well-being in the very long term.

I will not. I'll do something much more helpful instead – tell you that your feelings are deceptive and that this one specific man is really not at all important to your future. You only feel that way because of the previously explained obsession mechanism, which targets all your mental energy at the top man in your mental field of perception (see: hypergamy). Find another man of equal or higher alphaness – they are around, believe me, the specific man you are obsessing over is not the most alpha man in the world or probably even in your immediate vicinity – and your desperate feelings will cool, letting you get happily on with obsessing over a new man.

Would your advice be to give up that line of thought and come to terms with the fact that any improvement I make from here on out might benefit me personally, and benefit me in further dealings with other alpha men I might possibly encounter, but that one ship I so desperately favor and love has already sailed for good?
Or would you advice to keep doing my best and improving, and pursuing that one person I believe to admire and desire to make happy above all others, because if I act sensibly, intelligently, deliberately I might succeed?

My advice is to realize that while the ship may or may not have sailed, it's not that much shinier than all the other ships, you simply happen to be standing in a spot right now where the sunlight glints off this particular ship giving it a magical glow. If you move behind another ship, the magical glow will move from this ship to that other one as well. Any improvements you make to yourself will always benefit you no matter which ship you decide to chase, but this one ship is not irreplaceable and I think you will enjoy the benefits of your efforts more by focusing on a ship that's coming your way instead of this one, which seems to be receding towards the horizon. You can, of course, decide to pursue this specific man against the odds, and if you do your best, you may in fact succeed – it is possible, but the chances are just not good enough that I would encourage this course of action. You will be just as happy with another alpha, and given how hard it is to get any sort of traction with an alpha at all, I should think you'd want to have all the advantage you can and not put extra obstacles in your own way by limiting yourself to a particular individual.

Exactly what kind of relationship you're expecting to have with an alpha – any alpha – is something you may want to reconsider, because the chances of fulfilling your princess dream and getting any alpha at all to commit to you exclusively are very slim no matter how much you improve. Alphas simply are not very inclined to do that, and the more alpha a man is the less he will lean that way. Being lucky enough to fall into one of the rare situations where an alpha with abundant options decides, for some personal reason, to give the one-woman-thing a try, is not something you want to

count on ever happening to you. You can buy all the lottery tickets you see throughout your entire life, and still never hit the jackpot. Even if you did hit it, it might not be so great after all, as I have previously explained. It's time to start thinking in the realistic terms of getting to enjoy as much of an alpha as you can, and let go of the idea of having one all to yourself.

Women in our Western culture are raised to feel offended at the idea of not getting exclusive ownership of a man, and it may at first feel like something you couldn't come to terms with even if you tried, but the good news is that sharing the top man is actually very natural – it's what women have been doing for most of human history. The jealousy and possessiveness and bad feelings associated with the idea of not owning a man are largely culturally learned – they are not part of your fundamental nature, and you can un-learn them. Letting go of those limiting attitudes will enable you to enjoy your time with an alpha without feeling bad about the portion of his time you are not getting.

I can illustrate this with an example that's fairly common in today's culture: a man's wife starts out feeling like she's entitled to exclusive ownership, so she feels terribly hurt when she finds out he has a mistress. The mistress starts out feeling like she's lucky to get the time she gets with him, and she's not hurt by knowing he has a wife. You create a problem for yourself if you approach an alpha with the attitude that you want to be the wife – that's just not a reasonable expectation. Think of an alpha as married to his work/mission/alphaness, and think of yourself as lucky to be his mistress – then you will be able to enjoy an alpha without your possessive thoughts getting in the way.

Anything for Alpha

May 24 2011

…continued from here (read this first if you haven't).

They say "women want this and women want that and"… no, actually they want exactly whatever you feel like giving them – if you are alpha. If you are beta, they will suck you dry with irrational demands, and you'll get to hear about "fair" and "I deserve" and "consider my feelings" and "it's only right" until your ears fall off.

Two days ago, I described how a woman relates to an alpha:

> At the highest peak of manliness, you are irresistible to her. Compelled by her instincts, she must have the glorious appendage that injects your winning genetic code inside her, in any way and on any terms she can. Her nighttime fantasies will revolve around having you all to herself, but in the harsh light of day she will settle for what she can get. If it's five minutes every other Thursday, she will take it. If it's the type of relationship that revolves around her coming over to do your laundry and take a quick pounding in the ass and then leaving so you can drink beer in peace until the next time you require her services, she will take it. If getting to share your bed means sharing it with five other girls as well, she will take it.

Not only will she take it, but she will love it. Here to bring an example of this phenomenon to life is Maria, who replied to my analysis of her situation with this:

> I'd like to say thank you, I enjoyed your article and was delighted you took the time to analyze and respond to my letter.
>
> On a side note, I enormously liked how you ran with the ship analogy; it was sort of weak and half-assed a metaphor on my part, but you really made the most of it and that just brought a smile to my face.
>
> As always, your advice and observations are solid; as you said yourself, I intellectually realize them to be true, but can't see myself ever feeling any different about this at present.
> I guess the beauty of it is that eventually I will, no matter how obsessed I am now.
>
> Also, once again, spot on in regards to how differntly women are wired to behave towards alpha men, very true.
> For example, I might generally be described as sweet depending on whom you ask – but even my parents most certainly wouldn't recognize me the way I'm affected in the presence of That Guy.
>
> I think you used that phrasing in one of your articles before, which made me laugh tremendously in a rueful "yeah-that's-just-how-it-is-isnt-it" sort of way, because I had recently used it myself, to explain the level of my infatuation in a "Friend: 'Ok, but how uniquely special can that guy really be to you, objectively speaking?' Me: 'No, you don't understand – even my OWN PARENTS wouldn't recognize me at the level of sweet and happy and in-love-with-the-world I am at around him!!!' context.
> So yeah, simply spot on.
>
> PS: As an afterthought, something I didn't get around to expressing since the text was

long enough already, was the fact that an exclusive and unequivocal commitment isn't necessarily the foremost or most important thing I desire of that man – as you illustrated in other articles, I'm well and firmly at a point where I'd take 'five minutes of every other Thursday' and any sort of non-exclusive treatment on his part if that meant getting to be with him at all, and the thought of sharing him with others really doesn't seem terrible.

I do feel a sort of moronic gratefulness to him for not actually taking full advantage of the enormous extent of lengths I'd be willing to go to, and being open about his intentions (or lack thereof) instead; while on the other hand it adds to my perception of how incredibly decent a human being he really is, which isn't helpful in getting him off his pedestal of course, but oh well.

In any case, I enormously liked your 'mistress' analogy in that regard, very beautifully put and also something I'd love to be to that man, not the main focus of his life or exclusive owner of his love, but someone who enjoys his affection and occasionally his time as an interest of his alongside other pursuits.

Generally speaking, I sometimes think another downside of the cultural learning process you described, for women specifically, is that men tend to not even assume that such a constellation might possibly be preferred or desired by a woman at all; if you express that you'd like to 'be with' a man, they automatically assume that to refer to the very possessive definition of total commitment we've come to expect, and trying to convey the difference in a plausible fashion can get difficult and awkward. (I.e., if that guy currently at the root of my troubles fully knew and/or understood the above was something I desired in relation to him, I think he'd be somewhat, probably even very, surprised rather than going "well, yeah, was aware of that".)

It's funny (well, funny in an 'actually inevitable and perfectly logical' kind of way but still funny), that I never actually experienced or entertained fantasies of 'forever after 'til death do us part' really being the ideal with anyone until I met that particular guy – seems cruel that alpha men, the people least likely to be an available option or sensible choice for pursuing life-long pairings, are the most likely to automatically inspire that type of fantasy against all sense.
That's from the perspective of a female individual living in today's society, of course; evolutionary speaking it makes perfect sense, and since evolution isn't a consciously observing entity with manners and morals (well, unless you subscribe to any kind of 'intelligent design' hypothesis, that is), there's really no consideration for the emotional comfort of 21st century dwellers in there.

In any case, this is just an addendum, it doesn't distract from the validity of your advice and analysis in regard to the things I did express to desire, such as regular commitment.

Commit this to memory, young initiates into the hidden world of the female mind: the alpha has his fun with this girl (what exactly their magical time together entailed is not specified in Maria's letter, but I'm sure most of us can make an educated guess), then tells her flat-out that he is not interested in any sort of commitment and proceeds to discard her, and how does she feel about all this? She feels *grateful* for his "*not taking advantage of her*" (!) and in her mind, this and his *honesty* about his intentions *add to her perception of how incredibly decent a human being he really is*. She proceeds to quietly go home and pine for him obsessively, hoping against hope that she might one day get to play some small part in his life for a little moment now and then between all his other women and exciting adventures.

Here on this site, I try and try to describe the alpha reality, but I don't think a lot of people are getting it. It's just a completely different world to where most people live. The rules that apply to normal people do not apply. Maybe hearing a woman's perspective will help some readers realize that this is indeed going on right now right in your hometown and everywhere else, across every continent and every seafaring vessel with at least one alpha on board. There is no limit to what women will do for an alpha. No limit at all. And they will love every second of it.

Just listen to Maria describe her desires regarding future interactions with this alpha male, and throw all the "women want this" and "women expect that" and "women require compromise" crap you've been told by all the betas in your life out the window. She wants nothing but to gratefully receive whatever he would give her, and this man is probably not even close to how alpha you can get – Maria's assumption that he would be surprised to learn the true flexible nature of her desire for him makes me suspect that he may not know very much about the female mind at all and is certainly not consciously studying the art of attraction. He's probably just an accidental, natural alpha, which puts him in a similar position to where a naturally strong guy is relative to a professional weightlifter – that is to say, a long way from the big leagues.

Scientifically developed alpha influence is a legitimate superpower, and it is free for the taking… and the cherry on the top for those of us who do is that 99% of the men with an equally good chance to compete against us are just not taking it!

There's More to Life Than Sexual Conquest

May 25 2011

Zack writes:

Dear Mr. Delusion Damage,

I am going to leave you with a video of a talk given by a man named Joe Ehrmann. You will see quickly that he is certainly an alpha male. Or at least by any type of criteria that I recognize in a "real" man. He's a former all pro NFL lineman for the Indianapolis Colts and now a minister/high school football coach in Baltimore.

His basic beliefs are that the men and boys in our country are sold three different "lies" from when they are very young on what it means to be a man. The three lies are as follows.

1. Athletic Ability
2. Sexual Conquest
3. Economic Success

He goes into the fact that at the end of your life these three things mean absolutely nothing. What matters most is the "relationships" you fostered in your life. What kind of husband were you? What kind of father were you? What kind of friend were you? What kind of person were you?

The second thing that matters is whether you had a cause that was bigger than yourself. A cause that drove you and helps you transcend your own needs, desires, wants, etc. A cause that makes you realize you are but a part of the human community.

Maybe I am suffering from some type of delusion but your writing never centers on this. It's all about what women can do for you and how alpha you can be. Of course you also preach self improvement and I can get behind that. However, I can't get behind your obsession with alpha.

I read these pickup artist blogs and all I see are people cheering Arnold for fathering all these kids behind his wifes back. Yippee! He's so alpha! No, actually he's a dick. Let's face facts. That's not a man. A man is someone that makes a commitment to someone and sticks by it. If that makes him beta or me beta for thinking that way, so be it.

Even Joe Ehrmann has a wild "alpha" past but upon living and learning he realizes that that's not what it's all about. As he states in the book written about his high school team(see below). He had climbed the ladder of success and had everything he could ever want in terms of money, sex, and awards. And yet, at the end of all that, as he sat there after his little brother died, he realized the ladder was leaning on the wrong building. I think in some respects, yours is too.

Part 1
www.youtube.com/watch?v=C7xBqt0K8Iw

Part 2
www.youtube.com/watch?v=eVWAPwc9KMY&NR=1

"Season of Life"

http://www.amazon.com/Season-Life-Football-Journey-Manhood/dp/0743269748

I will explain.

I try to use terms the audience is familiar with. I use the words "Game" and "alpha" so much because they're easier to understand than what I actually want to say, but as you've noticed I don't really write from a "how to pick up women in bars and get them to lower their pants for you in the shortest possible amount of time" perspective. I write about mental endeavors with varied benefits in different areas of life, but "listen up if you want to get laid" has a clearer and wider appeal than "listen up if you want to balance your desires with your expectations, calm your emotions, learn to communicate with other people in a meaningful and constructive way, understand the hidden social structures underlying much of our cultural conventions and get the sort of success in life that really makes you happy".

My real focus with this site is mental self-improvement, and I think the getting-women aspect of it is a powerful way to introduce men to a self-improvement mode of thinking. It's such a simple concept, and its benefits are clear. I've written about how our desires and instincts are all about survival and reproduction, and while the survival part is taken care of pretty nicely by modern society, people end up spending their lives trying to satisfy the reproductive instincts – competing for social status through careers, sports, etc. – and I think realizing that all those competitions are unnecessary and that the reproductive instincts can be satisfied with abilities gained through mental learning is a major step in the right direction for any man who is caught in the social status rat race. This process of discovery leads naturally to further self-improvement in all areas of life, and I often make an effort to highlight the connections between the different topics I write about.

My heavy focus on being alpha is not meant to imply that sexual conquest is the most important thing in the world – rather, the alpha mindset of contentment and abundance is a stepping stone to a generally happy life. It's very hard to focus on self-improvement and building a satisfying life for yourself when you're stuck in the beta mindset of desperate unfulfilled desires and an image of the world as a cruel place where you have to fight for scraps every day of your life. Not to mention that simply getting to have some satisfying sex with desirable women would do much more for the mental well-being and self-esteem of many men than any amount of affirmations or mental gymnastics.

These are some of the reasons as to why I have taken a heavily alpha-leaning approach with the site.

Another thing is that I don't really agree with Mr. Ehrmann about any of the things listed in Zack's letter as being important. In my view, whatever you have done in your life and whatever you have been to other people, whatever causes you've tried to further, whatever legacy you leave – none of that means anything in the end either, no more and no less than how many women you had sex with or how many Pokemon you caught on your Game Boy. The only thing that matters in life is, in my view, to live. If causes and community and family make you truly happy and content with your life, do that. If unlimited sex with an endless line of women makes you happy, do that instead. I agree with Mr. Ehrmann in that the "three lies" he talks about do not define a man, but I don't think relationships or causes do either. A life well lived is a life that you enjoyed, and there is no higher reward than that.

"It" is certainly not "all about" sexual conquest and being alpha, but I do believe these are extremely valuable tools in improving the quality of a man's life, which is why I will continue to place heavy emphasis on them among the more general array of tools I discuss here.

Cops and Robbers and You

May 28 2011

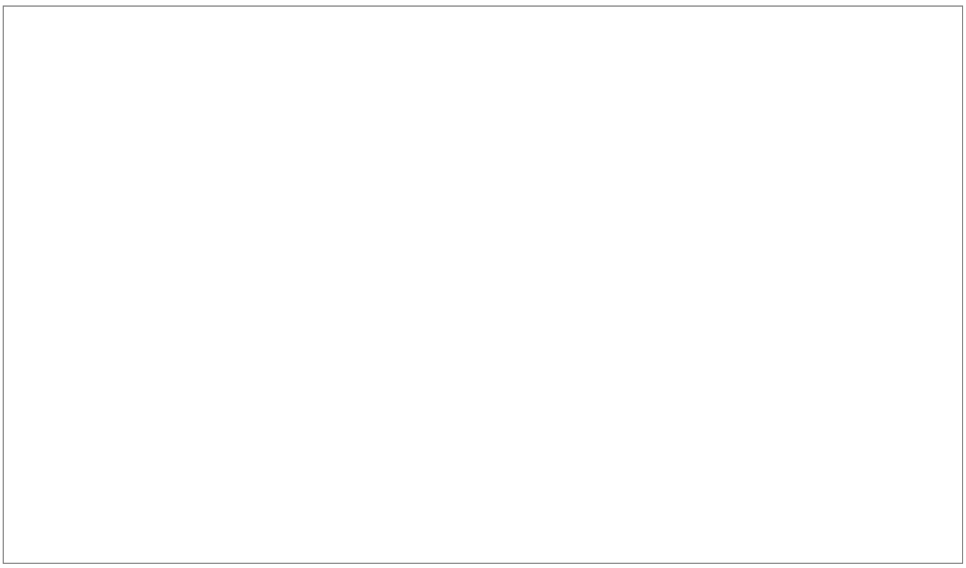
Remember the U.S. Constitution? That must have been nice… for those people who lived back then. Today, it's but a quaint memory…

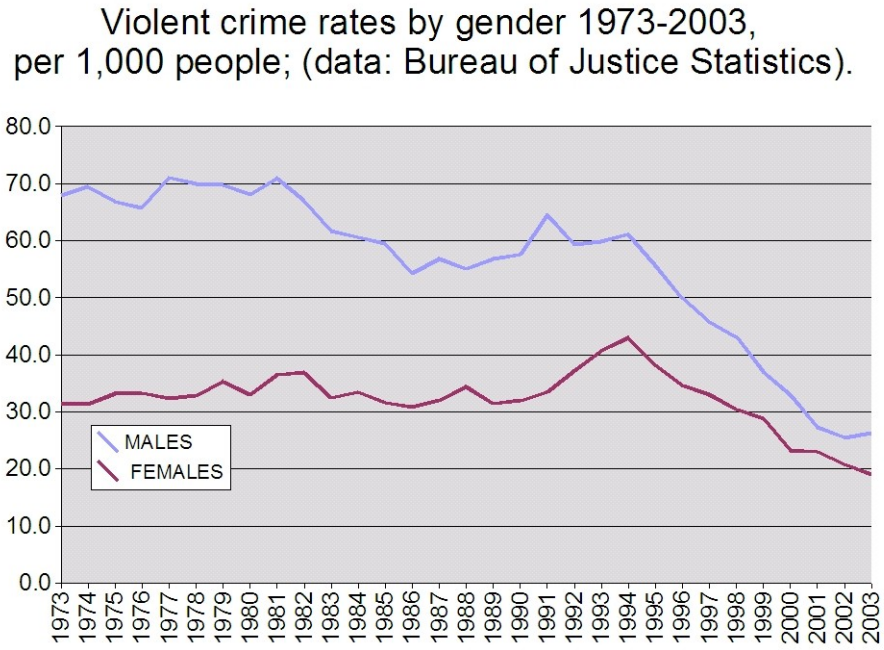
The Indiana Supreme Court, Fourth Amendment be damned, have made it legal for police to enter your house at any time, for any or no reason at all and if you resist, they can shoot you dead. (link)

Some people – regular, law-abiding people – are understandably less than delighted with these and similar recent developments in law in the U.S. and elsewhere in the Western world.

No matter how much power police are given over regular, innocent citizens, they never seem to be able to stop crime and terrorism and keep those scary criminals from doing what they do. About one percent of the U.S. population is now in prison – by far the highest rate in the world, including those crazy dictators' countries where they lock up anybody who says something unflattering about the government – and has that made crime go away?

Let's look at some helpful charts:





Thanks, Wikipedia. Now, if you would all please turn your attention to the time span between about 1974 and 1994 in these charts. During this time, incarceration rates seem to have been increased by about 350% – with the intention, one would assume, of effecting a consequent decrease in violent crime – and if we do the math, we find that this massive increase in incarceration rates managed to decrease the violent crime rate by exactly… **zero percent**! Wow! What an awesome way to spend taxpayer money!

After about 1994, we can see the incarceration rate start to level off, and the crime rate go into a steep decline. While a serious head-scratcher for those whose thinking is limited by a dogmatic adherence to political correctness, this phenomenon might be quite easily explained by something seemingly unrelated: the legalization of abortion about twenty years earlier.

For those of us willing to invite the obvious conclusion that not everyone should be allowed to raise children, it seems pretty clear that the absence of a generation of troubled young adults grown from unwanted, badly treated children would have an effect on the crime rate, and that it would look pretty much exactly like what we are seeing in the graph there.

Before abortion, a careless girl who couldn't care less would accidentally get pregnant and be forced to lug around a kid for twenty years. That kid of the careless mother who couldn't care less would have a much higher than average chance of having the kind of childhood that predisposes to criminal behavior in adulthood. An accidental pregnancy, a parent (or sometimes two) who didn't want a kid in the first place and can't or just won't take care of one, and twenty years later, presto! A brand new criminal!

After abortion is legalized, though, the careless girl who couldn't care less just goes to the local clinic and gets un-pregnant – and twenty years later, the supply of new criminals starts to dwindle. Each subsequent year, another year's unborn criminals show their conspicuous absence from the charts and the crime rate keeps going down, down, down. Cost to the taxpayer – pretty much nothing.

Just to make sure to keep this at a kindergarten level for the benefit of our beloved decision-makers, let's recap:

How do we reduce crime?

Putting more people in prison? Doesn't work.

Reducing the number of screwed-up childhoods? Does work.

Pretty cool, huh? In the next episode of "Mr. Rogers' Government", we ask why taking money from people who work and giving it to people who don't work is a stupid idea.

Increasing the severity of prison sentences, increasing arrests, increasing police powers etc… efforts to make crime more difficult are all but useless while incentives to commit crime are high. Most U.S. prison inmates are vacationing on the taxpayer dollar for reasons that have something to do with the illegal drug trade. The drug trade is a business, and the people who run it are businesspeople.

Criminal businesspeople are a peculiar sort – they don't commit crimes for fun or out of anger, they just want money. If the best way they can find to make money is selling drugs, that's what they'll do. If the best way to sell drugs is to shoot all competing dealers in the head, that's what they'll do. If selling drugs and shooting people requires taking a calculated risk of arrest, violent death, or life in prison, that's what they'll do.

If the government decides to make a company's business more difficult by increasing the tax on their product, making them comply with new safety standards, or requiring them to buy lobbyists to influence the law, they will pass these added expenses on to the consumer.

If the government decides to make a drug dealer's business more difficult by increasing police raids on his business location, making him spend half his adult life in prison, or requiring him to bribe police officers to influence enforcement of the law, he will pass these added expenses on to the consumer.

He's not going to think "aww, this is too hard, I'll go work at McDonald's instead." That's not the kind of person he is. He's going to think "hahah, the harder dealing becomes, the less people will be able to compete with me and the higher I can drive prices! I'm gonna be rich, biaaatch!"

Where the police arrest a dealer and lock him up (for which we the people pay $50,000 a year), another takes his place. Cost to taxpayers: 50 grand times, let's say, ten years of prison time during his drug-dealing career = half a million dollars. Net reduction in crime = zero. Zip, zilch, nada. The big goose egg. The drug dealer is not an "evil, bad person without whom the streets are now safer". He's an opportunist, and there will always be more opportunists than opportunities. Now the market is open to the next kid from the block to try his hand at the high-stakes game of big risks and big rewards. For every dealer locked up, three more crawl out of the woodwork with the same dreams of getting rich.

No amount of risk or punishment is going to stop this type of business-crime. Where there's an opportunity, no matter how slight, an opportunist will always appear. The only way to stop people from dealing drugs is to provide them with better alternative opportunities. No matter how risky we the people pay our governments to make crime, those costs will just be passed onto the consumer and opportunists will continue to choose crime as long as no better opportunities are available.

The successful business-criminal is a machine. Inhuman and flawless, he calculates the risks and finds ways to minimize them. Like a soulless corporation, he chases only profit and doesn't care who gets hurt or killed in the process. If he can shoot a competitor and get away with it, he will. If he can shoot a police officer about to arrest him and get away with it, he will. If he can shoot you and take your valuables and get away with it, he will.

The job of a police officer is to catch these business-criminals so that new aspiring opportunists can take their place. This job is dangerous and scary. A police officer is afraid for his life whenever he is doing his work and interacting with a business-criminal. He always knows that at any moment, the business-criminal could pull out a gun and kill him without hesitation, or the business-criminal's like-minded associate might materialize from around a corner and do the same. When the police officer is conducting an arrest, or executing a search warrant, or patrolling the streets in a crime-ridden neighborhood, he knows that any slip-up could be his last. He does not take any unnecessary

risks, and he assumes that anyone who is not also wearing a police uniform could be a business-criminal who will kill him without hesitation if given the slightest opportunity. He'd rather be safe than sorry.

Unfortunately, the same police officers who deal with these business-criminals all day are also the same ones who come to your house when your girlfriend has a fit and your neighbors hear screaming and call the police. They're used to dealing with people who would very much like to kill them if given the slightest opportunity, and they will assume, both subconsciously and probably also deliberately, just to be safe, that you are one of these people until proven otherwise. If you talk to them, try to explain the situation or protest your innocence, they will assume that you are trying to distract them in order to wreak some sort of deadly surprise havoc. If you physically resist them, they will assume that you are trying to reach for a deadly weapon. These assumptions are based on the situations the police officers normally encounter when spending all day dealing with ruthless business-criminals. Most of the people they get sent to deal with in the course of their workday are ruthless business-criminals, and given that they've been sent to deal with you, they're going to assume that you are probably one as well. That's just how the human mind works. We generalize, and it takes an unusual sort of alertness to notice it and stop doing it for a moment. That moment is not often the exact moment when the police officer is dealing with you.

If you approach a police officer on the street to ask a question, you can notice his initial reaction betray his first thought, which is nearly always "is this person trying to kill me?".

Business-crime cannot be effectively fought by making it more difficult. Police keep "needing" more and more power because their job is impossible.

Will the new laws allowing police to enter residences without just cause reduce crime? I'm going to guess "no". The crime business will find a way around this new obstacle and pass the extra trouble on to the consumer. Will the new laws decrease police accountability, thus incentivizing police corruption? Certainly.

Let's all take a moment to thank traditional Christian morality for infusing our society with the unbelievably silly and harmful belief that some people are "good" and won't abuse a position of power for personal gain if given the chance. As rappers have been helpfully reminding us of for at least twenty years, having the job of enforcing the law does not make a person immune to the temptation to break the law for personal gain. It just makes it easier.

PS: I got a few emails pointing out that Christian morality does not hold that people are good. This is technically correct, but even though actual Christianity holds that all people are sinners and doomed except for redemption through Christ, I would say that a major portion of Christians are, regardless, living with more of a "good people go to heaven and bad people go to hell" type of mentality, which understandably often leads, in practice, to serious denial about people's selfish motivations. It is this morality, not of actual Christianity but of the somewhat-bastardized average-Joe Christian tradition I was referring to there.

Is It Too Late?

May 30 2011

Reader email:

I am one of the millions of men out there. the ones that have been damaged in their youth, introverted, reader, D&D junkies that allowed computer games, RPG's, and porn to supplant their personal life.
Now I am stuck in the same hole that those millions of men are. about to turn the corner of 40, 'permanently' unemployed, stuck in a relationship with someone I am entirely unattracted to (although I do consider her a friend) simply because the alternative is living on the street, overweight, and throttled by ruinous child support and alimony (I am one of those guys that, even if I could manage to get a job in the current marketplace, it would actually increase my living expenses compared to my income)

The question is, is it too late for me to learn game? I am not unattractive for an overweight guy (about 60 extra pounds) although I understand that's not necessarily a factor, but I am looking back at my life and in a typical mid-life crisis mode (a term from feminism… I don't think of it as a mid life crisis but more a case of looking back and realizing that I have fucked up an enormous amount of possibilities and hoping it's not too late). I am interested, highly, in learning the game, but I am worried that this late of a start will destroy me instead of liberating me.

Fortunately, the female I am with (actually supporting me) is very submissive, and I am almost fanatically dominant and controlling… despite the lack of physical attraction, We DO have quite a bit of fun playing D&S games. She is interested in finding other girls to introduce to our games, and I think it would be nice as well.

There is no such thing as "too late to learn Game". If you're 80 years old and rolling around in a wheelchair with an oxygen tank then reading a couple of books and learning basic Game isn't likely to get you swamped by 18-year-old hotties, but it can still make a difference in your life. Game will always make you more attractive compared to where you are right now. If you're unattractive, it will make you less unattractive. More Game might take your attractiveness level to average. Even more Game might bring it above average.

Game is fundamentally about human interaction, and even that 80-year old could still enjoy mischievously flirting with the nurses and being the center of attention after hours in the retirement home Bingo hall. It sure beats being that cranky old dickhead that everyone wants to get away from, and Game could make the difference between the two.

This emailer's situation is still pretty good. He's only 40, he's got his health – his basic health, overweight notwithstanding – he can walk, he can breathe, he can go out on the town and hunt for women. The biggest obstacle I see here is the situation with the woman and children. There's a reason I tell men not to get married and have kids and it's because that trap is a difficult one to climb out of. Were he a free man, this emailer's future with Game could be wide open, age and weight notwithstanding (although I would recommend losing the weight just to make things easier – you have to get pretty good at Game before it starts to make your other attributes irrelevant).

As it is, he can still benefit from Game within the limits of his circumstances. Learning Game can increase his current woman's attraction to him, which, all else being equal, can only be a good

thing, and it can give him the tools to get those other girls he wants to join them.

I'm not sure that's necessarily a terribly good idea considering the stability of his family – this type of thing tends to be a desperate last resort of people trying hard to stay in denial about the fact that their relationship is unsatisfying, and it pretty much never makes anything better.

I'll just mention with regard to the "D&S games" he talks about, that I view a person's need to frame their sexual activity in terms of "games" as a symptom of a more fundamental-level problem – settling for pretending at something that you don't believe you can ever get in "reality". If you aim low, you'll hit low, always.

This emailer also describes himself as "almost fanatically dominant and controlling", which doesn't sound too healthy to me. It sounds like a symptom of a feeling of helplessness or lack of control. It sounds like a mindset that leads to feeling angry and stressed a lot. Fixing that might also be something to look into.

Regarding the "mid-life crisis"… the phenomenon known by this name usually doesn't have as much to do with "oh no, I'm getting old!" as it does with "oh no, my wife is getting ugly!". Due to the way our society is structured, it tends to coincide with the middle part of a man's life, but it's really a "this woman has gone bad, I need to find a fresh one" crisis.

This emailer is worried that learning Game now might "destroy" him rather than "liberate" him… that, in my view, is his own choice to make. If he wants to focus on wallowing in misery over missed opportunities in his youth, cultivating feelings of anger and cursing the unfairness of life, that is definitely an option. On the other hand, he can choose to focus on the improvements that Game can bring to his life now – and they are still many, as explained above – and I think this focus will serve him a lot better.

Doing It Wrong

May 31 2011

I have a rule I've told you about before:
don't ever do anything you don't enjoy.

This applies to all areas of life. Given that life, even my life, isn't perfect, I'm sometimes forced to break this rule, but I do my best to adhere to it. So, I think, should you.

This rule supersedes other rules, such as "do the most effective thing for whatever goal is currently at hand". You always have to ask, "effective for what?". The goal for any action is ultimately to make your life better and more enjoyable, so if you're trying to accomplish a secondary goal by shitting on your primary goal, you're doing it wrong.

Game, for example, is a tool for accomplishing secondary goals. The goal of getting women serves the goal of happiness, not the other way around. Compromising happiness to get women is just stupid. When I discover a new Game strategy, the first question I ask is "would I enjoy doing that"? Only is the answer is yes do I ask "would doing that be good Game"? Only if both answers are yes do I consider adopting the strategy.

Over at In Mala Fide, a proponent of the "screw Game, just get hookers instead" school of thought asks (for about the millionth time):

Are very high levels of rejection by average women worth it?

Game is really a function of the numbers of woman you approach, confidently, each and every day. It does not take a genius to figure that most approaches will end in rejection, flakiness or bullshit. It gets even worse when you realize that most average looking women are mediocre in bed.

What is the point of building a lifestyle based on obsessing over mediocre, stupid and arrogant women, when you can rent the amazing ones by the hour with far less hassle and effort?

You will never see the full appeal of Game as long as you keep viewing it as "work" performed for an eventual, uncertain "payoff". You must see Game not as work, but as sport. Fun.

All this "rejection" and "worth it" stuff is outcome-dependent sacrifice thinking. If you are forcing yourself to do things you don't enjoy in order to get women, then you're already losing. The right way to think about it is that you are playing – with women – and enjoying yourself. If you're thinking about "rejection" you are ruining it for yourself. Don't think "I did an approach and it did not lead to sex so now I've failed and must feel bad about myself".

Drop the expectations and stop hanging your hopes on the future. Approach women, talk to them, play with them, and enjoy your sport. Sometimes it leads to sex, sometimes a good story, sometimes it's just a way to kill time in the check-in queue. If you are not enjoying the game, then you're playing it wrong. If you start out with an idea that game is something you're going to suffer through in order to achieve the reward of sex, you have already lost.

PS: Is he implying that Game can only attract women who are less "amazing" than actual professional whores? Um, haha.

A Conversation With Me

June 2 2011

I wrote an article a while back based on an email from reader Craig. Craig wrote me back in response, and we ended up having a conversation that ought to be an article in itself… so, here it is – this is what having a conversation with me is like. Craig's emails are in blue, mine in green, and the original article which you will probably want to read first if you haven't already is here.

I've edited a few details out of the emails in order to protect the innocent, but the conversation you see here is mostly intact.

Note: Craig's first email is referring to this passage from the original article:

…The reason I've been able to draw Craig such a nice map that his head is probably going to pop right off when he reads this…

Let's jump right to the emails (Craig = blue, me = green):

***

Wwwwwow. That, sir, is really something. I'll have to come back to it many times. My head hasn't left my body, but it is… a bit loose.

The part I appreciate the most about your piece is the idea of seeing myself AS something to offer. THAT was new. I walked around, trying that idea on, and it felt like I was on drugs or on a different planet. It was awesome. I started to understand why the women who've wanted me wanted me, and why my friends want to be my friends. I'd just never seen it from their angle. Did you develop any kind of practice or discipline that helped you keep that frame of mind, so you could make it come more true with time? Is there a "method" that worked for you?

***

This isn't a "perception creates reality" thing as much as it is a "reality creates perception" thing. The best way to feel like your company is valuable is to actually make it so. Identify the abilities you have and find the ways you can make your company be valuable to people. I don't feel like my company is valuable because I've convinced myself to believe that – I feel that way because I know what value I can bring to people. Look at the other side: do you want to be with a girl who BELIEVES she's attractive and delightful or one who actually is that way? You want to actually be valuable in some way. The value you bring can be Game (which makes you attractive and therefore nice to be around), it can be some sort of understanding or wisdom that rubs off on those around you, it can be anything that's part of you, but do not make it a service. Don't run errands for people. You might of course say that I'm self-contradictorily running an errand for you right now by answering your questions and writing all those articles, and this is what I meant when I talked about charity. The mindset we're discussing here is the same mindset I have when I write, the same mindset I want you to have when you interact with women, the same mindset that really should guide your life, in broad strokes:

– You are doing something you enjoy. (If you don't enjoy it, stop.)
– If as a side product of your enjoyment, what you are doing can produce value for other people, that's great. You are not losing anything by giving away of something that you basically get for free (that you automatically produce).
– If those other people really appreciate what they're getting, they'll want to keep being the beneficiary of your actions, and they will compete for your company/time/value with value offerings of their own.
– The resultant condition you should find yourself in is that you are doing something you enjoy

(e.g. talking to a pretty girl – i hope you can find it in yourself to enjoy that), that action is producing some value (e.g. the girl finds what you are saying useful, or just simply finds your physical presence attractive and pleasant), the beneficiary of your action appreciates it enough to compete for it (e.g. this girl knows that you could be enjoying yourself just as much with other girls, so she feels like she wants to make you dinner and dress up as that TV character you fantasized about as a kid, or whatever action she can take that you might find value in), and you'll get even more bonus value through this process – which, what it really does is converts the extra value produced from your enjoyable action into a form you can enjoy.

The really high level of this is of course when you use your side-product value AS your offering to compete for the side-product value of someone else who really knows what they're doing, and you end up surrounding yourself with people who are all doing the same thing – who are therefore just automatic value givers like you and you get all that for free because you are already enjoying yourself, and everyone around you is enjoying themselves as well.

Looks like I ended up getting sidetracked a bit (I enjoyed it too much) but I think it's related enough to help you understand the answer to your question – to feel valuable, find how you are valuable and use that. If you can't find one single thing in your mind or body that anyone could enjoy, then learn something. I don't know what else you have, probably all kinds of stuff, but I at least know one thing of value you have: just collecting value from my website – or you could wait for the book, I keep forgetting you're the one who asked for the book in the first place – should already give you enough to blow away most people who are not making a conscious effort to provide value in their interactions. I give you permission to let your pretty girls think you came up with all your cutting insights into their psyche completely on your own.

***

…should already give you enough to blow away most people who are not making a conscious effort to provide value in their interactions.

Bingo zingo. Now you're talking. The Principles of Social Competence ebook, which I found via your site I think, is REALLY helping me with this. I gives a blueprint for just what a healthy/valuable social interaction IS, especially one between a male and female.

With that information, I know that I can walk into the metaphorical store and afford what they're selling, if you will.

It lets someone know, during a conversation, whether or not he's building something of value. That's great, because it steers one's mind from "what do I have to do to please this person?" to "am I properly honoring the applicable principles?". It puts the ball in my court.

Etc. 'Sorry if I come off like I'm e-stalking you. I just appreciate DD, and look forward to learning and understanding more through it.

***

It's a good book in that it provides a simple and practical model that you can go right out and use without having to study a long time, and that's why I wrote about it, but I don't think it's flawless and I wouldn't tell you to trust it too much either. Take your example of what a valuable interaction between a male and female is – the book's view of that is very rigid and their idea of order is all geared towards monogamy and reproduction etc., whereas if you honestly look into your own male instincts your natural idea of a valuable goal in that area is more like unlimited sex with unlimited

women and then maybe family as a distant second. I'd say the book has some inaccuracies of this type, but its real value is that the model is simple and complete. It allows you to see what it's like to work from principle towards application, whereas much Game stuff is outside-in which isn't nearly as good.

***

It's funny. I don't take "unlimited sex with unlimited women" at all seriously anymore.

Demographic X would say that it's because I'm mature now, and have a better and more practical understanding of the future, and how things go, and what I want for my legacy. 'Because I'm reasonable now.

Demographic Y, on the other hand, would say that it's because I've been beaten down and defeated and given up on a very real and important part of me. 'Because I'm defeatist.

I'll tell you this, though: I'm perfectly happy to give "unlimited sex with unlimited women" a good swing just for the heck of learning something about myself. We'll see what I think then.

***

and what does the real world around you say?
Men find themselves having to pressure women into sex.
Women find themselves having to pressure men into commitment.
Q.E.D.

***

Indeed.

I just need to discover/confess what will genuinely do it for me in particular. Maybe I'm weird. Of course I'm male, but I'm one male in particular, a data point somewhere between "0″ and "1″ along many different axes.

Some men genuinely want marriage, and some genuinely don't.

Where this gets interesting for me, though, is simply acknowledging that when anyone makes that sort of what-I-want decision for himself, he's doing it within a greater social/cultural CONTEXT. The context is what's outside him PLUS what's inside him.

My still-theoretical understanding is that Game, therefore, shows many that they can change their context, from A: "better get married so I can have any sex at all in the future" to B: a different understanding entirely.

Anyway, you're essentially right, and just in case I'm more average than I thought, I'm going to give a swing and find out. Occam's Razor says that it's the best decision for now.

***

It is possible you may be afflicted with the beta mind. Let me explain.
Have you ever noticed this phenomenon: when you're sick and tired and weak, you feel much more socialistic, you feel more like wanting to help people and wanting them to help you.
Whereas when you're healthy and strong and feel awesome, you feel much more like you'll take care of your own problems and so should everyone else.

Could it be that your subconscious is stuck in the sexually weak attitude and believes "I cannot get the sex without the marriage", therefore feels more positive about marriage and less about trying to make it out there in the cruel world without a legally exclusively owned sex supply? Perhaps if you get the experiences that give you confidence in sexual abundance, your subconscious attitude may change and cause those feelings to change as well.

***

It is possible you may be afflicted with the beta mind.

"Possible"? Ha!

Let me explain.
Have you ever noticed this phenomenon: when you're sick and tired and weak, you feel much more socialistic, you feel more like wanting to help people and wanting them to help you.

Certainly I've experienced that. Every time.

Whereas when you're healthy and strong and feel awesome, you feel much more like you'll take care of your own problems and so should everyone else.

Right again.

(This is an excellent analogy, by the way.)

Could it be that your subconscious is stuck in the sexually weak attitude and believes "I cannot get the sex without the marriage", therefore feels more positive about marriage and less about trying to make it out there in the cruel world without a legally exclusively owned sex supply?

Oh, you bet your BUTT that's possible. I've always seen the world as exclusively cruel in this way without exception.

The only thing worth arguing about is the answer to this question: Is this attitude something INHERENT in me, like no matter what, or rather an OUTPUT from a sexually-deprived past?

…

Ah sheesh, who am I kidding. Fuck it, yes, it IS an output from a sexually-deprived past. 100%.

Perhaps if you get the experiences that give you confidence in sexual abundance, your subconscious attitude may change and cause those feelings to change as well.

("Sexual abundance," SHIT what a concept!)

I'm sure of it, actually. I'm sure you're right. I may still want marriage, but the FLAVOR of that want would be very different. I'd be wanting it as a free man making a best choice rather than a hungry beggar grabbing at whatever he can, selling whatever of himself he needs to to survive.

Tell me if I've got this right:

The sorts of experiences you're referring to above are the experiences I'd probably have if I:

1) Tightened up my self-image in the ways you've thoughtfully

suggested,

2) Learned just a B-minus level level of Game, and

3) Really dedicated myself to the projects and goals that really matter to me, rather than avoiding them.

Right? Sorta?

(FUCK this is scary. It's not even the fear of failure. It's the fear of… walking away from what I've always believed, however sad, and realizing that it was "optional" the whole time.)

***

Game and self-image are partially the same thing – Game is basically projecting the signs of a certain type of self-image. Of course it helps to actually have that self-image. I can't say what you consider a "B-" level, but you certainly don't need years of practice to experience an "oh look, sex is out there, free for the taking" type of shift in your view of the world. Dedication and dealing with your challenges directly is what it will take though, you will never get anywhere with avoidance thinking like "oh she's cute, but I'm wearing my bad clothes so I can't approach her now".

One of the main reasons to why we are lucky enough to have an unusual advantage here is that most people are not ready to admit that what they've gotten used to "knowing" is just wrong. This is what keeps them from learning, and leaves their share of women for you and me, creating abundance. The fear of letting go of that support structure of beliefs one is used to leaning on is… not really something you need to feel. If you think about it, your logical mind has already basically discovered that those beliefs were optional, it's just your emotional mind that's scared of what will happen without them – but, with your logical mind, you must realize that those beliefs have been just as wrong all the time you felt safe in relying on them. They were never a supporting structure, only an obstacle. You will naturally feel like you miss the old habits, that may be unavoidable, but you can quell the fear by realizing that what you are letting go of is chains that have been dragging you down, not a cane you've been leaning on.

The mindset of sexual abundance is… well, right now you're still (quite clearly) thinking of your reality and even Game in terms of "I must go out and GET the sex, lure it and trap it somehow (either with marriage or Game or what have you), make an effort to work for its acquisition" – that's a scarcity mindset. You want to start thinking more in terms of "I trust it will come to me when I do the things I enjoy". A scarcity mindset is neediness and repels the very women it desires.

… We've touched on quite a few topics here, I think I'd like to post this entire email exchange on the site, as long as you're comfortable with that. …?

***

All right. The first thing I want to report is that This Shit is Working. The past couple weeks I've had the part-time job of soaking my mind in the ideas that you've been dropping on me in this very email chain, and Something's Happening as a result.

Exhibit A:

There's a cashier at a bakery where I go most weekends. Nice and short, later 20′s, a little tubby, funny 60′s glasses, but still pleasant enough. She once complimented me on my clothes. THIS time, as I paid for my peanut butter bars, I caught myself thinking "oh, I can totally have her" and saw a freeze frame, in my mind, of her face looking up at me, her head in my hands and the rest of me comfortably and happily mounted and ensconced. The boner below her field of view revealed that my hindbrain was Buying It, and I could swear she felt something too.

This is new. An excellent sign.

(Also: There was a significantly younger and prettier waitress in the restaurant who I had a non-verbal Moment with. Since she was so much more attractive, though, my brain protected me by not giving me any of the same provocative thoughts, visions or expectations. That's my best guess, anyway.)

((Another aside: I've been realizing that at my job, I'm effectively being paid to tell myself that "I don't deserve anything better." Yuck.))

Ergo, my questions are only beginning:

Dedication and dealing with your challenges directly is what it will take though

Deal. But. I would very much appreciate your take on just what my "challenges" are.

'Sorry if this sounds lazy, but I know it's important to ask. Why? Because I've settled on many aspects/agreements about life that *YOU* would see as "challenges", but *I* have unconsciously slid into accepting as "ways in which life sucks." Those challenges are surely the most important, but they're also the ones that have slid the farthest off my attentional radar. So I'm happy to be dedicated and diligent, but I know I need outside help in defining just what my challenges ARE, and putting them into words.

Once they're in words, my brain immediately goes to work confronting and finding counter-examples. My experience with you so far has proven that.

I'll go first. Here are my best guesses at what my challenges are:

- o the expectation of loneliness
- o the expectation of sexual invisibility
- o the presumption of unattractiveness
- o the assumption that marriage and economic butt-busting are the only tickets to sex
- o the presumption that my attention and care are inherently unwanted and worthless
- o the presumption that I can't make a living in a way requires and rewards what I actually am
- o the presumption that "no one cares, no one's interested"
- o _____
- o _____
- o _____

That's a start, but I know there's more. I know these can be boiled down into more-concentrated/powerful "roots", which are the ones that requires most concerted attack. The farther down I can dig, the better.

I know I need this help with "target-acquisition" because you've given me some "free samples" and I've felt their effects. I could never have made up what you've told me, and they've been very helpful. (See above example.)

Now. Back to your email:

Game and self-image are partially the same thing – Game is basically projecting the signs of a certain type of self-image. Of course it helps to actually have that self-image.

Bingo. That's the chicken, so it's the egg we need. It is the science and methods of boot-strapping an identity from A to B that separates the men from the boys here. Everything else is just showing off.

I can't say what you consider a "B-" level, but you certainly don't need years of practice to experience an "oh look, sex is out there, free for the taking" type of shift in your view of the world. Dedication and dealing with your challenges directly is what it will take though, you will never get anywhere with avoidance thinking like "oh she's cute, but I'm wearing my bad clothes so I can't approach her now".

"Avoidance Thinking". See, you just did it again. What a great concept.

One of the main reasons to why we are lucky enough to have an unusual advantage here is that most people are not ready to admit that what they've gotten used to "knowing" is just wrong. This is what keeps them from learning, and leaves their share of women for you and me, creating abundance. The fear of letting go of that support structure of beliefs one is used to leaning on is… not really something you need to feel. If you think about it, your logical mind has already basically discovered that those beliefs were optional, it's just your emotional mind that's scared of what will happen without them – but, with your logical mind, you must realize that those beliefs have been just as wrong all the time you felt safe in relying on them. They were never a supporting structure, only an obstacle.

Oh certainly. There ain't NO pudding to be found, so there ain't no proof either. Logically, it's a slam dunk.

You will naturally feel like you miss the old habits, that may be unavoidable, but you can quell the fear by realizing that what you are letting go of is chains that have been dragging you down, not a cane you've been leaning on.

Indeed. I suspect most guys need to blow their 20′s on their own inner beta bullshit first before waking up to it. Frankly, I'm glad I didn't "ink any deals", like marriage namely, when I was chasing the dragon myself.

The mindset of sexual abundance is… well, right now you're still (quite clearly) thinking of your reality and even Game in terms of "I must go out and GET the sex, lure it and trap it somehow (either with marriage or Game or what have you), make an effort to work for its acquisition" – that's a scarcity mindset.

Booya, busted again. That's exactly how I think: How do I trap it, force it, catch it, scheme it, trick it? "What do I have to DO?"
(Yuck. No one gets wet for that guy.)

You want to start thinking more in terms of "I trust it will come to me when I do the things I enjoy". A scarcity mindset is neediness and repels the very women it desires.

"When I do the things I enjoy." This is KEY.

The Nerd, the Seth, is promised by this world, from Sesame Street on down, that he can have Everything if he just follows these directions, and eats this shit, FIRST. Then, the pot of gold will appear. Do X to earn Y. Bullshit.

But still, it's really hard to stop thinking that way. The Nerd asks "what do I have to DO to get result X?" The scarcity mind *is* rewarded for doing this, in some ways. Landing a man on the moon, for example, required umpteen hours of such mental anguish. "What do we have to DO for that to work?" Assuming that love runs by the same rules appears, to me, to be an example of Projection.

The assumption is always that pain is required. Some of me must be ground out, thrown away, cut off, sacrificed, in order to get the dangling-carrot result.

(Yuck again.)

But the guy who does NOT see life that way? Who feels "entitled" to just step out and go for what he wants, right now, by simple reflex? That's hot. That guy's fuckable as-is.

… We've touched on quite a few topics here, I think I'd like to post this entire email exchange on the site, as long as you're comfortable with that. …?

Go for it. Good luck arranging it linearly, but sure. I just ask that we go back and forth at least a couple more times, but of course it's your life and your website. You could edit/amend the WordPress post as we go. I just know that the Benefits of this exchange are still coming to me, and I frankly don't want them to stop. By extension, others on DD will be feeling the same thing.

It's dialogues that really do it. All the ancient philosophers worked that way. Scribbling down conversations between the Expert and the Frustrated Clueless Initiate, THAT'S how real knowledge is captured and conveyed.

***

Okay, having decided to make this a site feature, I'm now going to go a lot deeper with some things:

re: exhibit A
That's good, but don't short sell yourself. Only go for girls you really want, right from the start, if you fail then you try again but at least when you succeed it feels the way you want it to feel. just start thinking "I could have her" about every girl. Seriously all of them. I walked past a bus stop ad for some perfume or something with this beautiful girl practically naked but covering herself up with her body enough to be allowed on a 3 by 10 foot bus stop poster, and at first I just thought "nice", but then I realized "wait a sec, that's natalie portman!". Now, what the normal reaction to that would be is a negative feeling of "aww, I could never have her", but instead I just thought "yeah, I could have her. not today or tomorrow because she's isolated, but with some time to insinuate myself into the social circles where i would run into her, i could have her. yes, she's rich and famous and she's got millionaire celebrities betaizing themselves for her, but that shit doesn't mean anything when you get down to instincts, and i know a lot more about attraction and how people work than those guys do. if i put my mind to it, i could get into those circles and i could have her. it wouldn't be worth the work though… the world is full of girls who are just as pretty and much less isolated, the smart move is to just get those instead. yeah. natalie portman – could have her, but probably not worth the effort."

This may sound like I'm completely delusional, but it should really not be any harder to believe than the fact that martial arts training can make your smaller muscles overpower someone else's bigger muscles, or that a metal box that doesn't heat up can cook food in seconds with invisible rays. Whether I could actually get natalie portman, well, I can't say I'm 100% certain, but what I'm trying to illustrate here is that I deliberately think this way, and what effect does it have on me? When a regular guy walks past a bus stop ad like that, it causes him to feel negative things about

himself, he feels incapable, like a failure, like a loser. When I walk past that ad it makes me feel like I'm king of the world. Now, who is going to have a better day, and more success with the girls he meets that day, the guys who feels like a loser or the guy who feels great? The question answers itself.

re: your job
It does not sound great. Maybe you should look into doing something you enjoy. Now that you know you don't need a prestigious career to get the girls, you can do anything.

re: accepting as "ways in which life sucks."
Here's what I accept as ways in which life sucks: death and taxes, and taxes are optional. Everything else is just a symptom of not knowing what to do in a situation. I keep saying "make every problem a knowledge problem", and this is why I say that. As soon as you convince yourself that you can't change something, then you can't.

re: challenges, root
You are making a list now of "this belief is limiting, that belief is limiting, etc.", like you're going to be able to identify and count them all and kill them one by one. You can't. You need to switch from what I'd call an "inductive" worldview to a "deductive" worldview – throw out your fundamental "root" assumption that anything you haven't seen being done can't be done. The more you start seeing how almost everybody is doing almost everything completely wrong, the easier it will become to really internalize the belief that if nobody's doing something it's just because they don't know how. It gets to be real painful too, I ate at a restaurant yesterday and had to wait 20 minutes for a table, then order, and wait another 20 for the food. While most people would accept that the wait is necessary and make their peace with it, I had to get extra annoyed at the fact that I knew they could have just taken the orders when people came in and made the food during that first 20 minutes so it would have been ready simultaneously with the table, if only they had used their brains just a tiny bit instead of just doing what every restaurant in the world has done for as long as anyone can remember. When you start paying attention to everything and thinking "how could this be better", a whole new world of people doing stupid things opens up. That's what I'd say is the "root" here, that the worldview you've been forming for the past 30something years is based on the inductive reasoning that if you don't see other people doing something then you can't either.

That's the other reason for why I wrote so much about the natalie portman thing, to illustrate the switch in worldview. Instead of thinking, "aww, i can't have her, because, well, that just doesn't happen where I'm from", start thinking deductively: "why can't I have her? Because XYZ obstacles? Okay, if I do X and Y and Z, then why can't I have her? Because I don't have A and B? Okay, if I learn A and B, then why can't I have her? I don't know, I suppose I probably could." You want to start thinking like that.

And you don't want to be making a list of your problems because then when you're supposed to approach you're thinking in negatives:
"don't do A
don't do B
don't do C"
meanwhile your mouth is going "uhhawwwahhawwhhh…. hullo there! how you doin'?!" That's called being in your head, and you want to push all the negative thoughts out while you are doing an approach, and just focus on what you ARE supposed to be doing. In that moment you have no problems and you have no negative habits to avoid, you have only the model of the right behavior that you are trying to embody, and you are either closer to that ideal or further from it. What you think about is what you make happen, that's why people on those desert highways crash into the lampposts a lot more than they should, because they start going off the road and they look ahead and it's all empty space except in one direction oh shit lamppost, lamppost, oh shit, lamppost, and they subconsciously steer towards it.

I notice this email is getting to sound like I'm telling you you're doing everything wrong, but that's

not my intention. It's more like okay, you got what I was saying before, now let's move on to the next thing that I don't think you've gotten yet. Despite the fact that I spend 98 in 100 words saying no instead of yes, I do think you are very much starting to get this. I'm just focusing on the areas that I see we can work on.

"boot-strapping an identity"… I like that. That is, in a sense, what we're doing, but it doesn't have to be hard like that. I think of it more as just laying down burdens. It's not some great challenge to fight and claw and smash through one's old limiting beliefs, you can just do it calmly like "oh, i see i don't need this anymore. maybe i never did".

re: avoidance thinking, sexual abundance

I'm not going to let you credit me with these concepts, I'm pretty sure I didn't make them up. I think I heard sexual abundance in the Blueprint or someplace like that, and avoidance thinking is probably from psychology somewhere… I don't remember where I've learned everything, and sometimes I don't even remember if I made something up or modified something that was already there or just applied something I'd heard somewhere else, but I'm sure what original contributions I've made to this pool of knowledge are rather small.

re: scarcity vs abundance

Let's not get carried away and try to apply this to things it doesn't apply to. There is in fact a very real scarcity of ways to get to the moon because you can't just learn a few alpha behaviors that will make the moon come to you. That is a real challenge. Women, though, are in fact all around – in abundance. The sacrifice and hard-won-wounded-bleeding-victory mindset doesn't come from a scientific analytical mind as much as it comes from being used to thinking that getting girls is hard. This is why natural alphas don't understand Game, because their reality is "just, like, be normal, man, and them chicks gonna just come to you man, why are you trying to get sex, just let it happen automatically like it wants to". They don't even understand that people can live in a reality where it's difficult and something to be achieved through complex scheming. Of course, that abundance mindset is a self-fulfilling prophecy just like the scarcity mindset is, and this is something that applies specifically to this field because of the way women are wired to be attracted to men who are not attracted to them and who already have other women.

re: dialogue

I hope you're not building me up as some sort of godhead prophet who doesn't need to eat and sleep every day like everyone else. I just know some things because i've studied them, and i understand some things because i've figured them out, and as it happens you haven't been reading about and thinking about and experimenting with this particular field which is why i can now tell you about it like this, but if we were talking about whatever your area of expertise is then you would know a lot more about it than i do and i would shut up and listen. I don't leap heroically out of bed into my pants, i put them on one leg at a time just like you, and there are many things about my life that aren't perfect. I have my own challenges that I'm working on, some of them through the site, as you can, not infrequently, see me discuss there. You can look at the things I'm working on like "yeah, i WISH i had THAT 'problem'" , but this is the whole natalie portman thing and the scarcity/abundance thing again. If you start thinking "here's this mystical figure waving around the keys to the magical kingdom and I must now cling really hard onto them because they may never swing my way again", you're falling into the same trap again. I want you to think "I could do that. Give me enough time to focus on this particular area, and I could be that guy." Then start doing it and be that guy.

The Decision To Get Serious About Your Life

June 6 2011

There are a few major points I have endeavored to make over and over on this website:

The overwhelming majority of our problems can be directly attributed to not knowing what to do, or "knowing" the wrong thing.

The most important thing we can and must do to improve our lives is to learn as much useful information as possible – hopefully, the most relevant information possible – as fast as possible.

Our lives – the lives of all but a few very rare individuals, anyway – are largely shaped, controlled and steered by our reproductive instincts. The average man spends all 24 of his daily hours trying to satisfy his reproductive instincts. He works all day to earn money, not because he really needs that money for himself, but because he wants the high-status career or the fancy house and car or to be seen as a "good provider" – ultimately, it's all in order to attract and/or keep a woman or women. After 5 p.m. when his official work hours of service at the Church of Pussy are over, he starts his unofficial work for the same: he goes out and buys the things he thinks will make him attractive, he goes to the gym to get the body he thinks will make him attractive, he goes out to the bars and clubs where he expects to attract women. The tireless service to his reproductive instincts continues until he goes to sleep, to recharge his body and mind so he can do it all over again the next day.

Maybe he is still unsuccessful in his life-consuming quest for the Glorious Vagina, and maybe there are times when he gives up – for a while. But his instincts don't give up. He can't fool his animal brain, he can only fool himself. He *thinks* he's giving up chasing women, but his hind-brain is still chasing them. He relieves the pressure of his instincts by redirecting his sexual desire to internet porn, by redirecting his desire to compete for group status and the alpha male position to complicated video game quests. He fools himself into thinking he is now free from the rat race of skirt-chasing, but he is still just as much of a slave to his reproductive instincts as he ever was – just as much as the guy rotating between the office, the gym and the bar is. And he is quite probably even less happy than that guy.

Like every man, you were born a slave, born into bondage – from the moment you came out of your mother and opened your eyes, your instincts have been pushing you to work, suffer, compete and slave away in constant, 24/7, never-ending pursuit of reproductive success. The things you like, you like because they have some connection to this goal. The things you find boring, your brain's reward centers are rejecting because your animal brain does not understand how those things could help you get laid. Every sport, every art, every job and every hobby a man engages in, he does because his animal brain wants, more than anything, for him to have sex.

We do not ordinarily see the connection of everything we do to our reproductive instincts. You might think you like watching TV. You might think watching TV is fun, in and of itself. It's not. Watching TV fools your brain into thinking you are seeing something that matters in some way to your life. When you see pretty girls on TV, your reproductive instincts reward you: "good boy, keep your attention on the pretty girl and you might get laid". When you watch sports, your instincts reward you: "look, a competition for status in the male hierarchy! Glory to the winner! Watch this closely, see who wins – who will be the next alpha male for you to compete against? Why does that person win? What can you learn to help in your own quest for status and sex? Keep your eye on this – very exciting!"

Meanwhile, you think you "like" watching TV.

Guess what, you don't like it. Not compared to sex. Given the choice between sex with a hot girl and the best show on TV, how many men would choose TV? Right. Given the choice between just *talking* to a hot girl who *might* later decide to have sex with you, and the best show on TV, how

many men would choose just the *chance* at sex?

Sex rules your instinct-driven animal mind, and if you are like 99% of men, it rules your entire life. It shapes your desires, your hobbies, your personality, everything. You are who you are because that's who your instincts thought would be the most likely version of you to get laid. You might be one of the men who have solemnly sworn off women forever, decided that they're "just not worth the trouble" – but are you free from your reproductive instincts? Do they not torment you every second of every day, poking you in the ribs incessantly? Does it not feel like a perpetual hunger you cannot satisfy? The life of a man who permanently surrenders to celibacy is not an easy one, especially if he is still young and his instinctual sex drive is strong. Older men who don't feel the instinctual need with such a burning urgency any more may be able to live pretty nice and content lives without much female contact, but for most young men whose instincts hold them in the passionate hormonal vice grip of their prime reproductive years, finding peace and contentment feels impossible without first making sure the sexual instincts are taken care of.

There are only two ways to escape the torment and slavery of living your life subjugated – in the pursuit of sexual success or the pain of sexual failure – to your reproductive instincts.

One way is to transcend your animal nature and quiet your instinctual cravings. Become a monk, meditate daily, train your mind to master your body and achieve freedom from earthly concerns and the wants of the flesh. Enlightenment – that's the first path. This path is not easy. It's been said that some have been able to complete it – a couple of guys about 2000-3000 years ago were supposed to be pretty good at it. If you want to try it, go ahead, give it a go. Send me a letter when you're enlightened, I'll want to hear from you.

The other way is to accept your reproductive instincts – if you can't beat them, join them. Get scientific about it, get downright industrial. Put your mind, your body, your time, your everything into it. Become a master not of denying your reproductive instincts, but of *satisfying* them. Learn to produce what your animal brain wants, and to produce it in massive quantities off a perpetually running assembly line. Your instincts want sex with a variety of hot women, and they won't let you live in peace unless you give them that – so give it. Satisfy those instinctual drives so completely, stuff their desperately gaping maws with so much of what they want that they will have no option left but to shut up.

"What's that, instinct? You want sex? Feeling restless, horny, bored, unhappy, not at peace? Here, I have what you want – take it, take it, take it hard and deep and sideways, take it until you are spent and satisfied and then let me relax!"

As you already know, this approach works. Whenever you feel hungry, you eat, and the hunger goes away. If – just bear with me and imagine this – if you could have all the hot sex you want with staggeringly attractive girls at the drop of a hat whenever you feel like it, just like pressing a button, just as easy as walking to the refrigerator, microwaving a pizza and eating it… if you could do that, your sexual instincts would be satisfied, and the all-consuming ghosts that have been in control of your life since the day you first discovered that there was something special about girls would release you from their haunting. For the first time in your life, you would be a free man.

No more feeling angry and restless with unfulfilled desire. No more chasing, working, suffering for the pursuit of women. No more putting up with the bitching of an annoying girlfriend you felt compelled to settle for, who's not even that great but whom you feel forced to keep around just to get your pipes drained once in a while when the pressure builds up. No more suffering at the sacrificial altar of your reproductive instincts. Just freedom. Life. Your life, to do with whatever you wish. Sex, like food, something to enjoy with minimal effort when you feel like it – not something to crawl across deserts just hoping against hope to find a little of.

This is where Game comes in. Without Game, the desperate pursuit of sex takes up 90% of the average man's day. 10% he might spend feeding his body – one hour of his workday would pay for the food he needs and another for the shelter (that is, a place to sleep – not a place to show off as a

status symbol in the quest for sex). The rest of the day he is working for sex. Buying his big house and car, paying off the mortgage, getting a new suit – doing these things, he is paying for sex. Watching TV at home, he is trying to calm his restless instincts that are making him feel bad about not having sex – "look!", he unwittingly tells his instincts, "hot women on TV! I'm looking at hot women, I must be about to get laid! Look, sports! It's a status competition! I must be about to achieve status and get laid! Look, a video game! I must be about to kill a fearsome enemy and complete a quest that will get me sex!" His instincts believe these illusions and tone down the torment just a little bit, allowing him to feel a tiny measure of relaxation before the next day's toil.

With Game comes freedom, but it comes in degrees. It's not going to be as easy as microwaving a pizza, but it's going to get a lot easier than it has been so far. With a moderate grasp of Game, the man might still be doing the same things, but getting results. He might still spend all day chasing satisfaction for those reproductive instincts, but he would be getting it. He would feel good about it. The work would not be fruitless. He might be happy with this life – he's getting the sex he wants, and even if he's working all day for it, what better things are there to do with his day than that? He probably can't think of any. This life would be the dream of at least 90% of men.

But if he aims even higher and becomes a true master of his Game, if will become effortless. Working for sex will no longer be an issue – sex will just come to him as he goes about his life doing the things he enjoys. Game is supposed to be fun, not work. To a man with good Game, women become very pleasant to be around, to interact with, to approach, to talk to, to seduce and to generally spend time with. Game might feel like work at the very beginning – learning something new is always hard – but it should become an enjoyable hobby, and eventually just a part of who you are. You should eventually not even be thinking about "Game" when you are attracting women – the whole concept of "Game" might start to seem quite silly to you. I don't really like using the word "Game" because I sort of think it misses the point – my word would be something like "*a-way-of-being-that's-more-natural-than-what-you-have-been-taught-by-society-and-that-feels-better-and-more-fun-and-relaxing-and-that-also-causes-women-to-become-attracted-to-you-and-automatically-leads-to-situations-where-sex-just-happens-to-you*", but I use the word "Game" because there is no better word for that.

The reason I place such great value on Game is that it is one of the most important – if not the single most important life-improvement pursuit a man can undertake. Aware of it or not, practically all men's lives are completely ruled by their reproductive instincts, and Game is the key to freedom from that prison. Or rather, you are still in prison, but the prison is now such a nice place that you never feel desperate enough to claw at the walls. Your instincts are still what they are, but now they are satisfied and do not have the power to make you unhappy. They cannot make you suffer by forcing you to work for status symbols, put up with bitchy girlfriends, feel restless and unsatisfied without a sexual outlet, etc.. The power of the instincts is in the suffering they cause when not satisfied – when you can give your instincts exactly what they want without needing to compromise any part of your life, they lose their power over you.

This is why Game is so crucially important. As long as you spend your life working as a slave to your instincts, you will not be happy. If you can't remove the instincts, you can at least remove the slavery. Make satisfying the instincts easy and fun, and your slavery turns into a joyride, a vacation. Freedom. Then, you can work on the whatever else in your life needs improving. Then, you can work on enlightenment. Then, you can do whatever you want… but first, you need to fill the gaping maws of those desperately hungry instincts that make your life the hell that people call "normal".

Every day you do not make learning Game a serious priority in your life, you suffer in vain. You waste a day of your life, a day you can't get back, and you waste a day's work – on what? On suffering. Every day your instincts go unsatisfied and cause you pain, every day you choose to take some other unnecessary pain upon yourself, to compromise something in order to satisfy your instincts, you are suffering needlessly and wasting your life.

It's time to get serious about Game.

Do whatever it takes, put your mind to it. Learn, practice, devote your time and resources to this pursuit. If you do it right, you'll even start enjoying it almost right away. In fact, even the challenging parts can often feel great when you know what you are working for – when you know that, for the first time in your life, you are tunneling towards true freedom.

Every tool, every bit of help you can get, take it. You cannot advance fast enough. Every day you don't know Game is a day you pay for it – in suffering, in work, in dissatisfaction, in lying in front of the TV wishing you could be doing something more pleasurable instead.

Whatever resources you have at your disposal, use them. It's not like there is anything more important for you to work towards right now. House? Car? Those are mostly just tools to get sex. Live in a crappy flat, drive a crappy car, let's see how much that bothers you when you have a naked girl in the back seat.

If you have lots of time, use it to your advantage: go out on the town and practice instead of watching TV. If you have lots of money, use it to your advantage: hire a professional teacher instead of bumbling along on your own. If you have lots of friends, use them to your advantage: recruit a wingman to go pick up girls with you and help each other.

If you're in a pretty average situation and have pretty average amounts of everything, use whatever you can. The time you watch TV? You don't need that, it would be better spent practicing Game out on the town. The money you buy video games with? You don't need that, it would be better spent buying Game books so you'll know what to do when you're out on the town. That friend you drink beer with on Fridays? Have him introduce you to girls – even ones he doesn't know ("Hey, settle this for us. We need an unbiased opinion. My friend here – first impression, does he look at all like an architect? Because I'm pretty sure that's the last thing you would ever guess, right? He must be the only architect in the world who dresses like a punk guitarist.")

The most important thing I can ever hope to do for you is to spark in your mind the idea that your world is a reflection of yourself, and that you can change your world into something amazing if only you work to change yourself. If I can put you on a path of learning (Game and otherwise) long enough for you to get a taste of its amazing rewards – if I can plant you on that path firmly enough that you fall in love with it and never leave it – that will be worth much more than anything I can write here. That will change your life completely.

Most people live with the belief that the world is something that happens to them. More than anything, my message with this website is that it doesn't have to be like that. You can be something that happens to the world.

Learn everything you can about the things that really matter. Start with Game. Game is the solution to the main problem controlling most men's lives, and more than that, Game is a skill that will burn the importance of learning and self-improvement into your mind forever. Once you learn Game and see the rewards of your learning, you cannot close your eyes to other things you should learn any more. With something like martial arts, you can study for years and still never have a chance to understand the real results unless you find yourself in life-threateningly violent situations on a daily basis. You can get discouraged, you can start to doubt the usefulness of what you are learning.

Game is different. The results are right in front of you. You can always go out and talk to women, and every bit of improvement in your Game will be plain to see. You will notice women responding better and better as you advance in your skill, you will get inspired quickly and you will not stray from the path of self-improvement and life-improvement after you have seen with your own eyes that what I am saying is true: that you can change your life through learning.

The difference between a life lived in quiet desperation and a life lived in abundant happiness comes down to one moment, one choice: the decision you make to take that life-changing step that shows you the results of your learning. The first time you absorb life-improving information and see the corresponding improvement in your life changes everything. After that, you cannot go back.

You see, the people who live lives of quiet desperation, they don't really believe they can change anything. They don't believe that life-improving information exists. They think the entire "self-help" section of a bookstore is snake oil, scams, crap. They think: "If somebody knew how to get rich, why would he share that information in a twenty-dollar paperback? If there was a twenty-dollar paperback sitting there on the shelf that would *really* help me get rich, wouldn't *everyone* be rich already? There can't be anything useful there, because if it were that great, it should cost thousands, and if it didn't cost thousands, everyone should have it and be enjoying the benefits already. I'm on to their tricks! I'm too smart to even look at the self-help section!"

Those people don't realize that they are making one of the dumbest mistakes you can make.

It's *self help* – that means *you help yourself*. It's not the "books that will do all the work for you" section. You still have to do the work. You always have to do the work, no one can do it for you. People understand that when they buy a diet book, they're not going to suddenly lose 50 pounds like magic once they're read every page. They understand that they will have to do the work, and the book is a tool which they can use to *help themselves* avoid doing *unnecessary* work, to avoid making costly mistakes. The "how to get rich" book will not magically make you rich, but if you have already decided that you want to get rich and you are determined to do the work, then the book can help you. It can give you a direction to focus your efforts toward, it can steer you away from risks and mistakes, it can point you to the next step when you are lost and don't know where to go.

If you are not determined to do the work, no amount of information can help you, and you shouldn't look at the self-help section. You shouldn't look at this website either. Just go watch TV or something, you aren't getting anything of value here if you aren't willing to do the work and make improving your life a serious priority for yourself. If you aren't willing to dedicate at least 10% of your time and resources to building an awesome future for yourself, then you must not really want it. If you don't really want it, you can't have it – not now, not ever.

You must make a choice. You must make a choice every day to invest in your future instead of staying frozen in your current situation. You must take action. No one else will do it for you. I cannot reach my hand out through the internet and push you, and I wouldn't bother if I could. If you don't want something bad enough to push yourself to get it, then in my opinion you shouldn't have it.

Responsibility for education lies with the student, not the teacher. The best I can do, the best any of us can do for each other, is to point the way. The journey itself is something we must each undertake on our own.

You must make the decision to help yourself – you must create within yourself the determination and the drive, and only then can you benefit from instruction.

You will have to make sacrifices. It will take time, money, blood, sweat and tears, and it will be awesome, because as soon as you have crossed that threshold where you see that your life is completely in your own hands to shape as you wish, you will know you are on the right path and you will know you can never go back.

Until you take that first step and get your first small taste of success, you will always be wondering… would it be worth it? What if it didn't work out? What if it's really just a pipe dream and you don't really have the power to change your life? You will hesitate, you will hem and haw, and your life will keep ticking down towards its end while you stand frozen in indecision.

The motto of the British Special Air Service is "those who risk, win". This applies not only to war, but to all of life: you must put something on the line in order to get something. In life, those who never take a chance will never have a chance.

You must start somewhere, and you must be willing to take some sort of chance in order to win. You cannot have that first experience of success to set you on a new course that will reshape your entire life unless you take that first step into the unknown.

You must make a decision to change your life, and you must have the determination to stick with that choice until you see the rewards. Your goal at this point is to reach the threshold where you can see the rewards of your actions with your own eyes. Once you get there, the fear, doubt and disbelief that have been holding you back will evaporate, and you will really be able to invest yourself in your new path and start seeing massive changes. Once that first spark of success lights a fire in you, the fire will only keep growing and it will be impossible to derail you from the path of success anymore.

It took a long time for me to reach that point because I didn't know what I was doing, but I persevered and eventually got there. It took me a whole year during which I kept failing and everyone around me kept telling me I was crazy, and I considered many times if maybe they were right, but I knew that I couldn't live the rest of my life thinking "what if… what if I could have had the life I really wanted". That's why I kept going way past what most people would consider reasonable.

I started in the wrong direction and I made lots of costly mistakes. I had the drive and the determination, but I didn't have the privilege of the kind of guidance you have here. You don't have to do what I did because I can point you the way right now. The thing only you can do, however, is follow it.

I can't push or convince you to follow my suggestions, and I don't really care to. The deciding factor in whether you are ever going to have a chance at the life you want is whether you are willing to do the work, take the chances, push through the failures and achieve the successes that are required to get there. If you don't already have that motivation inside of yourself, then I can't help you, nor do I want to. This kind of life is a reward for sacrificing the comfort of the herd and the path of least resistance, and it is only for those who know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they will not settle for the normal life that other people around them have. I don't want to help someone who could take it or leave it. Someone like that doesn't deserve it.

Some of you will see the value in what I am saying because you know that you are looking for something. You may not know exactly what you are looking for, but you know you don't have it yet. For those people, I can show a direction. Some of you will not see the value in what I am saying because you don't know that you're missing anything. Those people will keep being lost and blaming the world for their problems, possibly for the rest of their lives.

For those of you who are determined to do the work, to make the decision every day to change your life for the better, I can tell you how to reach that point of no return where your limiting fears and doubts disappear and you just know that your life will only keep getting better, and to reach it much faster than I did.

Taking that first unsure step into the unknown, wondering if you'll find solid ground or not, is the hardest part, and you have to start somewhere. I suggest you start with Game. You can learn enough of it to use it very fast, and you can see the results of your learning instantly. After that, you will be safe from getting discouraged and giving up on your dream.

For Game, I suggest you start with the Mystery Method. Old as dirt and still going strong, it's the foundation for most of the current schools of Game, and although no longer at the cutting edge, it still works just as well as ever. It's easy to understand, quick to learn, and as a largely routine-based model with little need for improvisation or quick on-the-spot thinking it's extremely well suited for a beginner. It's not the best thing out there any more, hasn't been for a few years, but it is probably the greatest value per dollar.

The details of what exactly happened to make that the case are not quite clear to me, but what I know is that Mystery lost the rights to the "Mystery Method" name in a lawsuit that had to do with the breakup of his original company a few years back, which is why his new stuff bears the name of "Venusian Arts". In my opinion, this kind of material should be selling for closer to a hundred bucks (and Mystery's newer stuff does), but apparently whoever got the rights to the original Mystery

Method book in the big lawsuit is some sort of idiot, or maybe just an unusually charitable soul.

In any case, the Mystery Method is now selling on Amazon for **$11 and change**. You have to start with something, and it doesn't have to be this, but I don't know of anything else that will take you to the point of motivational no-return faster and cheaper. It took me a year to get there, but had I known where to start, I might have made it in a week.

If you want to spend a year of your own life suffering like I did of fear, doubt and wasted effort, you can. If you'd rather skip that, get the Mystery Method book. How do you know it can deliver? You don't… *but it can*. So… do you want to take a leap of faith, or become an old man, filled with regret, waiting to die alone?

If you can't put down eleven bucks for a chance to see with your own eyes the truth that you really do have the power to change your life, I'm pretty sure I know which way you'll go. See this reader email and this one for a look at your future.

“From Alpha To Beta And Back Again” – Another Cautionary Tale

June 11 2011

Let this tale of woe, hardship and eventual redemption serve as a lesson so you don’t have to make the same mistakes a fellow reader (who asked not to be mentioned by name) has already made for you:

Alpha To Beta And Back Again

Background: I was a department manager at a company. I was in charge of the most disorderly rag-tag bunch in the company EVER and I got the job done. They marched to the beat of my drum and suffered the consequences for even thinking about not complying. I was confident, not because I didn’t have problems in my personal life, but because I believed rather strongly that I would surmount those. I was not intimidated by people who were trying to compete with me because in my mind, I was never playing their game: I was playing mine, so I could never lose. I radiated this. I had a nice car, own place, good amount of savings and several projects that I was working on whenever I had to the time to.

Fast Forward To..

Here comes the goddess. She joins the company. She’s drop-dead gorgeous. Every man in the company is trying to get in her pants. She seems to be attracted to me. We begin speaking and she finds out that I have a girlfriend that I’m considering marrying. I think this also sent her further into attraction land. She begins to fight for and demand more of my time. I let her know in no uncertain times that I don’t even honor demands to spend this much time, money and energy on my girlfriend or my mother, much less her. She still persists to fight for my attention. Like a fool, I was flattered by her interest in me and never really questioned the motives. It felt good to be pursued by a girl that everyone acknowledged as the prettiest girl at work. She complains that I need to smile more. I tell her people need to earn my smile, it’s not for free. She tries to con me into taking her to lunch and paying for it through the “i left my money at the office” routine. I make sure the VERY next day, she pays me back, to the penny.

Things escalate I end up “cheating” on my girlfriend with this broad. My girlfriend finds out and in the ensuing mess, I lose my relationship with my girlfriend who accuses me of never having cared. This hurts me beyond what I ever thought was possible because I have never made as much effort in a relationship as I did with her. I get into “why are you saying that” mode, which is dangerous because I then put myself in the position where I will fulfill almost any demand just to have that label removed. Classic EB mode (emotional beta mode).

Meanwhile, this goddess adds more fuel to the fire by taking advantage of the mess to accuse me of not caring about her either. I descend further into EB mode. I feel these accusations are unjust because they are coming from the two people who are closest to me considering I am continents away from my family. I start trying to exonerate myself. BIG MISTAKE. Goddess takes advantage of this to make me feel like I am lucky to still have her around. “Most women would have left by now. Most women are not putting up with this kind of crap. I’m here ‘cos I still care.” I heard my soul say “bullshit”, but I

didn't listen to it. I instead listened to her go on and on about how I'm not making enough of an effort to spend time with her. How I don't appreciate the fact that she's chosen to stay with me even though everyone says she shouldn't. How she's fighting for me. How other guys already want to do all the things that she has to beg me to do for her. I get mad and tell her she can move on and date those guys if that is what she wants. She loses it, and uses it as ammo for her character assassination ops. "I knew you never cared", etc. More negative comparisons ensue. Goddess points out how much of a mess my life is (because she's now managed to entrench herself deep enough in my life to know the things that bother me) and how most other women won't put up with this. She reiterates how lucky I am to have her and how I should do more to make sure the good thing God has given me doesn't slip. Imagine that. Worse, I actually begin to worry that she might be right! This is for two reasons: I've never dealt with a woman like her before(manipulative) and 2- I've never met anyone who has behaved this way so I'm thinking she MIGHT…might have some validity. Incessant demands to spend time with her lead to me doing so despite being exhausted. Finally, I end up having an accident. My car is totaled. Far from relenting, she continues her insane demands and makes me feel like I am weak, soft and not determined enough when I do not want to (because it either doesn't make sense to or would jeopardize my health, finances, time for important things). She continues to compare my actions with the betas who will walk over hot coals barefoot to make her happy. She's used to being chased, and even though she's chasing me, she wants me to chase her like all the other men she is used to dealing with. I decide to "compromise" a bit every now and then. What I begin to notice is that, no matter how many compromises I make, and how often I make them, there is always some complaint from something else I failed to do that gets levied against me. One complaint I remember was that I was being to robotic in doing something sweet for her. Yes folks. That's what I got for a surprise I tried to give her one time.

In what seems like a Samson and Delilah reenactment, I am worn down by the constant complaining, nagging, bitching and moaning because it is completely starting to outweigh the good (???) moments. I begin to entertain the thought that I am maybe wrong. THAT was the turning point. The maybe that brings destruction. It is this thought that opened the flood gates of fear. Next thing I know, I'm believing her bullshit. I get desperate. That's when I do what an alpha SHOULD NEVER EVER (EVER EVER) do – I trade in my balls to placate her. My time, energy and money start diverting themselves away from the things they should go to, and go to her and her feelings instead.

It's all downhill from then onward. My professional work begins to suffer. I'm having problems focusing because she interrupts me because wants me to solve her problems every 5 minutes. My personal life becomes a mess because I'm not spending time to maintain it. All my time is being rerouted to driving miss daisy to the land of happiness. I know that this is completely unsustainable, yet I am so EB moded out that I allow things to take their course. Like a moth to the flame, I buckle and choose to do more pleasing. More beta, less alpha.

Eventually, the inevitable happens. My personal life mess begins to affect everything. My professional life suffers, my finances suffer, and the relationship suffers. I'm now not only failing to dot he things I used to, I am UNABLE to. More complaints. More "this other guy wants to do this for me" and "that other guy wants to do this for me". More accusations of not being strong enough, determined enough, wanting her enough. I begin to feel more like shit about myself. She piles on me about the fact that my life is in disarray. "How can she be with a man like this?" "God has given you an angel and

you're messing up the chance," says Goddess.. The fact that she is completely unreasonable and demands all my time, energy and money escapes me. Throughout the entire "relationship", she's had a betaman in the background who does EVERYTHING that she wants and more. It is this guy that makes my life more of a living hell because I keep getting compared to this betafuck. He'll travel miles to bring her food and go right back home because it's romanfuckingtic. Then I have to hear about how I should ooze some of that same betaness which has been foreign to me all my life. I don't even know HOW to do that.

One day, I realize "FUCK THIS." If I am to have peace of mind in this so-called relationship, the complaining has to stop. The constant comparisons to others has got to stop. Therefore, betaman must be eliminated. She must refuse to accept betaman's offerings. This happens when I am extremely low on resources (money mostly, but also patience).

You wouldn't believe what comes out of this woman's mouth after I tell her I do not want her to have contact with betaman in that way. "He does what you won't do for me, and you want me to get rid of him?" Stunned that she would say it (but not that she actually feels this way), I am completely clear on what I need to do next – exit strategy. She goes on to manufacture an argument about me being immature, and how jealousy should be past me, crap crap crap.

I knew my options: I could go on and tell her her faults. What she does wrong. But I also knew she thinks she's God's gift to me, so she's not trying to hear it. Cultural programming also makes it so that she can always play the victim and her upbringing (single parent-mother) has doubtless had a significant influence on her habits. Habits create character, and character does not change overnight. And I don't have the time.

Exit strategy. I exhibit the classic "it's me, not you" routine. I accept all the blame for everything that went wrong and high-tail it out of her web of confusion. We are no longer seeing each other.

Since that time, I feel more confident about myself. I am rebuilding my life from the mess she left it in. I am far more optimistic about the future, and i'm getting more done now than I did with her. I've cultivated possibilities with better looking, more sensible women, and I'm just better overall.

Lessons:

1 – KNOW (not think) that there are MANY MANY more fish in the sea. Less bitches and more women. You NEVER have to put up with any woman who is giving you any more shit than a little bit.

2 – KNOW (not think) who you are. What you think about yourself is what matters. This is what you will use to defend yourself against people that attempt to manipulate you. Don't admit any accusations against you in favor of other people's opinion of you. You might end up being an asshole that doesn't know it, but that is a million times better than a depressed sod who doesn't know that there's nothing wrong with him.

3 – KNOW (not think) that if you should deal with a goddess/diva/whateverthehelltheycallthemselvesnowadays you are going to need to be ON POINT at ALL times. I said ALL. One slip up and you will find your nuts in a click-purse faster than you can blink.

4 – KNOW (not think) that you are getting something (preferably MORE) out of the deal. Anything less than equal is unacceptable.

Post-Bullshit Analysis:

She was used to beta males, and was used to using them as well. Beta males give without expecting anything back. She had never been able to hang with an alpha male. I was her first. Owing to this fact, she never seemed to "get it". In the alpha realm, she is supposed to do the chasing. Her complaints originated because she was out of her comfort zone. They were desperate attempts to change the power dynamics and to cede control. When it seemed ineffective, mission impossible was taken into phase 2: character assassination. The scalpel of operation Take Control. This is where I failed as a natural alpha. I allowed myself to be concerned about her opinion of me. There are a number of reasons I can give for why this happened, but the bottom line is that it shouldn't have. I do have to say that character assassination is a formidable weapon of psych warfare and has worn many a strong man down. The Morpheus presentation of the ultimatum – Comply! (with my demands) or Die! (from character assassination) presented a false binary reality. Red pill, blue pill. The truth is that I didn't have to pick either pill. I could've (and should've) simply pulled the plug on her for even fathoming the presentation. She succeeded in her mission to get me out of my alpha mode by making me emotional from character assassination. Example: A woman can accuse a man of selfishness and not caring because he doesn't buy her flowers but puts his very health on the line daily to make sure they have a roof over their head. The man, if he is a sensible and peace-loving kind of man will want to defend himself against the accusation. Once she achieved that goal, it was all over. I was now manipulated with ease. All she had to do was use emotional blackmail black arts on me and I would comply. However, because I am a natural alpha, you could say I began developing an immunity to each tactic and she would switch tactics in reaction to that. When I began not caring who was prepared to do what for her, she used the ploy that I should feel lucky to be with her because of the state of my affairs. When I was no longer ashamed of that, she used yet another tactic. When I finally decided to take betaman out of the equation, she realized that she wouldn't have a leg to stand on, so she used her bullshit-generator to manufacture an argument that ended the relationship.

For what it's worth, the scars were worth it if this experience I have had is something many men out in the world will read and learn from. I didn't understand why I put myself through it, but reading what I've been able to distill from the experience, I can see that it was good for me to.

The 1 to 10 Female Rating Scale

June 16 2011

There's a lot of confusion surrounding the 1 to 10 scale and its use, so let's clear this up.

This scale measures physical beauty, and physical beauty only. It does not measure dress style, makeup, personality, special talents or anything else that an airport security officer wouldn't be able to evaluate. We are not grading on a curve and the scale is not relative to anything. Whether you're at a Victoria's Secret New Year's party or deployed in Iraq with the Marines, a 7 is a 7 is a 7.

The unit of the scale is a visible degree of hotness – the smallest difference in hotness that you can reliably detect with the naked eye. An 8 is clearly, but only slightly, more attractive than a 7. Half degrees are only used when you have serious trouble deciding which category a girl belongs to. Men will generally disagree slightly on the rating of any individual girl, but the disagreement will usually be over no more than one or at the most two points. (This proves that beauty is not in the eye of the beholder and that rating women's bodies on a numbered scale is a scientifically sound endeavor suitable for the well-cultured, polite gentleman.) That being said, keep in mind that the pictures included here as visual aids are approximate examples, and as your opinion on them may vary somewhat, the textual descriptions are more important.

Using the scale: the scale is calibrated top-down from the maximum possible amount of beauty and descends from there in clearly visible increments. Starting with…

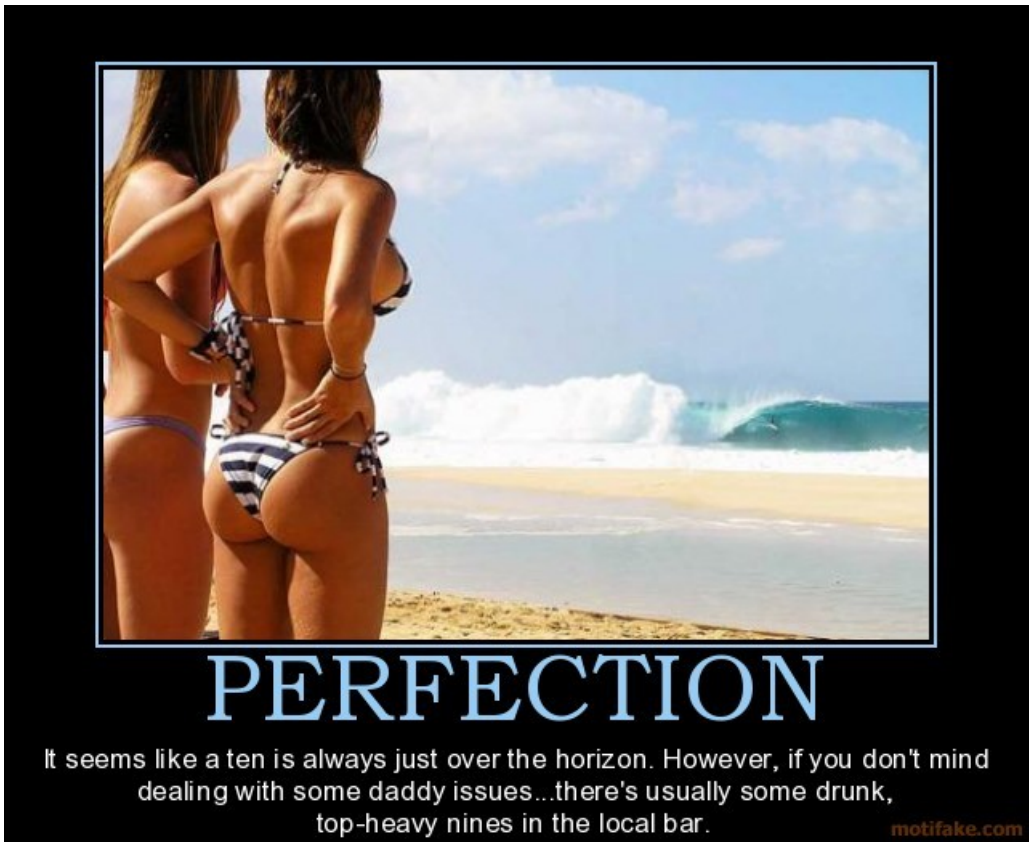
10

"The Perfect Ten", so called because you can't find anything to improve on her. She is as good as it gets on this earth. When even your cynical friend who is never impressed can't say "nah, I've seen hotter than her", you are looking at a ten. Tens are very rare in nature, and a regular person who moves in normal social circles is mostly only likely to see them in the movies.

As evidenced by a quick Google search for "perfect ten", there appears to be an entire magazine devoted to this concept:

I almost can't believe this picture is actually work safe.

I’m about 135% convinced that magazine is photoshopped from here to Sunday, but it’ll do as a visual aid. The same search also turned up this:


PERFECTION
It seems like a ten is always just over the horizon. However, if you don't mind dealing with some daddy issues...there's usually some drunk, top-heavy nines in the local bar.
motifake.com

That’s good advice, remember it. A 10 isn’t really that much more attractive than a 9.

9

One degree down from the top, a 9 is a girl who is very pretty, but likely not the singularly most attractive girl you’ve ever seen. The popular saying “nobody’s perfect” captures the spirit of this rank. Nines are common enough that they can be seen daily on streets and college campuses by any innocent bystander, and they’re disproportionately likely to be found as bartenders, casino dealers, health club receptionists, etc. where their beauty can be leveraged into corporate profit.

It was either this or a real job.

8

The 8 is cute, and you'd rather watch her than watch TV, but to call her "beautiful" might be a bit of a reach. Two steps down from maximum attractiveness, she's pretty common and pretty in a common way. Eight is enough to uphold your reputation as a man of discerning taste and high standards in most circles.

This one could be an 8.5

7

Often described as the “girl next door type”, the 7 is not really a “pretty girl” but she’s still above average. Nothing special, but nothing to be ashamed of.

6

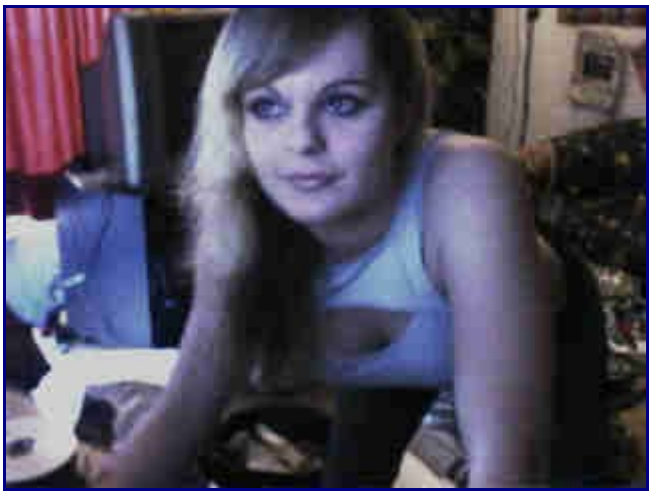
Most would call her “average”, but if you want to split hairs, maybe she just very slightly makes it into the better-looking half of the female population.

5

Also “average”, or maybe just a little shy of.

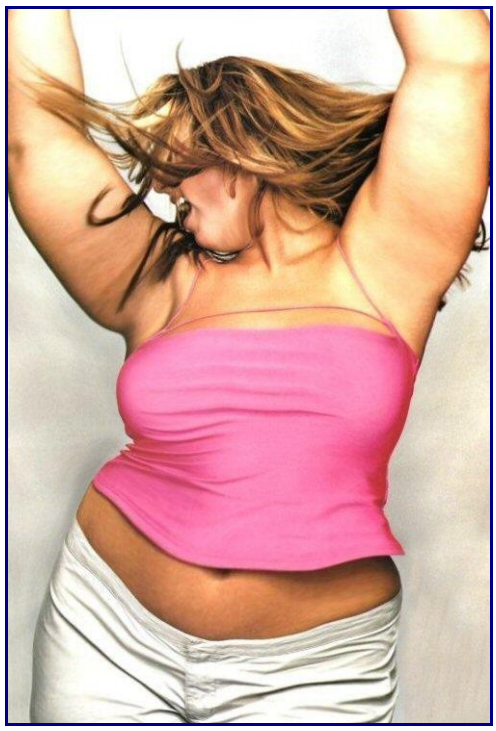
4

Now you are officially entering “shame territory”. I understand that desperate times may call for desperate measures, and maybe she’s “good for Baghdad”, but your time with her is probably a secret best taken to the grave.



3

Only if you were so incredibly drunk that her double and triple chins blended into one in your beer-goggle-altered field of vision will you ever live down the shame.



...but excuses won't stop the nightmares.

2

If you wake up next to one of these beasts, your choices are pretty much limited to changing your name and moving to Mombasa or committing ritual suicide to save the family name.

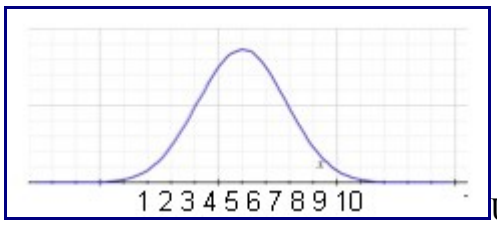
To escape the beast's lair alive, run uphill.

1

I had to make this picture incredibly small to shield your eyes from the harmful radiation.

You will be eaten alive.

The *natural* distribution of reproductive-age women across the scale looks something like a bell curve:



Unfortunately, modern sedentary living and fast-food diets skew the curve in certain countries (and we all know which ones I'm talking about here) *heavily* toward the lower numbers, and ones and twos are no longer the once-in-a-lifetime nightmares they were in the days when running from lions was a prerequisite for continued survival.

If you have difficulty applying the scale to a particular female, try counting down in visible degrees of hotness from the maximum. To make on-the-fly rating easy, construct a comparison scale of familiar examples. Let's say Jenny is hotter than Mary, Molly is hotter than Jenny, Megan is hotter than Molly and no girl alive is hotter than Megan. This means Mary is a 7 – she's 3 steps from maximum hotness. Recalling familiar examples will help you apply the scale when you're out in the field.

You may sometimes feel an urge to exaggerate for comic effect, but remember that the scale does not go above 10. If you say you saw two girls yesterday of whom one was a 10 and the other was a 10.5, we'll all appreciate the point you're trying to make but we will most likely assume that, in reality, the first girl was an 8 and the second was a 9 and you had two points worth of alcohol in you.

Also remember that only ugly women take offense at being objectively assessed for their physical appeal or lack thereof. Hot girls love it, and will ask you for their rating if they find out about your use of the scale. Do not, *ever*, tell them, no matter what. There is no possible scenario in which it will do anything positive for you.

On a final note, remember that women have many wonderful qualities besides physical beauty that can make their company more enjoyable. This scale does not measure them.

If You Kill Yourself, Your Enemy Wins

June 21 2011

I've gotten quite a few requests to write down my thoughts on the Tom Ball suicide / last statement affair.

I mainly just have one: when someone disappointed in the powers that be kills himself, I'm sure they look at it like a problem solved.

Whoever controls the discussion controls the outcome, and dead men make no counterarguments.

Like every other martyr for every other cause before him, Mr. Ball will be publicly portrayed by his surviving enemies as a crazy individual who committed crazy suicide for crazy reasons, and the important facts he wished to draw attention to will be dismissed as the ravings of a lunatic. Whatever he hoped to accomplish, the attention garnered by his sacrifice will be co-opted to serve the aims of his enemies.

This is what always happens.

How many people today care (or even know) about any of the good points raised by Ted Kaczynski in his essay "Industrial Society and Its Future" (more commonly known as the "Unabomber Manifesto")? He's in prison now and unable to participate in public discourse, so the only story we hear is the official story: he's crazy, his ideas are crazy and we shouldn't even read about what he thought was so important that he needed to kill people in order to draw our attention to it.

How many people know or care about what the 9/11 hijackers thought? According to what I've heard, the Osama bin Laden videotapes broadcast over the years on Arabic TV channels all say pretty much the same thing: U.S.-supported armies invade Arab homelands in the Middle East for fun and profit, driving people out of their homes and spreading death and despair among their innocent civilian populations, and as far as he's concerned that's not okay. If he's got to give America a taste of its own medicine in order to stop the suffering caused to his people by U.S. military action, then that seems pretty fair to him.

Western news don't tell us any of that. It might seem too reasonable and we might even be tempted to consider that he kind of has a point. No, instead we are told that the terrorists are crazy, hate freedom, have nothing of value to say and basically just need to have their countries invaded some more. The sacrifices of people who are not in a position to defend their reasoning are always co-opted by their enemies to further the agenda those sacrifices were intended to oppose in the first place.

Fighting people who have the power to posthumously decide how you thought and what you stood for is just stupid.

The world is crazy, and none of us has the power to straighten it out. We may as well make our peace with that. Family law could be more fair than it is, the problems caused in society as side-effects of technological development could be consciously dealt with, the U.S. could stop exploiting the Middle East for its oil… but if any of these changes come about, it will not be because somebody thought that killing himself and/or a bunch of other people would draw sympathy to his cause.

Does it seem unfair to compare Tom Ball to the Unabomber or the 9/11 hijackers?

Why?

Because those other people are "bad guys"? Well, how do you know they are? Did you listen to

what they said or only to what their enemies said about them?

Is Mr. Ball different because he only killed himself and no one else? If you read his essay (linked at the top of this page), it's pretty clear that he's encouraging the rest of us to kill for a cause he considers worth it.

You have to make a choice here: either you decide that the ends justify the means, or you decide that it's never okay to kill people. Either way, Ball and Kaczynski and bin Laden all fall into the same category on that issue. The only remaining question is which of them were crazy. Well, how would you know if you only listen to what their enemies say?

People think a grand gesture can change the world, but it can only do that if your enemies decide to honor it. If the British had just killed Gandhi and issued some official statements saying he was crazy, that's what we would all believe today. If Hitler had won the war and issued some official statements saying he was the good guy and the Allies were evil child-killers, that's what we'd all believe today.

History is not what you think it is. History is whatever those who survive decide they want to say happened. Those who kill themselves never come out looking good… unless of course they leave behind some friends to sing their praises.

Discuss: Things You're Not Supposed To Talk About

June 23 2011

Today's exercise is twofold. First, I'm going to tell you some things, but just reading this is not likely to teach you much. Only when you discuss these things with your friends/family/anonymous internet buddies are you going to unlock the rewards of this exercise and realize its value. Here's the topic to discuss:

There are certain things you are socially supposed to do but not talk about, or be good at but not practice.

Example 1: A new group of friends invites you to play some unfamiliar recreational game with them, cricket or bowling or something these people happen to do for fun but you usually don't. As you know, it is always the case that even though you're "just playing for fun", whoever is best at the game automatically gets some social respect from the group for that achievement. If you happen to be really good at the game (whether you've played before or not doesn't matter), you will get that automatic respect from the group and be seen as slightly more "cool" than before. If you're bad at it, you won't. However, if you're bad at it at first but then practice for hours by yourself until you get good enough to beat everyone else, your subsequent winning is no longer cool, it's just sad. Winning is cool, practice is not.

Example 2: If you're female, you're not cool unless you take care of your appearance with makeup and fashionable clothes. If you're male, you're not cool unless you are able to convince reasonably attractive girls to have sex with you. When you are in a completely same-sex environment, these topics show their overwhelming social importance: groups of women spend much of their time discussing clothes, shoes, and other appearance-related matters, while groups of men spend much of their time discussing women, sex, and matters related to having sex with women. In fact, attempting to turn the discussion to other things might even make you seem uncool to the group, so important are these topics. However, discussing (or even being caught thinking about) them in mixed-sex environments is uncool, and can earn you accusations of being "shallow" or even a "pervert". You are still supposed to be known to take care of your appearance (if female) or to be having sex with attractive girls (if male), and all that still makes you cool, but talking about your ambitions and efforts toward these goals in front of persons of the opposite sex is not cool, it's just sad. Again, you are supposed to "win" (achieve the desired outcome) but you must not let anyone know you practiced (or made any sort of major effort).

With most "normal" things, winning is cool precisely because of the hard work and practice that reaching a high level of skill requires. Being a doctor is cool (and well paid) not because white coats or stethoscopes are somehow inherently awesome, but specifically because medical school is hard and takes a lot of work. Top athletes are cool not because throwing a ball more accurately than everyone else has any value of its own, but because the ambition and effort that went into building that skill deserves its own respect.

Being a doctor is cool because you had to study hard in med school, being a lawyer is cool because you had to study hard in law school, being a pilot is cool because you had to work hard to beat a bunch of other candidates for the job. This is the normal relationship between practice and respect. When applied to certain special things, though, practice and hard work lose their respect value and indeed become negative. Being the campus beer pong champion is cool, but being the campus beer pong champion because you spend all day every day practicing in your room is sad. Being impeccably dressed and made-up is cool, but being that way because you spend all day in front of the mirror is shallow. Being the workplace stud is cool, but being that way because you spend all day thinking about sex makes you a pervert.

Probably the major factor stopping Game from becoming mainstream is the reflexive aversion

many men harbor towards it – the automatic feeling that it's uncool and indeed sad to practice attracting women. However, it's not uncool or sad to spend years in law school learning to be a lawyer in order to impress women with a high-status job and disposable income (because let's not kid ourselves, you know that's why people do it – the idea that studying law is in any way interesting in itself is ridiculous). The indirect way of working hard to get women is cool, but the direct (and much more effective) way is uncool.

We already know from listening to men in bars and army barracks and living rooms that sex is all they ever talk about amongst themselves and that pretty much everything they do is done in order to improve their chances of getting it, but somehow, admitting to active pursuit of this goal is not cool. Everyone knows what you really care about at the end of the day, and yet you're supposed to pretend to care more about other things only tangentially related to it, that just coincidentally happen to indirectly further the primary goal that we all know was the only thing you really cared about in the first place. The same goes for women and their ultimate goal of trapping a high-status man into exclusive commitment.

When a man approaches a strange woman at a bar, there is almost precisely zero chance that he wants anything other than to have sex with her. He knows this, the woman knows this, and everyone else around also knows this with all but complete certainty. However, starting a conversation with "Hi, I think you're attractive so I would like to have sex with you" would be considered spectacularly unacceptable both by the woman he approaches and by everyone else within earshot, and probably even by the man himself.

Similarly, for a woman to walk up to a man and say "Hi, I think you're attractive enough that if you took me on a few dates so I could get to know you and confirm that I do indeed like you enough, and if you then agreed to be my long-term boyfriend, I would be happy to provide you with regular sex for a long time to come" would be a social disaster for her. Yet, everyone involved in the situation and everyone else on Earth who has no connection whatsoever to the situation knows without a shadow of a doubt that this is exactly what she's thinking when she "accidentally bumps into him" at a party. In fact, it's probably what she's just spent half the evening candidly discussing with her girlfriends in excruciating detail.

Why is it that the most socially unacceptable thing to say is to state the blatantly obvious?

Today's homework assignment is to discuss this with other people, and in that discussion the answer should jump out at you.

Don’t Marry Or Have Kids (Before You Read This)

June 24 2011

Before you ever consider marriage or children, you should know what you’re getting into… facts revealed in the first part of an essay called “Rotating Polyandry and Its Enforcers” include such gems as these:

- Women are biologically programmed to fall out of love with their men after about four years. This is a law of nature and your case is not special.
- The well-known fact that sex dries up after marriage is not because wives suddenly lose interest in sex… they just lose interest in sex *with their husbands* whom they no longer love after their four years are up, and are quite likely to secretly seek sex outside the marriage.
- Women want to *get* married, not to *be* married. They often love not so much their husbands as their bridal-fantasy in which the man serves as a necessary prop.
- She wants you to seal the deal with her so she can stop pretending to love you as you are and start complaining about all the ways in which you disappoint her.
- After the inevitable end of the four-year love cycle, some women continue to keep up the pretense of marriage in order to milk their faithful husbands for money and support while indulging in affairs on the side, while others opt for divorce.
- The majority of marriages end in divorce, with the divorce being initiated by the wife in 70-75% of cases. You may think your special love is strong enough to beat the odds, but just as surely as everyone who eats gets hungry again, everyone who falls in love falls out of it again. Love is not forever. How you feel now has no bearing on how you will feel in four years.
- After falling out of love with her husband, a woman will feel nothing but resentment and cold, calculating anger towards him. No trace of the woman he married will be left. Men faced with this phenomenon are known to use the word “evil” to describe the behavior of their wives.

The second part of the essay paints a pretty picture of what a man faces when the marriage eventually ends in divorce (or, in case he just had children without being married, as soon as he falls out of favor with their mother):

- When a woman leaves her husband, she is routinely advised to accuse him of “abuse,” whether of herself or the children. No evidence is necessary; the husband is hauled off to prison and forbidden most types of contact with his family.
- Women are instructed that abuse includes “name-calling,” “giving you negative looks,” “ignoring your opinions,” and “refusing to let you have money.” The U.S. Department of Justice has declared that “undermining an individual’s sense of self-worth” is domestic violence and hence a federal crime.
- Restraining orders are routinely handed out, preventing a man from entering his own home or seeing his family. Violating these orders is punishable by imprisonment.
- There are now “supervised visitation centers” where fathers are made to pay up to $80 an hour to see their children. People yell at you in front of the children and try to degrade the father in the child’s eyes. Even hugging your own children could end your visit.
- Divorced fathers may have their cars booted and their driver’s and professional licenses revoked, which prevents them from getting or keeping employment. They routinely lose their houses, and many end up in homeless shelters.
- In addition to child support, the man may also be ordered to pay alimony and the fees of lawyers he has not hired. If he refuses or is unable, he will go to prison.

Do you think you're a lucky guy who's found a good girl who would never do that? When the love is gone, she will feel *less than nothing* for you. How many of your ex-girlfriends do you think would decline a free chance to legally extort money from you on pain of imprisonment?

Why do you want to get married anyway? Real marriage is not the Disney fantasy, there is no "happily ever after". Marriage is not going to make anything better, it's going to make everything worse.
Read this average man's account of his normal marriage.

If after all this you still want to get married, at least there's a silver lining: as your wife will gradually stop giving you sex, you, too, will stop wanting it from her. As women grow older, they get ugly, and when they get ugly, their husbands fall out of love with them. Again, you are not special and this will happen to you. It will happen sooner than you probably think.
Read this comparison of a 32-year-old female body with a 21-year-old one.
Then consider whether her sparkling personality will still be so charming when her physical presence becomes repulsive to all your senses. For a helpful thought experiment, consider whether you'd still want to marry her if her body suddenly, magically and irreversibly turned into that of her mother – because that's basically what's going to happen in just a little while.

If you'd still want to spend the rest of your life with her personality in that body, then I think you should probably do that, and if she insists that you need an official piece of paper and an expensive costume party to do it then she's not as great as you think she is, and is probably hiding something from you.

Here's my advice to you:

Don't get married. Don't have kids.

Learn the skills to attract women without having to make sacrifices and enjoy the free and fulfilling life of a happy bachelor – the life that millions of married men wake up every day to hate themselves for throwing away.

32 Vs. 21

January 29, 2008 by Chateau

I can draw a precise comparison of the sex appeal in the bedroom between a 32 year old woman and a 21 year old woman because I've had the opportunity to sleep with both within two weeks of each other. This means my memory of how they compare is strong. The average guy who has moved onto banging 30+ year old women has not slept with a 21 year old since his college days, and so won't remember in lucid detail just how much better a younger girl's body looks and feels naked.

This is why you should always take older men's opinions of the sexual appeal of older women with a grain of salt; they have weaker memories of the superiority of their long-ago conquests, and their fragile egos oblige them to proclaim endless paeans to the wonders of the older woman.

Following is a side-by-side comparison of sex between a 32 year old woman and a 21 year old woman. Any differences between the two are age-related only, as neither one exercised regularly and both looked attractive fully clothed.

21 year old

Visual - When she took off her clothes my hard on got harder. There is nothing like a flawless woman's body. No creases, no wrinkles, no cellulite. All the curves flowed gracefully without interruption by pockets of fat or love handles. The area where the ass cheeks meet the back of the legs – usually the first place to betray the droopiness of aging – was smooth. I wanted to stare at her naked body all day long.

Feel – Despite never having lifted a weight in her life, her flesh was firm, resilient, and supple. Her muscle tone was taut and gravity-defying. Her skin like silk ribbons. Her labia possessed the springiness of a marine's cot. My hard on felt like it was bursting out of its skin wrapper.

Smell - A young woman is drenched in estrogen and these vapors send waves of pleasure through the male brain as they are inhaled. Guys will know what I'm talking about when I describe the sensation of getting a lap dance from an especially beautiful and fertile young girl and her natural aroma emanating from her pores grips you in sudden arousal. The smell of youthful femininity is more intoxicating than the sweetest rose.

Experience – In this age of ubiquitous porn, bedroom skills aren't an issue. Every girl has seen the sex act by the time she has graduated high school. In my opinion, experience is highly overrated anyhow. It's the plaintive ego-salving of older women who want to believe experience can make up for lost looks. Of all the girls I've slept with, I can think of only one off the top of my head who remotely resembled a "dead fish" in the sack. If the girl is cute and she likes you, she'll gyrate her hips, return your thrusts, moan, wrap her legs, and run her hands up and down your back, which is really all she needs to do to qualify as an acceptable lay. Any cradling of your balls just before you jizz is bonus points. It's not rocket science.

32 year old

Visual – When she took off her clothes the best I could muster was a chubby. It's not that she was fat; in fact, she was the same weight and height of the 21 year old. The devil is in the details. The subtle age-related flaws in her body combined to produce an overall effect of fading femininity. There were creases and dimples in places there shouldn't have been. A small pouch had begun to develop in her lower abdomen. The bottom of her tits pressed against her chest. Unlike the 21 year old, I could not get hard just looking at this woman. Squinting helped.

Feel – One word: squishy. If I had tried to bounce a quarter off this woman's body, it would have sunk into her spongy flesh. There is nothing more… deflating… than squeezing a chunk of ass meat only to pull away with folds of loose skin in your hand. Even her pussy looked older; the lips more floppy and bedraggled, the color a washed-out hue. Since visual stimulation and the feel of her body

were not working to arouse me, I had to mentally concentrate very hard on the tip of my dick building friction with her vaginal wall in order to cum. This is why you will see older women in porn work the penis like a piston with their mouths and hands – hard, firm, and unrelenting tactile stimulation is the only way they can get a guy off.

Smell – Whatever alluring scent a young women has is gone by the time she hits her 30s, to be replaced by some rather astringent odors. The faint whiff of baby powder is missing from the older woman's skin.

Experience – There can be such a thing as too much experience. Nothing is a bigger turn-off than a woman giving you directions in bed on how to please her sexually. Because she has learned over the years which positions and movements bring her to orgasm reliably, she refuses to deviate from her gameplan, and has closed herself off to spontaneous sexual expression.

Advice from my heart:

To all 30+ year old women - If you want to stay in the game and compete with the younger competition, lift weights regularly and stop directing the action during sex like you were Spielberg's protege. This will give you a fighting chance against out-of-shape 21 year olds.

Moral of this post:

What a horrible cruel joke of the universe is the brief window of a woman's beauty. Proof, as if any was needed, that god does not exist.

How To Get Laid – The Greatest Secret

June 30 2011

Measured by the amount of wasted effort, needless suffering and deliberate misinformation surrounding it, or by the amount of blood spilled in the desperate pursuit of its rewards, the greatest secret in the world is quite likely the secret to getting into women's pants.

The advice floating around on this topic could fill libraries, and yet most if not all of the (good) advice grows out of just one fundamental truth, back into which its myriad forms can be distilled. The entire art and science of Game basically consists of unfolding more detailed and more complex layers out of this single, simple, ultimate truth:

The greatest secret to getting all the sex you can handle is to behave like a man who already is.

Absorb this wisdom, understand it, meditate upon it, and let it never escape your mind for a moment. Within it, all the fundamental principles of Game – whatever your favorite guru considers them to be – are already contained. Let's take a small selection of examples:

- Being the Alpha Male

Expressed most simply, the alpha male in a herd of animals is the one who dominates the other males and monopolizes sexual access to the females. In humans, herd dynamics aren't quite that clear-cut, but the general rule stands: strive to embody the alpha male because the alpha male is the one getting laid, and indeed many of the characteristic mannerisms which separate the alphas from the betas are direct results of a life lived in sexual abundance.

- Indifference, Aloofness, Unreactiveness

The most alpha trait of all goes by many names, and what they all basically mean is not caring about the outcome. The less you seem to want, the more will be given to you – this is a cornerstone of Game if there ever was one. A man who is already having all the sex he wants doesn't give much thought to whether what he says or does might ruin or improve his chances with any particular girl, and the girls pick up on this and go wild for him – after all, if other girls are throwing themselves at him he must be something special! Which brings us to what's universally recognized as the most powerfully attractive and most definitive alpha male trait:

- Preselection

Women want the same things that other women want for no other reason than the very fact that other women want them. This applies to clothes, gadgets and yapping furballs, but most of all to men. The fact (exploited by marketers as the "boy band phenomenon") is that all it takes to make hordes of girls uncontrollably attracted to your newest guitar-plucking cash cows is to show (doctored) "evidence" of them being chased by hordes of screaming girls… and the crotch tingle industry marches on.

- Leadership, Dominance

Leading other men is a sign of being the alpha male and therefore a sign of preselection, but leading and dominant behavior towards women is also a sign of preselection: I do what I like and your opinion doesn't matter because I already have so much sex with other girls that I don't feel any need to ingratiate myself with you.

Half of it all comes down to preselection, and the other half to those fundamental survival traits which seed preselection where none preexists. Embodying the traits of preselected men is one way to attract women, and the other is to communicate preselection itself which by its nature implies those traits. If you're just starting out with Game and need a simple rule to focus on, or if you end up in a confusing situation where your mind draws a blank and you remember nothing else of Game, remember this:

To get girls, behave like a man who already has girls.

If you do whatever such a man would do in your situation, you will not go wrong.
(Note: The answer is not “he would go home and enjoy those girls”. The answer must always arise from “he would want more girls, but not desperately or indiscriminately”)

Sluts Are Like Wal-Mart, Whores Are Like Starbucks

July 4 2011

As a man cursed with discerning tastes, I am precluded by my condition from scraping the bottom of the barrel for the easiest girls… but those of you lucky enough to be able to get it up for a 4 can make use of this lesson in slut economics:

The loosest and most sexually creative girls are most likely to be found slightly below average attractiveness, in the 4-5 range. These girls lack the magnetic pull to sustain orbiting males in a sexless limbo, and they quickly learn that in order to command any male attention at all, they have to parcel out the goods fairly quickly, and that it helps if their repertoire includes more than just the dead fish act that hotter girls can unfortunately often get used to getting away with.

The business of the slightly visually unfortunate slut is not in quality, nor is it in the profit margins on individual transactions. Like Wal-Mart, the slut is in the volume business. When everyone knows that your product is second-rate, you slice your profit margins to the absolute minimum and compete with the only advantage you have left: low, low prices. Like Wal-Mart, the slut keeps very little profit from each transaction and concentrates on moving her product in volume. The borderline-acceptable goods flow freely forth from a perpetually running conveyor belt, and the tiny price tags add up quickly.

Once slut territory has been entered, the economic incentives for coyness start to diminish radically: sluttiness is logarithmic in nature. The difference in sluttiness between 60 cocks and 600 cocks is no more remarkable than that between 6 cocks and 60 cocks. When a girl doesn't have looks enough to engage in the customary sort of sexual extortion that is the wont of her gender, she becomes, by force of circumstance, relegated to the slut heap. Her inability to play hard to get leaves her with few options but to make herself cheap and easy. Just as a girl known for carefully guarding her goods has a lot to lose by suddenly loosening up, so too does an established slut face complete sexual bankruptcy if she suddenly decides to raise prices – the only way to increase profits is to increase her sluttiness even further. The more of a slut she becomes, the lower her goods will be valued in the market, and the more of a slut she must become to make up for the decreased margins with increased volume.

This vicious circle of sluttiness tends to mostly suck 4s and 5s into its vortex, since they are right in the area of the attractiveness curve where the two prerequisite conditions for an uncontrolled sluttiness tailspin are met: they are decent-looking enough that a fair portion of men would like a go at them if it wasn't too much trouble, but not pretty enough to make almost anyone wait patiently for it. Hotter girls can play hard to get, and they usually choose to, as it tends to be a superior strategy for those who can afford it, and uglier girls have trouble even giving their services away for free (that is, to the sort of alpha males they would want to). The 4s and 5s tend to have just enough pull to get a little something in return for their favors, but only so little each time that they must hunt anywhere and everywhere in order to gather up enough tiny droplets of validation to keep their self-esteem from drying out.

The fact that the hot girls and the slutty girls are almost never the same girls is not a cruel cosmic joke played on mankind – it's simply economics.

…and to the Wal-Mart economics of the homely sluts, there is a counterpart: the Starbucks business model of the professional "escort", all polished and shiny with bells and whistles. The Starbucks customer and the whore's customer both know they're being viciously overcharged for something that's mostly just smoke and mirrors and whipped cream and faked fantasies, but it's still a satisfying enough experience and they get to try some exotic spiced-up weird stuff that they wouldn't get at home.

Suicide Drama Girlfriend: Yet Another Cautionary Tale

July 6 2011

Worth reading: the story of a guy who played his Game a little too well – so well, in fact, that his girlfriend became suicidal when he ignored her calls for a few days.

I seem to recall having mentioned on a few occasions that purposefully trained alpha behavior wields incredible power…

As the author of that piece says, this guy's behavior towards his girlfriend was all alpha all the time, and as we can see, it caused her to become dangerously dependent on him. Women will do most anything to get attention from an alpha, and more so the more alpha the man is. Combine a girl with a flair for the dramatic, a guy with a rock-hard commitment to being as alpha as possible, and the scientifically developed tools for him to do that… and what you get is a situation where the girl will want to kill herself just to get the guy to answer the phone.

There comes a point where you'll want to consider toning down the alpha – for many of you this point may be so far in the distance that you might not even realize it exists, but it does. At first, it seems like the more attracted to you a girl is, the more pleasant her behavior becomes, but the trend eventually reverses. When you become so important to girls that the rest of their lives fade into the background, unpleasant things start happening. You can get stalkers and cry-for-attention suicides, overwhelming jealousy can turn to violence, and in many ways less extreme than these, the girls you attracted with the intent of bringing more enjoyment into your life can turn into burdens.

This is the time to pull the plug, turn off your Game and turn on your Anti-Game: the most effective woman-repellant known to man – beta behavior. To most, a fair amount of beta behavior comes quite naturally, but as a student of the Alpha Way, you have a much greater power at your disposal… you have already learned all about beta behavior in order to *avoid* it, and you can just as easily choose to *consciously exhibit* it. With this special knowledge, you can repel women twice as powerfully as any natural beta ever could.

A word of warning though: women who are already hopelessly addicted to you will not be easily put off. Like sharks, they will sink their teeth into you at the first sign of beta behavior, pushing you for commitment and marriage and all the things that they've desperately wanted but been unable to pry from your alpha self. Guard yourself carefully and try not to let yourself be guided into a trap – being nauseatingly beta while still not allowing yourself to be led can be difficult. In order to extract yourself from her life, you must however make sure that you haven't moved in with her and proposed to her by the time your beta campaign shuts down her attraction to you.

With her no longer feeling anything for you, and with no social/legal/other bonds to keep you in each others' lives, you are free to let her drift out of your life and congratulate yourself on dodging what could have become a very uncomfortable situation. Then, hopefully, you'll remember to adjust your alpha more carefully in the future, so as to not let girls' attraction for you reach psychotic levels.

Game According To Taylor Swift

July 7 2011

I ran across this today:

I bet this girl has never heard of Game, alpha, preselection, takeaways, cat-string theory, etc… but there it all is, staring you right in the face.

I remember hearing Taylor Swift's songs before and thinking that many of the lyrics seemed to make much more sense than your average girl power bullshit pop songs, usually built solely from the raw materials of female wish fulfillment fantasy growing out of precariously inflated pampered princess egos. I looked around on the internet and indeed, interviews and anecdotes abound to confirm that Swift uses her personal experiences as the basis for her lyrics, depicting real life in an honest way instead of writing about fantasy worlds in her head like most of her fellow pop starlets. Neil Strauss once said that the secret to good writing is to be unflinchingly honest even when you think it might reflect badly on you, and I tend to agree with that assessment.

The relationship between honesty and truth is such that the former inevitably causes the latter to emerge, whether the person being honest is aware of the truths she is expressing or not. Taylor Swift manages to express the familiar facts of Game without knowing anything about them simply by being honest. While we do live in a world filled with lies and deceit, the pure facts are still everywhere around us: they stare us in the face wherever people put down their agendas and facades long enough to express their experience without purposefully distorting it.

That's why a pop music video can teach you such dark secrets of Game that even the masters would be proud. The short conversation at the start of the video, especially, is gold, but the entire thing is worth meditating upon.

A Roller Coaster Of Emotions

July 9 2011

The fact that the female of the species loves needless dramatics and emotional roller coaster rides shouldn't come as a surprise to anyone at this point, even if you know nothing of Game at all… but if you do, then you also know that many important facets of Game function to keep her emotional pendulum wildly swinging between hope and doubt, between the joy of having and the fear of losing, between validation and rejection.

Every romantic movie ever made revolves more or less around the same lines, with the main intrigue being whether they will or won't finally get each other in the end. It's so ubiquitous one would be tempted to believe romance can't exist without that doubt. As any writer knows, there is no plot without conflict, because a story without conflict is boring.

This theme is reflected in the stories of women's lives. Dating is exciting, proposing and getting married is really exciting, being married is gratingly boring. The elusive alpha male who might or might not catch her eye across a crowded room is exciting, the available beta who's sure to love her forever and ever is boring. An unexpected show of affection when she's just losing hope is incredibly romantic, a pre-announced show of affection she knows to expect is at best unremarkable and at worst creepy.

There's two main types of romantic movie: the kind where one of the players must win the heart of the other who doesn't really care at first, and the kind where they both want each other but must overcome some external obstacle keeping them apart. A story where they both want each other and promptly get together without any greater difficulty is not romantic. Romance *is* that confluence of hope and fear. It's not the falling in love part that makes a story romantic, it's the part where somebody has cancer or goes to war or transfers to the Chicago office or receives a phone call relaying the news about how her friend saw her crush with his arm around some other girl at the mall last night.

Why? Why are we built is such a way that we can't just have something and enjoy it? Why do we only feel good about having something when we simultaneously fear losing it? Why does a feeling fade into boredom as soon as it's not undergoing wild changes?

Emotions, mental feelings, are a lot like physical feelings – there's a reason we use the same word for both. Think of how your body feels things. When you put on a watch, you feel it at first, but you soon get used to it and forget it's there. When you walk into a room, the air may feel warm or cool at first, but you'll probably soon stop paying attention to it and only notice it again when you've been out of the room and walk back in. You only feel the changes. The same temperature can feel warm or cold depending on whether you're coming from a colder or warmer environment.

Emotions work in a similar way. Your body is constantly resetting itself to experience the current state as default, unremarkable, zero. Winning the lottery makes you happy for a moment, but your mind soon readjusts itself to think that having seven million in the bank is nothing to be excited about. Similarly, getting your lover back from the war makes you happy for a moment, but your mind soon readjusts to thinking that having this person here is nothing to be excited about. The movie ends the moment the star-crossed lovers finally get each other for good, because the part that comes after that is boring and would ruin the movie for a lot of people. It's only the roller coaster ride between faith and despair that keeps the excitement up.

This applies to all aspects of life, male and female. War is exciting because you might die. Baseball is exciting because your team might lose. Mountain biking is exciting because you might land headfirst into a rock. Public speaking is exciting because you might get laughed off the stage. A cartoon superhero is only exciting if he has a weakness that could destroy him.

Life is not exciting without death.

People who survive car crashes and find themselves with a new appreciation for the rain and the flowers and the night air can only feel that because of the experience of almost losing it. Everything is more special when it's close to being taken away.

The trouble with wanting something is the fear of losing it, or never getting it… but that fear is a prerequisite for the desire to emerge in the first place. You can't really want something that you'd feel just as fine about not having.

One of the bittersweet ironies of life is that if you want to really enjoy something for more than just a moment, you must fear losing it. If you want to give someone else that joy, you must also give them the fear.

Being romantic isn't bringing flowers or booking a table at a fancy restaurant. It's making sure that the roller coaster of emotions never stops. If you want to create an epic romance for yourself and/or for someone special you have your eye on, professing your undying love isn't going to cut it. What you need to do is create obstacles to prevent the two of you being together. In Game, we usually create an illusory obstacle in the form of feigned disinterest, and that works, but the principle is more widely applicable and other obstacles will work too. Romance and excitement blossom wherever emotions swing between hope and doubt, and women are intuitively aware of this – if you don't create dramatic events to alleviate the ever-encroaching threat of boredom, she will. If you ask me, you're better off being the one in the driver's seat.

The Two Sides Of Life

July 10 2011

There's two sides to life – the experience side and the tech side. The experience side of life is what you live for. The tech side is how you live for it. This blog is mostly about the tech side, but let's never forget that everything we do, all the plans we make, all the skills we develop, all the techniques we master, all the possessions and relationships we acquire… they are all just tools intended to serve the experience. Don't confuse means with ends.

It wasn't always this way… back in the jungle, there was just one side. Emotions took care of most everything, you didn't have to think much. Our brains were wired to know exactly how to respond to life's challenges, and you could just follow your instincts all day and do just fine.

No more.

Today our emotions are hopelessly outdated, and the things they tell us to do are as often detrimental as they are beneficial. People who simply do whatever their feelings tell them to do are now considered mentally diseased. You can't live that way in modern society. That's why we need our logical minds to run our lives – we need to figure out what to do instead of just automatically feeling it, and that's the tech side of life.

We are not good at this. Our brains are not built for it, and they don't want to do it. Our emotions tell us that watching TV is more rewarding and more useful than learning first aid. It isn't, of course, but mostly we do what the pre-programmed machinery in our heads wants us to do. I'm listening to music right now because my brain tells me that having these computer-generated replicas of sound waves produced by a woman's vocal chords, a guitar, a drum set and whatever that filler noise in the background is bombarding my head throughout the entire evening is somehow beneficial to the continued survival of my genes, and releases a bit of some chemical that makes me feel good. This is the world fucking with you.

Some of us like to think we're predominantly reasonable creatures, but we're not. No matter how clever and strategic our actions are on the tech level, they ultimately serve a crazy biomechanical overlord who believes high-quality headphones that make a "boom" drum sound increase your chances of survival compared to low-quality headphones with a "crash" drum sound.

Emotions are always in control, even when we're being strictly, rationally calculating, because emotions decide what needs to be calculated. How easy would life be if your emotions told you that the best thing in life is working the drive-thru at Mickey D's and rewarded you for that?

This is the curse of modern man: our emotions want things that they don't know how to get anymore. We have become completely dependent on technical knowledge to survive and enjoy our lives. The smarter of us are studying human social interactions as technical problems comprised of complex machinery, because our world has become so strange that we don't even know how to interact with each other in it. Those who think they do are the most foolish of all. People who follow their hearts in the hope of being led to happiness that way ruin their lives. This is the world we live in.

That's why we need the logical thinking, the tech, to run our lives. There's a problem, though… technical thinking distances us from our emotions and makes it more difficult to experience life in a rewarding way. The more you are thinking, the less you are feeling. You can't enjoy a sunset if you're trying to do your tax return at the same time. You can't enjoy a conversation if you're trying to think of what the most appropriate attraction gambit for the moment would be and which way you should angle your shoulders so as to look as cool as possible. You can't experience and think at the same time – not effectively, anyway. Everyone takes for granted that difficult thinking tasks require peace, quiet and a lack of distractions, but not as many realize that the inverse is also true: if

you want to do any serious feeling and experiencing, you can't be thinking at the same time. Thinking distracts from feeling, distracts from experience. We can really only concentrate on one thing at a time, and to concentrate on feeling we must stop thinking.

For someone like me who's spent years and years engaged mostly in thinking, concentrating on figuring things out, this is difficult. I think clearly compared to many people, but I envy the bobble-headed bimbos for their ability to be in the moment and experience much more clearly than I can. They can cry at a cheap third-rate movie with a cookie-cutter plot, entertain themselves for hours by squirming rhythmically on a nightclub dance floor, and pack hamburgers into hamburger boxes for years without losing their will to live. I wouldn't trade my life for theirs, but those are abilities I'd like to have.

Even with these amazing advantages, they are still likely to manage to screw up their lives so royally as to fail to provide even the minimal requirements for their happiness. They will fail because they know nothing about the tech. And it's here that we come to a difficult situation: in order to have a good life, you need to learn how to fix your circumstances, but the more you do that, the less what you gain by it will satisfy you.

Knowledge is a passive form of thinking and influences feeling in a similar way. The beta chump to whom the average girl next door seems like an angel can't get her, and if he studies Game to fix that, he will learn cold hard truths about her animal nature which tarnish his view of her as a creature of purity, virtue and pedestal-worthy uniqueness forever. It's like you can't win.

Some people try to avoid uncomfortable truths and excessive thinking, working to maximize their ability to feel what they experience. Others try to learn everything they can in order to maximize their ability to get the kind of experiences they want to feel. As they all eventually discover, neither alone works to produce the desired result.

If you wish to benefit at all from learning to understand the inner workings of people and the world you live in, you must – absolutely must – also take care to work on your ability to feel and experience. Be on your guard against cynicism, the cancer of the clever. The more you learn that everything is screwed up and there's no point to any of it, the more you stop caring about the trivial things the people around you care about, the more you must also cultivate the skill of appreciating everything for what it is – no more, no less. If you're going to see the matrix, you will need a capacity for finding beauty in what you see that far exceeds that of your peers.

Knowledge is a monster. Not many can enjoy something like falling in love without convincing themselves that *this* time it's going to *last forever*. "You can't lose hope", they say. On their bad days, they lament: "why do we bother with love if it never lasts?". The mere knowledge that this too shall pass would ruin it for them, as you can confirm by their reactions to anyone suggesting that possibility to them in their time of blissfully ignorant joy. Time and time again they have to pay the emotional price when they're blindsided by their carefully guarded dreams breaking on impact with reality, because they lack the tech knowledge to see the signs, to expect what's coming, to prepare and to manage.

The path of learning is only worthwhile if you can handle what you learn. You must be able to keep in mind that all good things come to an end, and to appreciate them nevertheless for what they are and nothing more, without any comforting illusions.

Compared to common ignorance, learning how the world works only to have to re-learn how to appreciate it again seems like a strange exercise to undertake, but its rewards are superior. Among the masses like leaves on the wind, at the mercy of whatever fates may befall them, and the cynics safely shielded from life within their self-made prisons, you will be both free and the master of your life, simultaneously open to serendipity and protected from disaster. The best of both worlds will be yours.

Reject Her Questions And Substitute Your Own

July 11 2011

I just stumbled upon the new blog of the artist formerly known as Collegeslacker and his post on his techniques for parrying the questions women use to angle for commitment:

"So what are we?"

We're seeing each other

"Are we in a relationship?"

We're seeing each other

"What do you want with us?"

Let's just see where it goes

As the coded inscription hidden in the secret initiation tattoo on the back of your pimp hand will tell you, commitment is the road to beta and the blitzkrieg the girls you are casually seeing wage on your masculine freedom is the mother of all shit tests, capable of turning her spigot of attraction for you off in one fluid motion the moment you give in to her demands. She knows full well that there is nothing more valuable to a man than his sexual freedom, and that giving that up to her because she asked is only one step removed from surgically extracting your testicles and encasing them in glass for her to wear as earrings.

That said, even a thing so beta as promising sexual exclusivity to one girl can be done with alpha flair. As a rule of thumb, "don't commit" is a valuable guideline, but at the advanced level where your alpha energy bends the fabric of space and time itself, there are no rules. Anything you do is alpha if your frame is strong enough, and I'm not going to say an exclusive commitment is never a sacrifice worth making. If this girl is really that much more special than all the other girls available at the moment and you're in grave danger of losing her to tough competition (such a situation might arise in rare circumstances), you may find locking her down to be your best option.

You just need to frame it right. The actual function of your answer (cementing an exclusive "relationship") is not nearly as important as the frame it subcommunicates. If your answer is a surrender to her ultimatum, you lose (everything – your dignity, your freedom and ultimately also her attraction for you). If instead your answer is a gesture of kindness coming from a position of power, you win all the prizes. There's a world of difference between a "yes" that really says "I agree to your demands because I'm too afraid to lose you so I'll sacrifice whatever you want" and a "yes" that says "I take pity on you for the distress you experience at the thought of me with other girls, and as a kind and honest soul I'll do you the favor of letting you know when the time eventually comes that I start feeling the urge to sleep with other girls. Until such a time you can rest easy and live the dream." The frame must be one of "well, since I don't happen to have other girls just at the moment, I might as well ease your worries by telling you that" rather than "I'm giving something up for you".

This frame is unassailable because it gives her exactly what she's asking for while not giving her what she really wants but what it's impossible to ask for (that is, a promise from you to never lose interest in her). Technically, "I promise to be your loyal committed boyfriend and not be with other girls" is exactly the same as "I promise to break up with you before I go and fuck other girls", but emotionally it's not, and the emotional content is what makes or breaks you here.

Even when performed with impeccable alpha finesse, the temporary exclusive commitment where you reframe the "yes" is something of an emergency tool and should never be your go-to solution. The protocol-approved way to deal with attacks by Those Who Hate Your Freedom is to reframe your "no" in a way that defuses the implicit ultimatum. When you go with "no" like a true alpha, her natural reaction will be to interpret your answer as wrong (and possibly to leave you for someone who's willing to give her what she wants), so you must reframe it in a way where there can be no answer because it's her question that is wrong. This is not easy because most women's idea of reality in this particular area is pretty strong, but if your reality is stronger, you can impose it on her in the usual way.

Reject her questions and substitute your own.

"So what are we?"

"What do you mean?"
or – purposefully misinterpret ("Just animals I guess – with just enough brains to ask what the point of it all is") to force her to clarify. Now you've already set the frame that your mind is not occupied with "your future together" like hers is.

"Are we in a relationship?"

"Of sorts, I suppose… but that word gets abused a lot, it means different things to different people so let's not use it. We don't want to get confused."

"What do you want with us?"

"What do I want? Just to be happy, I suppose… for us? …to be happy together. And I think I am… I mean, it's true what they say that you never really appreciate what you have until it's gone, but I think I'm happy… aren't you?" (a little fear of loss thrown in there for her)

You'll notice that my approach is diametrically opposed to Collegesla— what's his name now, Whiteboycrispy's approach – where his game is to escape and evade, mine is to seek out the root of the problem in order to crush it once and for all. Both approaches have their pros and cons – running is easier, but you'll always be running. Stand your ground once and you can keep standing. I'd say if you have what it takes to pull this off, do it, but if you don't want to risk it, escape and evade has also been used successfully by generations of men.

You can already go for the finishing moves at this point, but it's sloppy form:

If she answers "yes", you frame it as an admission that your "relationship", or whatever it is, is great and no changes are needed – in fact, trying to change something that ain't broke is just likely to make it worse.

If she answers "no", you need to be sharp. She probably won't, but it could happen. She knows as well as you do that a "no" here is basically an admission that your "relationship", or whatever it is, isn't really working in the first place, so the last thing you should even be thinking of doing is putting more pressure on it or tying yourselves tighter to a sinking ship. If you get a "no", you need to react with the immediate assumption that she's made a mistake and didn't really think about what she said. Half-seriously muse on the implications of her answer (make her read the "if you say 'no' again we will be left with no choice but to walk our

separate ways for good" between the lines), then light-heartedly (like a game show host) ask her if she'd like to change her answer. This case is tricky because if you let her think you believe the "no" your frame will transfer and she can start believing it herself, and then… no cake for you.

Ideally, though, you'll want to hold off on the finisher and segue into firmly planting the hooks to pull in the future if she starts angling again. Use your own words and make the following message sound like yourself, the key is congruence and a disarming honesty (luckily, the truth about human nature is on your side and your position is pretty unassailable):

"Any relationship between two people is a one day at a time sort of thing – people think they can make promises about the future but that kind of promise is a lie, no one can really do that. You can't know how you will feel in ten years or next month or even tomorrow… people make promises they should know are impossible to keep, and they get stuck in between how they felt at that time and how they feel later. You ask me about the future because you have hopes for it, and I have hopes too, but none of us can really know what to expect. Anything could happen. Given a choice, I'd check the box that says 'happily ever after', but I'm only human – all I know is how I feel right now. Tomorrow, who knows. I'd love for us to spend an infinite number of days together and never get tired, but the best we can really do is take it one day at a time… anyone who thinks he can know about the future is kidding himself. Today, I want to be with you."

Then kiss her passionately, smile for the cameras and collect your winnings at the front desk. Anytime she angles for future-time commitments, do a callback to the "one day at a time" element and you should be golden. Combine freely with the "if it ain't broke don't fix it" element and the "sinking ship" element for an all but impenetrable defense. If she persists in pressuring you for some sort of "official" or legal recognition of her ownership of you despite all this, it's 99% a sign that you're nothing but a pawn serving an agenda to her. Drop her and find someone who is not a corporate-souled calculating extortionist.

“Call It What You Want”

July 13 2011

Words have a tendency of getting in the way of our lives. People like to label the things in their lives with words, and giving what’s in front of them a different name can make them think about it differently… but words don’t define anything, they’re only imaginary sound symbols attempting to stand for something that’s already there in the real world.

Real life consists of unique things of infinite variety, but language consists of standardized labels – often we do violence to our own concept of something in the real world when we try to stick a pre-fabricated word label on it. Whenever you’re talking about anything that doesn’t come off an assembly line, you’re putting square pegs in round holes.

Sometimes you need to remind people that calling a square a circle doesn’t make it one, and no amount of conviction in calling a partially unseen or obscured shape a circle makes it any likelier to turn out to actually be a circle.

“What is this? Are we in a relationship?”

“Well, we’re in something… call it what you want.”

“Who’s that? Are you two dating?”

“We’ve spent some time together, call it what you want.”

“Do you love me?”

“I have kind of noticed that you make me feel… well, call it what you want.”

“I’ve seen you with lots of girls… are you a player?”

“I follow my heart. Call it what you want.”

“That blog is really misogynistic!”

“Call it what you want, but it’s the truth.”

“Your friend kept looking at me all night, it was really creepy!”

“Call it what you want. I think he really likes you!”

The more skilled deconstructors in the audience will already have noticed that “call it what you want” is a subtle reframe, implying that the other person is wrong without inviting the responsibility to prove that you are right.

“No” invites opposition, defiance and debate. You will be expected to prove your position. It’s also a straight and businesslike answer that frames you as an obedient interrogation subject rather than the self-amusing man of mystery you are.

“I’ve seen you with lots of girls… are you a player?”

“No.”

"So who were those girls? Your sisters?"

"Uh… no."

"Were you going out with them?"

"Um… n— well, kind of."

"So you were going out with a whole lot of girls?"

"Well… yes."

"You're a player. No cake for you."

Notice the overwhelming cloud of beta that descends upon the subject the moment he consents to waive his right to remain in control of the frame. This conversation sounds like an ugly middle-aged wife bitching at her servant-husband in the middle of the detergent aisle. Nobody wants to embark on a romantic adventure with that guy. Notice also how a well-executed call-it-what-you-want line could have saved the conversation at any point – any point!

The reframing effect will work for a variety of household purposes:

Compare:

"Your friend kept looking at me all night, it was really creepy!"

"He's not creepy!"

"Yes he is!" (Mental note: this guy hangs out with creeps. Shut off burning feeling in loins.)

With:

"Your friend kept looking at me all night, it was really creepy!"

"Call it what you want. I think he really likes you!"

"Well, but… it felt uncomfortable."

"Poor, poor, you… this is really terrible, I tell you. We need to find a way to make you uglier, stat, so nobody can look at you again! Which do you like, leaves in the hair or a garbage bag dress? We'll find a solution, don't you worry!"

In keeping with the code, you have protected the status of both your friend and yourself, leaving no man behind, reframed the situation as her being the silly one, and amused yourself with a flourish of teasing, cocky humor at her expense. Just the kind of thing that makes her dream about you at night and her fat feminist friends gnash their teeth at how women are still not respected as equals – file that under "all the best things in life come on combination platters".

By the way… where did I discover this magnificent multitool of reframing? The secret underground bunkers of experts so exclusive your car wouldn't even buy a ticket to hear them? The depths of an infinite library extending to the horizon? Nope.

The thanks go to rapper Nelly for this one.

“I know you’re thirsty, ma, go ahead and order what you want.
Some call it trickin’, go ahead and call it what you want.”

Wisdom is everywhere if you just stop to notice it and think about it. People you would never have thought worth listening to can teach you things they don’t even know themselves. Remember Taylor Swift? More and more I come to lean towards the notion that most of what we need to learn is obvious all around us and we just have to be alert enough to see it.

What Are Looks Worth?

July 14 2011

This question keeps coming up in game discussions around the internet.

"Can I still get girls if I'm fat?"
"Can I compete with guys who look better than me?"
"Should I work out and try to get a body like an underwear model?"
"Does game even work for an ugly guy?"

It's always the same refrain, always the same argument, and it usually always ends with some people firmly believing that looking good is far superior to any game, and others believing that looks must mean nothing because guys with game who look like death can still pull hot chicks. Both camps can produce a million anecdotes to support their own position, and each new experience they gain in their game practice seems to support what they already think they "know".

This is because they're both half right, but they're both more than half wrong because they are all asking the wrong question.

Looks and game are not comparable, they're apples and oranges. To understand the distinction, you need to know what the value of looks really is, and I'm going to tell you what looks will get you in the game right now:

Ten seconds.

The value of looking good is that it will buy you a ten-second favorable reaction window with a girl to work your game. No amount of looking good will save you if you don't demonstrate alpha confidence in those ten seconds. There are plenty of good-looking betas around who never get results.

The value of game, on the other hand, is that it will take you the rest of the way from that first ten seconds. Game will, however, not open for you. No amount of confidence or internalized alpha mindsets, memorized attraction routines or masterful social calibration skills will open that initial ten-second window that you need in order to demonstrate any of that.

Looks can open for you, but with only game you will always have to open for yourself. Game does not open for you – I know you've seen game gurus teach a million "openers" and "approaches" and that may confuse you to miss the distinction if you're not careful, so here it is again: yes, your knowledge of game includes plenty of opening gambits, but in order to use those you must first of all shove yourself in your target's face for ten seconds practically against her will to allow for your clever opener to make her want to keep talking to you. You can watch the greatest PUA in the world who doesn't look especially good do approaches, and you will without fail see the girl recoil apprehensively during the first ten seconds before the PUA's words and gestures lull her into a comfortable state.

Of course, good game will include building social proof in a group of people to draw attention that can open more targets for you regardless of how you look, but for the first opener in a new environment, you are on your own.

Now, here's why some can believe that looks are essential and others can believe that they are superfluous, and both can see their beliefs affirmed in their own pickups:

In a high-energy environment, such as a nightclub or big party, the guys with looks will draw attention away from the plain guys. Opening will be more difficult for an ugly fellow because girls are so distracted by so many better-looking dudes all around them. Imagine trying to play the

harmonica while fifteen hombres are blowing trumpets next to you. Even if you're the most talented of all and play more beautifully than anyone, no one will ever have the chance to hear it. Guys who look good go to the clubs, they go to the parties, they notice how easy it is for them to attract female attention and how difficult it is for the ugly guys, and their experience reaffirms their belief that looks are important.

In a low-energy environment, such as as anywhere you would play the day game (malls, coffee shops, the street), any guy can keep a girl's attention focused completely on him for that crucial ten seconds that it takes to start the game simply by talking to her. The ambient "attraction volume" of the environment is low enough that your harmonica will be heard. If you play beautifully, listeners will love you, and it wouldn't make any difference if you played a trumpet. All that matters is how well you play. Guys who play the day game notice that it doesn't matter that much how they look, that the ugly PUA and the handsome PUA with similar skills get pretty similar results. The ugly guy may do very slightly worse on account of screwing up his opener, where the handsome guy gets a free pass, but the difference will likely not be noticeable without a statistical calculator. These guys learn from their experiences that looks don't matter much at all.

Then, both groups of guys get on the internet and argue about the importance of looking good, and you, you're sitting there smugly feeling superior to those tools who don't know about the ten seconds, until a third guy comes in and lets you know about how he's getting girls solely based on his looks, not just for ten seconds but all the way home. This guy has no game, he just looks good and the girls can't get enough of him, true story. He has a lot of internet penis credit on account of somebody who you think is a big shot knows him and has seen him in action, and he's not lying. "How can this be?", you wonder, "Was Delusion Damage wrong? …wait, that can't be… it just can't…" so instead of doing the stupid thing and letting yourself feel all disappointed, you remind yourself that when something I've said seems to go against what you see in the world, I'm usually still right and you just don't understand how it works.

Here's how it works:

There's a third type of pickup environment, a hybrid between the club and the street. This environment can be a bar, or maybe a frat party or similar informal occasion that gathers a crowd, but the crowd isn't so big that everyone can't see almost everyone else. If you're the best-looking guy in this place, you will get the ten-second response from every girl in there the moment you walk in, and with no game on your part, that ten seconds is enough for all the girls to notice that all the other girls are interested in you, and now you have attraction – proceed freely to do nothing special all night and the girls will compete for you on autopilot. Once the "all eyes on you" phenomenon has been activated, it can sustain itself indefinitely unless interrupted by something external. Being the center of attention creates attraction which is intensified by the jealousy of all twenty girls in attendance having to compete for your attentions. Like a snowball gathering mass and speed, you can possibly roll out of there with any girl you want at the end of the night, or several, with zero game whatsoever.

This post was inspired by Assanova's post "Be The Hottest Guy There" and the immediately subsequent argument in the comments. If you ever see anyone arguing about this type of thing again, hit them over the head. With this blog.

The Goal Is Freedom

July 15 2011

"Why do you care so much about getting girls?"
"Basing your life on chasing girls is an unhealthy lifestyle!"
"There's more to life than picking up chicks!"
"You shouldn't let success with women define your self-esteem!"
etc., etc., etc…

I don't study game in order to get girls.

I study it in order to achieve freedom. I am prisoner of my primitive hindbrain which torments me with things like sexual attraction and falling in love. If that sort of thing doesn't happen to you, then congratulations, you don't need game, you're free to go do whatever they do on your home planet – but I'll bet if you belong to that portion of readers who have a human brain, then you're in the same boat as I am.

I only eat because I'm hungry, I only sleep because I'm tired, and I only game because I feel a need for something that is accessible through game. The goal is not to get girls, and having girls is not in itself important at all. It doesn't matter to my self-esteem or view of myself whether I get girls or not.

The goal is freedom from the torment of wanting what you can't have. The goal is the joy of getting to have what you want. There's nothing quite like getting what you want – the worse you want something, the more exquisite the relief when you get it. We're pre-equipped from the assembly line with mechanisms for wanting certain things, and all that's left for us to do is figure out how to get them, or stop wanting them.

If the choices are to not want something and not get it, or to want something and get it, I lean towards thinking that the wanting and getting is more rewarding, more… alive. Given the choice between working to stop wanting something, and working to get it, I'll consider which seems easier, of course, but other things being equal I prefer the rewarding action to the comfortable inaction.

That's why I'm not trying to stop myself from feeling what I sometimes feel for a girl. For one, I wonder if I even *could* override such a deep-seated instinct with sheer willpower, but more than that, I want to feel alive and get what I want, rather than to feel nothing and not care at all.

The most powerful instinct we have, often even overpowering the will to survive (see: white knight syndrome), is the reproductive instinct. Trying to shut off that instinct would be extremely difficult, maybe impossible. It doesn't seem like a good bet, especially considering the alternative:

The experience of satisfying the most powerful desires it's possible, as a human being, to have, is something truly special. That's why 90% of all songs ever written are about that. The ability to make that kind of thing happen in your life with consistency, giving you the freedom to throw yourself fully into the desire and immerse yourself in the feeling of its fulfillment, free from the fear of loss, secure in the knowledge that even the worst case scenario is no worse than having to start the game over from the beginning again, is something that can't really be compared to anything else You could devote your time and effort towards. That, my friends, is why I study game.

Fame Is A Chameleon

July 18 2011

Michael Jackson
Originally famous for: career in music
…but now equally famous for: allegations of child abuse

Kurt Cobain
Originally famous for: career in music
…but now equally famous for: suicide

Mel Gibson
Originally famous for: career in film
…but now equally famous for: anti-semitic remarks

Bill Clinton
Originally famous for: career as President
…but now equally famous for: affair with White House intern

Charlie Sheen
Originally famous for: career in film
…but now equally famous for: alcohol-fueled self-aggrandizement

Bill Gates
Originally famous for: career in software
…but now equally famous for: having lots of money

Donald Trump
Originally famous for: career in real estate
…but now equally famous for: catchphrase

Kanye West
Originally famous for: career in music
…but now equally famous for: interrupting award show

Lindsay Lohan
Originally famous for: career in film
…but now equally famous for: substance abuse

Tom Cruise
Originally famous for: career in film
…but now equally famous for: Scientology

James Frey
Originally famous for: career as author
…but now equally famous for: alleged career as liar

Martha Stewart
Originally famous for: career in catering/media
…but now equally famous for: time in prison

Sigmund Freud
Originally famous for: career in psychology
…but now equally famous for: claiming you fantasize about incest

Isaac Newton
Originally famous for: career in physics
…but now equally famous for: anecdote about apple falling on head

Walt Disney
Originally famous for: career in entertainment
…but now equally famous for: globocorporate profit machine

Mohammed
Originally famous for: career as spiritual leader
…but now equally famous for: terrorism by self-proclaimed followers

Buddha
Originally famous for: career as spiritual leader
…but now equally famous for: being portrayed with large stomach

Christopher Columbus
Originally famous for: discovery of America
…but now equally famous for: thinking America was India

Barack Obama
Originally famous for: career as President
…but now equally famous for: skin color

Karl Marx
Originally famous for: career as philosopher
…but now equally famous for: tyranny and genocide by self-proclaimed followers

Vincent van Gogh
Originally famous for: career as painter
…but now equally famous for: self-mutilation

You
What you want people to remember about you: all the good things
What people are likely to remember about you: that one weird thing

What's the Difference?

July 19 2011

Scenario 1a:

They've met before, briefly, but he seemed quite forgettable then and she's a bit surprised to realize that he's talking to her.

Him: hey again. what's up?
Her: hey…you're Toby's cousin's friend, right? You were at his birthday party a few weeks ago?
Him: yeah, we go way back.

He looks like a normal guy, just standing there, leaning against the wall, playing with his keych… that's not a keychain – what is that? He's got some weird metal thingy hanging on his belt, with a moving part that he's flipping open and shut, open and shut again.

Her: what's that thing?

He follows her eyes to the object in his hand, flips it open and shut one more time, then looks down at it for a moment, as if himself contemplating what it might be.

Him: this… is a safety loop for rock climbing.
Her: you do rock climbing? like on mountains and stuff?
Him: my passion.
Her: isn't that scary?
Him: look…

He flips open the metal safety loop and holds it in a firm grip in front of him.

Him: …here, grab this.

She hooks two of her fingers into the metal loop with his.

Him: pull.

She pulls on the loop. It doesn't move.

Him: pull hard.

She leans back with her entire body weight and hangs onto the metal loop with her fingers. It still doesn't move.

Him: see?

She stands up straight again, lets go of the loop and gives him a puzzled look.

Him: it's like that. You trust your equipment, you trust your skills, and it's fine. This holds just as well 30 feet up as it does here.

He holds up the metal loop at eye level for a moment, smiles, and hooks it back onto his belt.

Her: yeah, I guess.

Scenario 1b:

They've met before, briefly, but he seemed quite forgettable then and she's a bit surprised to realize that he's talking to her.

Him: hey again. what's up?
Her: hey…you're Toby's cousin's friend, right? You were at his birthday party a few weeks ago?
Him: yeah, we go way back.

He looks like a normal guy, just standing there, leaning against the wall, playing with his keychain.

Her: so… what's up?

He looks around for a few moments, as if surveying the area for something interesting that might be happening at that very moment.

Him: not much… school, work… I got promoted to tech support team leader, I guess that's something.

Her: you work in tech support?

Him: yeah, for a laptop manufacturer.

Her: you like doing that?

Him: yeah, no, I dunno. It pays the bills.

He grabs a beer from a nearby table and drinks, allowing both of them to pretend for a few seconds that they didn't just get caught in a boring dead-end conversation.

Him: …good beer.

She grabs one for herself and drinks, playing her part in the awkward cover-up.

Him: good, yeah?

She manages a half-hearted nod.

Him: they usually get the cheap beer for these things, I'm a little surprised.

She nods along, trying hard to pretend to be interested, but really, she's already looking for a distraction.

Him: so what do you do?

Her: I'm studying English.

Him: gonna write the next great American novel?

Her: yeah, I guess.

Scenario 2a:

She doesn't know why, but she can't stop thinking about him all evening. The rock climbing guy. Maybe there could be something between them… she doesn't know much anything about him, but she can't help playing what little she does know over and over in her mind. She falls asleep thinking of him climbing a mountain somewhere in a cool breeze and summer sunshine.

Scenario 2b:

She doesn't know why, but she can't stop thinking about him all evening. Toby's cousin's friend. Maybe there could be something between them… she doesn't know much anything about him, but she can't help playing what little she does know over and over in her mind. She falls asleep thinking of him answering calls for tech support and then enjoying a good beer at the end of the workday.

Scenario 3a:

She doesn't know if she should, since it's only their third meeting, but she finds herself going home with him. His apartment is a mess of scattered pizza boxes, books and DVDs on the floor, clothes draped over cheap furniture. It looks exactly like you'd imagine the apartment of someone who pursues his passion with such singleness of purpose that he can't spare ten minutes to clean up would look.

Him: sorry about the mess. I've been busy.

He waves his hand at a desk covered in computer printouts. On top of the pile of paper in the center sits a book with a picture of a guy hanging upside down from a sharp cliff. The title is some sort of technical lingo related to rock climbing and the author's name is… wait, it's *his* name!

Her: did you write this?!

She holds the book in her hand and looks at him questioningly.

Him: yeah, I mean, I'm going to. That's a prototype, the text isn't finished yet. But that's what it's going to look like.

Her: you're writing a book on rock climbing? You think you're like an expert or something?

Him: well, there's always somebody who knows more, but yeah, that's what the people on my website seem to think.

Her: you have a rock climbing website?

Him: want to see? here…

He sweeps aside a few sheets of paper and flips open the laptop revealed underneath. She looks over his shoulder at a screen half filled with a photo of him hanging off the edge of a cliff with a big smile on his face. The text underneath states the basics: his name, the name of the website, and its mission: to share his love of the climb and help others discovering the joy of rock climbing. Further down, there's an excerpt from an article titled "10 Necessities For Winter Climbing…" with his signature on it. Then there's an assortment of links to his training guide, his equipment guide, etc., and an announcement for an upcoming book release.

Her: wow… you do seem to know a lot about this stuff. I guess you *are* an expert!

Him: as I said, it's my passion. I intend to climb Everest one day… can't do that if you don't know what you're doing! I just need to train some more and save up the money to do it… working tech support sucks, but I keep my eyes on the prize, and one day I'll do it.

Her: well I guess if anybody can do it you can!

Scenario 3b:

She doesn't know if she should, since it's only their third meeting, but she finds herself going home with him. His apartment is a mess of scattered pizza boxes, books and DVDs on the floor, clothes draped over cheap furniture. It looks exactly like you'd imagine the apartment of someone who has no prospects in life and is too lazy to take ten minutes to clean up would look.

Him: sorry about the mess. I've been busy.

Her: with tech support?

Him: well yeah, and, you know, stuff.

Her: what kind of stuff do you do when you're not tech-supporting?

Him: I'm studying electronic engineering, and between that and work I'm pretty tired so I just watch TV or something.

Her: uh-huh… so do you have like a dream or something?

Him: i dunno, I guess… it'd be cool to make a little more money, and you know what else: I'd like to climb Mount Everest.

She hesitates for a moment, not sure if it's a joke she should laugh at or if he actually believes in this pipe dream which seems to her mostly like an adolescent fantasy, a way for him to escape the dreary reality of his boring, dead-end life.

Her: like… seriously?

Him: yeah. I always thought that would be cool.

Her: oh, okay… well, maybe. Who knows, right?

What's the difference?

What separates the first guy (or, really, the first of two versions of what could basically be the exact

same guy) from the second? How big is the difference?

Emotionally, it's huge. From the girl's perspective, the first guy has an attractive identity: he's ambitious, he has a dream that he's passionate about and taking real, visible action steps towards, he has his own world that she can be drawn into. He's an expert at something and other people follow his lead. He is definitely going somewhere in life. The second guy is regular, bland, boring. He has no direction in life, no drive or ambition, and he doesn't seem to be doing anything to improve his station in life. His dream seems like a fantasy because his actions aren't congruent with his words. He's aimless, shiftless, useless. Unattractive.

Materially, what separates the winner from the loser?
$30 and a few hours of preparation.

It seems like a lot more than that – it seems like his *entire life* is different – but it could very easily be the exact same life, just presented differently. What makes the huge difference is his attitude towards which parts of his life are important, and the real-world examples that back up his preferred way of viewing his life.

Find Your Attractive Identity

July 20 2011

You're not just some dude who goes to the office every day, another cog in the wheel. At least you aren't if you ever want anyone to find you special and be attracted to you.

There's something about you that makes you special – something you're passionate about, something you're good at, something that that lets you be the best person you can be, even if just some of the time – and you need to let people see that part. That's what's attractive about you. That's what you want everyone to know and remember about you, not the fact that you wear a suit and tie and work from 9 to 5 with three coffee breaks in between.

What is your dream? Unless your life is so perfect that nothing can be improved upon (in which case, why are you reading this?), you probably have a dream – most people do. The difference is that some people pursue their dreams and others don't. The people who pursue their dreams are called ambitious, passionate, attractive. The people who don't are called lazy, dull, losers. Whether you're likely to actually become a rock guitarist movie star who does secret missions for the government on weekends is not relevant to this – the fact is that pursuing your dream is attractive regardless. The guy who's in a band that only people walking past his garage ever hear is still pursuing his dream, and that makes him more attractive than the guy who says "yeah, I wish I could be a rock guitarist but I probably can't." Maybe more unrealistic, too, but still more attractive.

Your identity, to new people you meet, is mainly formed from just one or two primary things that they remember about you. That's what they judge you by, and whether you are pursuing your dream is a big part of it. Are you the aspiring rock guitarist who is temporarily working in an office to make ends meet while working on his music, his real passion – or are you the office worker who plays guitar at home sometimes as a hobby? One is cool and the other is boring.

Find your passion. What do you like to do, discuss, teach, or think about? It doesn't really matter what it is as long as you're fascinated by it. Anything that you are genuinely interested in will be interesting to girls and pull them into your world because enthusiasm is contagious.

Do you have an idea of what your "thing" could be? Maybe you've known it as long as you can remember, but even if you've never really given it much thought, I'm sure you can think of at least one thing you're enthusiastic about in life.

The test for whether it'll work as an attractive identity for you is this: do you want to be "that guy?" How would you feel if people knew you as "that guitarist guy", "that rock climber guy", "that computer hacker guy", "that guy who makes furniture", "that guy who's trying to break the world record for eating hot dogs", "that stock trader guy" or "that pickup artist guy"? If you want to be that guy, then the identity is right for you, for now, anyway… there will always be new girls and you can always choose a new identity later.

The important thing is to have an identity that you're excited about. If you think it's cool, she will too.

Mo' Money Mo' Problems, And a Bitch Is One

July 20 2011

A woman once complained to me about her romantic troubles.

Okay, that's happened more than once, but this particular woman said she had won something like $70 million in the lottery (I didn't personally see the money, but the value of this story remains whether it happened to her or not). Unfortunately – and she seemed completely baffled as to why this might be – she subsequently found herself completely unable to feel attracted to any man who wasn't at least as rich or preferably richer than her.

What's that I hear from the back row? "Women are biologically programmed to be attracted to men of higher social status than their own?" That's right! Ten points to Gryffindor. Money is a form of status, and although she had exactly zero impressive achievements to her name and neither earned nor deserved the money, there it was anyway, ruining her chances at a happy life by eliminating 99.9% of men from her hindbrain's sexual field of vision.

The rich men her new-found wealth allowed her to hobnob with weren't to her liking either, and for that, frankly, I can't blame her. I'd wager most men who have $70 million or more got it by being some sort of Class A son-of-a-bitch or another, or inherited it from people who were and raised their kids to be as well. Even if one of them wasn't, this woman's social status and money would do absolutely nothing for her – the man would be swamped by girls of the highest caliber and she, with nothing at all going for her in terms of things that men find attractive (and even her money meaning nothing since the man is already as rich or richer), she wouldn't have a rowboat's chance in the Pacific.

This woman was caught between a rock and a hard place – her undeserved status boost brought her chances of finding a happy relationship to practically zero, and that was one problem that she couldn't buy herself out of. What's worse, she didn't even understand herself well enough to see what was causing her problem.

I told her that the only way she would ever be happy would be to toss the money.

She didn't, of course – she couldn't. Who could throw away $70 million like that? It's one thing to say that you'd rather find happiness than find $70 million, but if you already *have* the $70 million, it's got to feel impossible to throw that away for a chance at happiness. Even if you're smart enough to know, without a shadow of a doubt, that the money is causing the problem and that you could love again if only you'd let go of it… even then, who could really do that? Not any normal human being. There's no way.

Every minute of lonely suffering would be a minute you knew full well that you could end it right now if you only let go of the money… but you couldn't… just couldn't do it. You could go crazy like that.

A fate worthy of a Greek fable, one of those about some poor soul who ticked off the gods, had befallen this woman in the form of a lottery ticket. And I'm sure she'd rejoiced when she saw that the numbers matched… but she'd probably have been better off throwing the ticket away.

If you are female, don't play the lottery, because… you might win.
Thus endeth the lesson.

Make Your Identity a Reality

July 21 2011

Once you've found your attractive identity that you're excited about, you need to project that identity out into the world – knowing you're awesome is not enough, you need to show it as well.

This requires taking visible steps to make your life more obviously revolve around your mission, passion or dream – or at the very least make it look like it does, if you don't quite have the time to devote yourself to it completely. Ideally, you'll want to project an image not only of pursuing your dream with passion and dedication, but of being successful at it, an expert in your field, respected and admired by your peers – in short, an awesome winner alpha male who is captain of his life and master of his world.

This is a lot easier than it seems – *a lot easier.*

The internet is a wondrous thing. It lets us watch our favorite music videos whenever we want, it lets me share with you the secrets to projecting an attractive identity, and with almost no work at all, it can give you everything you need to back up your new identity with social proof – the magic ingredient that makes the difference between being seen as a self-important twit and being seen as a publicly recognized hero.

What separates the guy who "*everyone can see is going to be something big"* from the guy with *"unrealistic fantasies"* of being something big is, in the eyes of other people, whether you're any good at what you do. Expertise, that is.

What makes an expert? If you don't do wrestling and don't know anything about wrestling, how can you tell whether somebody is a wrestling *expert* or an *amateur*? He's probably better than you at wrestling and knows more about it, but that doesn't make him an expert. What makes him an expert in your eyes is whether *other wrestlers* listen to his advice, follow his lead and treat him like an expert. If he can teach wrestling to others and people are willing to learn from him, you're going to *assume* he's an expert. After all, who would take instruction from an amateur? It makes no sense. When you see somebody talking about wrestling technique with a big crowd listening to him, you assume he's an expert. When you go to the bookstore and see a book about wrestling on sale, you assume the author is an expert. When you go on the internet and read a wrestling website, you assume whoever wrote it knows what he's talking about.

You're reading this website right now because you assume I know what I'm talking about. If I didn't, who would listen to me, and if no one listened, why would I keep writing? It doesn't make sense. The fact that I have a website legitimizes my expert status to people, even though I would know just as much (or as little) about my topics if I never shared the information with anybody and just quietly used it in my own life. The fact that you can see me giving advice here and it seems to you that people are listening automatically makes you think that I must know what I'm talking about. It's a built-in function of the human brain, and we use it in Game by the name of "social proof" all the time.

The internet is a nebulous entity where it's hard to tell which way is up, and you can easily use it to create the impression of social proof even if no one would ever listen to what you have to say, but you probably shouldn't even need to fake it. The fact is that when it comes to that special topic that you're passionate about, you probably do know way more about it than 99% of people do. There's always someone who knows more, but in general terms, you are an expert on that topic. You're the person who'd be called upon in a group of a hundred people whenever someone who knew about that topic was required. A group of people who are also extremely interested in that particular thing might not think you know very much about it at all, but in the eyes of a regular person who knows little to nothing about it, you are an expert.

You are an expert, and that's attractive. All you need to do is show it. The way to show your expertise is, as previously mentioned, with social proof. The only way for people to judge if you're successful and admirable within your field is to see if others in your field listen to you. Maybe you can't go on TV to talk about your topic, maybe you can't write a book about it and have it sold on every street corner, but starting a website about your topic is cheap and easy, and it will give you the impression of social proof that you need to cement your expert identity in the eyes of others. You don't technically even need anyone to read it – people are used to assuming that a useful-looking website probably has an interested audience, and will give you credit if the site *looks like* people probably read it – but really, if you start a website about something you're interested in and know a thing or two about, other people who are interested in the same things will probably want to read it. For the purposes of social proof it doesn't matter because no one can see the people reading at their computers a thousand miles away – it will simply be assumed that you have social proof, and it will be assumed that you are an expert. You actually have to explicitly state that you don't know what you're talking about if you don't want people to think you do – the assumption of knowledge is reversed from what it normally is. A professional-looking website is like a white doctor's coat – it makes you seem like an authority figure, and people will normally not question their natural assumption. As soon as you open a web page and see the words "Mark's Karate Tips", your brain connects the dots and thinks "oh, Mark must know a lot about Karate". It doesn't hurt that most people assume that a professional-looking website must be expensive and difficult to establish (when in fact it's a ten-minute cakewalk), and that it would only be worthwhile for Mark if his Karate really was greatly admired by others.

From that initial seed of social proof provided by the convenient magic of the internet, the tree of your expert identity can grow. You can write a book about your topic, or order a custom prototype with your name on it off the internet for ten bucks just to look like you're in the process of writing a book. If anybody else did this, it would seem like a pipe dream, but not you – after all, you're an expert with a seemingly well-loved website and an interested audience who can't wait to get their hands on your book! You can have some t-shirts printed with "Mark's Karate Meetup 2012″ (internet, cheap) and it doesn't even matter if there's not going to be a meetup and you just got the thing to "see how it would turn out in case you decide to organize a meetup next year, since you've been thinking about it". It'll seem completely natural to someone who assumes that you're an expert with an interested audience. I have a book for sale on this site (that was actually a reader request), and I could easily have some t-shirts with the site name and some sort of slogan or visual design printed, and it would be the most natural thing in the world because *people are interested in what I say*. For somebody who comes into your life one unremarkable Tuesday and sees your website, your book and your t-shirt, it will seem just as natural.

Whether you're really an esteemed expert or just ordered all that stuff in half an hour one evening as a PUA trick to demonstrate high social status, social proof, success in life and an attractive identity, it *doesn't matter one bit*. It has the exact same effect, and the effect is powerful. Throw that stuff all around the house to make sure girls can't avoid seeing it, and watch the magic happen.

It's funny, really, how much money and time guys spend on things for their home to make it look cool when none of it comes even close to having the effect that a display of expert identity that doesn't even take one lazy evening to build can.

You can work countless hours to buy expensive suits and nice furniture, or you can just throw up a website with some cool pictures and some expert-looking articles (mostly copied from the internet if you're real lazy), order a couple of cheap items with your name or logo on them for extra effect if you want, and through these things create a reality that makes your crappy apartment seem cool because you're too passionate about pursuing your dreams to worry about furniture.

There's only one thing that's better than pursuing your dream and being an expert at it, and that's being a *professional* with your dream. A guy who's an expert guitar player and whose advice other guitar players listen to is cool, but he's not nearly as cool as the guy who plays guitar and *gets paid*

for it.

If only you could… but you can. Sign up with an online ad network and throw some ads up on your guitar website – you are now making money from your guitar expertise. Basically, it's pretty much like you own a guitar teaching business. That's cool.

If you just want the maximum attractiveness boost for the minimum amount of work, you can have everything I've described here 100% finished tonight, but the fact is that you should have chosen an identity based on something that you are *really, honestly* interested in, and you may find that you're really excited to start a website about it and you want to blog about it every day, and you want to write a 400-page book about it for real and really sell it to real people who'll really love it and send you real thank you notes, and that you really want to arrange a meetup next year with everyone you get to know who's as passionate about your topic as you are. You may find that you really want to become the attractive person you're letting yourself be seen as, and you may find yourself realizing that *you can be that person*.

That's the best case scenario as far as I'm concerned. Everyone has a dream, and you should pursue it. I can tell you from experience that's a wonderful thing to do, maybe the best thing you can do for your life overall, and I think you should do it now. The fact that doing so makes you attractive is just a bonus.

In any case, one thing is for sure: after this, you will no longer be another anonymous cog in the wheel – you will be somebody special, somebody with something going for you outside the cubicle; an attractive, successful expert whom men want to be and women want to be with. It's time to unleash the new you.

Bearer Of Bad News

July 23 2011

People don't want the truth. They want to pretend that airplanes in the night sky are shooting stars. The truth is cold and ugly, and it'll only get you down. The only thing the truth is good for is to inform your choices – but it doesn't make you feel good. A pretty lie or the bliss of ignorance is much more pleasant.

Only someone who gets used to using truth and an accurate understanding of reality – ugly as it may be – as a tool to achieve great things learns to like the bitter taste of truth, like (I'm told) a crack dealer learns to like the smell of cooking crack, which (I'm told) is inherently unpleasant. The unpleasant smell of crack means that money is about to be made, and the dispiriting bitterness of truth means that well-informed decisions are about to be made – you learn to like it by association.

Most people do not make that association. They don't see an ugly truth necessarily being better than a pretty lie, and would mostly prefer to believe whatever makes them feel warm and fuzzy inside. Tell them the truth and they view it as an act of cruelty – you ruined something for them when they were perfectly content to live in their fantasy bubble. It doesn't matter if you knew that bubble would burst eventually and they would fall twice as hard, it doesn't matter if what you really did was save them a lot of suffering, their experience is still going to be that you ruined their beautiful day.

Truth is like bad news. You sort of want to hear the news even if it's bad, because you need to be informed, but nobody likes the bearer of bad news. The professor who predicts economic growth is always better liked than than the professor who predicts economic collapse.

Whatever emotions the material elicits, positive or negative, become associated with the person. Entertainers are always well liked because the good emotions from watching movies or listening to music become associated with them in people's minds. Educators, not so much. If you tell people something that makes them feel bad, no matter how important, those bad feelings become associated with you.

The truth is a valuable tool, but not one you want to be seen with. If you know something that'll make people feel bad, the smarter move is often not to tell them. Candid sharing of truth is relegated to the deep shadows of the internet, where there are no names or faces. Much of what I write on this site is not necessarily pleasant to read, but knowing about it will help you make better decisions and improve your life. I've had readers write to me about leaving this site because of how depressed reading it made them.

I don't need to have those negative emotions associated with my person. I only want people to associate positive emotions with me. So I stay anonymous, a disembodied voice in the virtual void. I will never aspire to become famous for the thoughts recorded in these pages, and I don't share them with people I meet. Only people who have learned to like the truth would like me more for it, and those people are few and far between.

Why be with people who eschew the truth in favor of comfortable fantasies? Because they are sweet and wonderful and when you are with them, you can feel the purity of emotions unsullied by the cynicism that easily comes with understanding. If I had to spend all my time around people like myself, I suspect it might quickly become quite a sad and dreary existence. People who believe in magic and happy endings can lend me the joyful spirit that I have a hard time generating for myself. I lend them the problem-solving ability their pretty but flawed models of the world fail to provide. We need each other – biologists call it symbiosis, psychologists call it co-dependence, I call it having your cake and eating it too.

However, you can never tell them the truth. Don't sully what you have in someone who has that

bubbly spirit of excitement about life – watching them go about the little things they believe to matter with great dedication, all the while seeing how they're doing everything wrong and setting themselves up for failure, is your solitary cross to bear. You'll want to try to steer them past the worst traps and around the biggest obstacles, but remember that every time you meddle in their wonderful worldview you are killing a piece of their ability to love life that much. You will have to make judgment calls and it's not always easy. If you're too much of a bleeding heart for your own good, like me, you'll end up ruining your own relationships with people in exchange for making their lives easier. That's what happens to the bearer of bad news.

The internet is a wonderful thing because it allows us to discuss, think, learn, debate and develop our understanding of the ugly truths that help us navigate life without having to know who we're talking to or ever meet each other. We can reveal the depressing facts of life without consideration for how it'll affect people's view of us, we can ask the stupid and embarrassing questions from behind the shield of anonymity, we can share details about our lives that we wouldn't reveal to our closest friends. The sheer *effectiveness* of an internet discussion, in terms of how much learning comes out of it, cannot be matched in a face-to-face discussion between people who know each other and choose their words worrying about looking good, preserving social status, not being wrong, appearing confident, trying not to anger their friends, etc.

Offline, you read something, you think about it, you develop some new idea… you think about it some more, consider whether it's robust enough to tell your friends about without getting laughed at, worry about presenting it in a way that won't offend anyone's delicate sensibilities, receive feedback calibrated carefully not to offend yours, make sure not to commit yourself too fully to defending an idea that might turn out to be wrong… basically, you run around in circles a lot. On the internet, you can read something, think "I can't immediately see why that wouldn't make sense, let's try it out", rush into an anonymous debate wielding your test-idea like it's Divine Truth (TM), defend it to the hilt against a faceless crowd of opponents who don't give half a flying fuck about your feelings or how their own crudeness reflects on them and want nothing more than to prove you wrong, and you pretty quickly find out where the holes in your theory might be. This is accelerated learning unlike anything you've seen in school. If there's one "secret" to how I've ironed out my worldview into what you see on this site, it's probably this. Anybody who's going to find a gap or contradiction that the previous 1000 guys didn't find needs to be pretty good.

Being proven wrong is something you'll learn to like, too, because it means you just learned something and became wiser and more capable. The hit to your reputation? Pfft. A new anonymous online identity is a mouse-click away and you can enter the next discussion with your new and improved ideas like you'd never been wrong in your life. A new domain name for a new blog is yours for ten bucks – and that's only if you can't manage to confess to your faceless audience whom you'll never meet that you've been convinced to change your mind about something.

Everyone knows how much easier the internet made finding information, but its similar effect on the effectiveness of discussion is less well known. More's the pity, because I haven't yet met a person who I don't think could benefit from it.

Go forth, my friends, into cyberspace, and put your ideas to the test. Be obnoxious, be wrong, be insensitive, but always be improving. Sequester your gritty mental R&D in the virtual realm and let the words you speak to people face to face only be ones that raise positive emotions to be associated with you. Don't be the bearer of bad news.

Master of the Universe

July 26 2011

As you know, the first rule of game is that chicks dig power, in all its forms. However, power isn't just power over people, it's also power over your environment, your world – the world she wants to be drawn into. Inanimate objects can AMOG you just as competing males can, and you can raise your status by tooling inanimate objects just as you can competing males.

Any sort of skill demonstration that works as a DHV basically works because your ability to do something (potentially useful) that she can't do is a form of power. The bigger a role your particular skill plays in the environment you happen to be in, the more its attractiveness is amplified.

If you're Crocodile Dundee in the middle of the city, your snake-eating and star-navigating skills seem at best quaintly amusing and at worst weirdly unfashionable. Take the same city girls into the wilderness, though, and what you can do is suddenly cool and impressive, even if no one's survival actually depends on it. It's just that you are now demonstrating power over your environment, and that's attractive.

The real lesson to take away from this is that you should strive to create and steer your interactions with girls towards environments that you can demonstrate power over. Even something as simple as going to your apartment instead of hers can make a major difference in how you are perceived – logically, it should be obvious that you know where the forks are in your kitchen and you don't know where they are in hers, and logically, it shouldn't impact your attractiveness to her, but the emotional difference between how she feels about the guy who knows what he's doing and the guy who asks for directions is undeniable.

If you're going to take her on dates, (which you shouldn't, but probably will end up doing at some point anyway, when you get outgamed and start to think she's "special" – it happens) make sure the date revolves around some activity that lets you demonstrate your mastery. Bonus points if it's physical, double bonus if it's related to survival/hunting/protecting somehow, second power multiplier for all your points if she has to trust you with her life. (Rock climbing in one of those indoor places is likely to be the best available option for a lot of you. A few days' practice will make you look like you know something.)

Equally, you should avoid environments that she has more power over than you do (makes you look of lower status than her in comparison – not good), or god forbid, where other males will be present demonstrating more power over the environment than you do. You can take her to the gym and impress her by lifting huge weights, but lifting more than her is not likely to help if you're surrounded by fifteen other dudes lifting twice as much as you. Take this into account when choosing your venue.

The same rules are fully applicable to choosing your pick-up hunting grounds. As a general rule, if you are not at least as much a master of the universe as any other guy there, you are going home alone. Great game can still give you the win even from a disadvantaged starting position, but it's better to stack the odds in your favor especially if your game isn't quite strong enough to move mountains yet.

Six Months Into My Blogging Career: What Have I Achieved?

July 28 2011

In a few days, it'll be six months since I registered the "delusiondamage.com" domain name and started this blog. In my first post half a year ago, I laid out the principles that would serve to guide this blog to success.

What, then, have I achieved here and how did I do it?
Is this something you should do?
Over the past six months, I've found several answers to these questions…

I assume a lot of you are probably interested in the "how much money did I make?" part, so let's look at that first even if it isn't the best thing I've gotten from writing this blog.

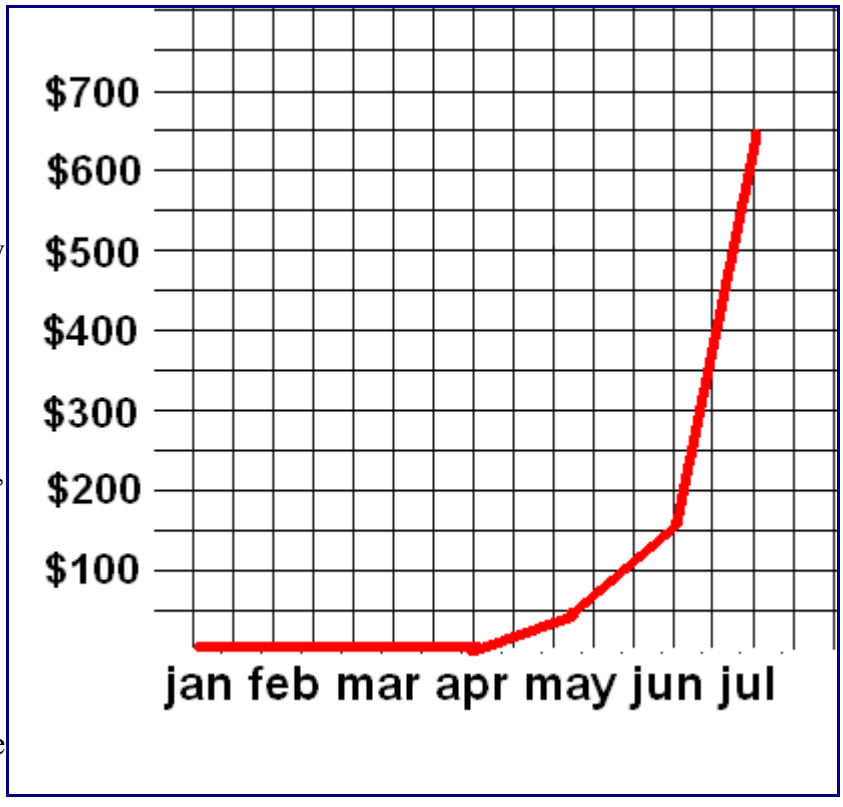
Money

I have never had, and still do not have, any external ads on this blog. All of the blog's income is derived from things that I have personally sold or recommended here at various times. I could make more money if I put up flashy annoying banner ads for IQ tests and smiley graphics and online role playing games, but I don't. I don't want to subject my readers to those things, and if it means I make a little less money, I am fine with that.

I did the numbers and here they are:

February = $0.00
March = $0.00
April = $0.00
May = $40.72
June = $154.57
July (incomplete) = $640.88

I don't have the final figures for the month of July yet, but for right now, let's just low-ball it by pretending that no more money will be made this month (unlikely as that is).



I drew up a quick graph using these numbers:

As you can see, it looks like an exponential curve. For the last few months, the income increase from each month to the next is around 300% (that is, each month the blog made about 4 times as much as the previous month). If this trend continues for another month, the blog should produce about $2500 in August – that's basically enough to live on. I could become a full-time blogger.

What's my "hourly wage" for writing this blog? I guess I write for about an hour a day on average – that might be overestimating it

since I don't even write every day, but I don't really look at the time when I write because it's just fun for me and I don't care how much time passes, so let's go with my best guess: one hour per day.

In July, I've made at least $640.88 so far and it's the 28th today, so let's say I've been writing for 27 hours this month. $640.88 / 27 = $23.74

During the month of July, I've been paid **$23.74/hour** for writing this blog. That's not too bad for an entry-level job that doesn't require any formal education – and unlike a regular job, it's likely to pay more and more for each month that passes. I am also my own boss, choose my own hours, take vacations whenever I like, and write about whatever I want. The freedom is unparallelled by anything one could find in employment.

So far, the money hasn't been life-changing, but it may well become that way soon. Up until this point, though, I've gotten much more from the mental benefits of writing this blog.

Self-improvement

The first thing that should be abundantly clear to all long-time readers is that my writing skills have undergone dramatic improvement during the last six months, and that's all thanks to this blog. The effectiveness of my communication has increased, and I've learned to connect with people through text much better than before.

More importantly even than that, the development of my thoughts has been boosted immensely. I always used to think about things a lot, but writing about them and polishing my thoughts into a form that can be effectively communicated to other people has accelerated the process of refining my mental tool set.

The ability to look back at my mental landscape a month or five months ago and make comparisons has made it possible for me to accurately see the cycles of mental states that I've always sort of known about but never been able to really witness. Just like we can go through different moods during the day, I have – and I suspect we all have – longer cycles where we can spend a month or two predominantly in a certain type of mental state, feeling, or thought pattern, which gradually gives way to a different mood or pattern that then dominates the mind for a period of weeks or months. The ability to look back at something I've written and remember how I was feeling and what I was thinking when I wrote it is a huge help in assessing how I've changed from that time. It's also a good reminder that whatever mental state I've been finding myself in lately is also just a phase which will soon give way to another.

Resources and Feedback

The thing about this blog is that people read it. Other bloggers read it and discuss something I've said, often giving me new perspectives that can help me further develop my thoughts. Readers send me email thanking me for the help they've gotten from this blog, which is always nice, and sometimes they criticize something they don't like about the blog, which is valuable too. Through the people who read this blog and/or write about it, I've found a lot of valuable resources for further self-improvement that I might never have known about otherwise.

Healthy Fun

Writing this blog is something I enjoy doing. At first I thought it might at some point start to feel like a burden, but it hasn't. In fact, I've noticed my TV time taking a serious hit as I'm often choosing to write a blog post instead of watching a movie. That's doubly good news, because not only do I like doing it more, but it's also a lot more constructive in terms of the benefits it brings into my life. If I'd known how much I'd enjoy writing a blog, I probably would have started five years ago instead of spending my free time with things I didn't really like doing anyway.

Who knows what I could have accomplished by now, but there's no use thinking about that. At least I'm doing this now, and the future can only get better.

The Secrets to Success?

What have I done *right* here? Why have I gotten so much more from my blog than most bloggers do?

A part of it is just good old common sense. To say that "90% of people who start a blog never make a living at it" is like saying that "90% of people who go to the gym never get huge muscles". It's not a lottery and your chances aren't equal to everyone else's chances. It all depends on how serious you are about what you're doing. Another way to put it is that anyone who keeps going to the gym regularly, makes an effort to find out how the huge-muscled guys work out, copies the best and does it secure in the knowledge that the work will eventually, inevitably, produce results, is going to see his muscles grow.

Blogging is the same way, and so are most things in life. If you learn the same skills that I've learned and do the same things that I do, you're pretty much bound to get the same results that I get. There's no magic involved, no stroke of luck (like for a musician to get noticed by a record company), it's real simple.

Write something people want to read, and then keep writing more stuff that people want to read, and your readership will grow. To get your first readers, you may want to participate in discussions on other related blogs, online forums, etc., write a guest post for a magazine-type blog related to your topic that accepts guest writers, or find other ways to advertise your blog, but the main ingredient must always be writing something that people want to read. If your content is good enough, the first person who sees it will help the second person find it.

What do people want to read? The answer may surprise you…

The nature of this blog is mainly informative. People want to learn what I know, and that's why they come back each day to read more of my writing. This is, in truth, not the easiest way to gain readers. The only thing attracting people to the content is the content itself and they need to read it in order to get interested in reading it – it's like, in order to want to start reading my blog you have to already be reading my blog.

The easiest way to gain readers is to have some sort of interesting persona right out of the gate. "Interesting" comes in many flavors. If the girl in your office you secretly have a crush on started a blog, you might start reading it just because you have a crush on her. Then, of course, her writing could be so bad that you'd have to stop reading because of that, but the initial interest created by your attraction to her could be enough to make you start reading. If Osama bin Laden started a blog (while he was still alive, that is), you might have wanted to read that just to see what the world's most wanted man was thinking. Celebrities' blogs get read because people are interested in the people who write them (even though actors and singers tend to mostly be godawful writers).

So… what if you're not enough of an expert on anything to believe people would appreciate your advice, and you're not weird or famous enough to count as "interesting"? Can you still write a blog and gain a massive readership? Sure you can. One way is to specialize in collecting something (funny cat pictures with misspelled captions, pictures of scantily clad women, racist jokes, etc., etc.) but that just kind of sucks on the self-improvement front compared to the next option I'm going to suggest:

Write about yourself.

Not like everybody else is doing it. There are already way too many teenage girls on the internet blabbing superficially about their boring lives and their silly thoughts, and that's not helping anybody. Write about yourself *honestly*. Many of the most popular novelists and musicians aren't popular because they have some great insight, but simply because they write something people can *relate to*. We all like to read about people who remind us of ourselves – past, present, or future (at least, what we imagine our future to be like or what we hope for it to be like). I know I read some bloggers for no other reason than because I see some of myself in them.

People are also interested in people who are *not* like them. If you can be *really honest* and describe

what it's like to be you without sugar-coating anything, trying to look good, or write about things you don't know about, people will find it fascinating. I know I would read it. Whether you're a 12-year-old girl obsessing over the newest teen pop sensation or a 70-year-old war veteran complaining about the lack of benefits, people will *feel interested* if you honestly tell them about what your life is *really like*. Out of the countless bloggers already out there, almost no one does that. The reason most blogs aren't interesting is that the content is all bullshit. If it's *real*, it will be interesting.

Too many bloggers make the mistake of assuming people care about their opinions. No one cares what you think. No one cares what I think either until they read something I've written and think "oh, this makes sense – this fits into my experience of the world – this guy might be worth listening to". Then, maybe they'll care if I like or dislike something specific, but I can't just come right out of the gate saying "I like A and dislike B", because why should anyone care what I like? They don't know me and they're not going to bother getting to know me if I'm just some random schmuck with a lot of opinions. They need to be interested first.

How do they become interested? You have to give them something of value. That can be a piece of useful information, or it can be an emotional experience. If you have useful information to write about, that's great, but even if you don't, everyone has their unique experience, and experience has its own value. The reason people enjoy books and movies is that they can give you a glimpse into what it's like to be someone else. If you can put aside what you'd *like* people to think of you, and write about what it's *really* like to be you, your writing is automatically interesting – and it doesn't matter who you are.

If I found a bunch of blogs honestly describing what it's like to be a 12-year-old girl, a 70-year-old veteran, an emergency room nurse, a bored and depressed school bus driver, an aimless pot-smoking college student, a gold-digging divorcee, a single mom in the ghetto, a computer-playing shut-in, a trapped husband with a bitchy wife and three lovely but expensive kids, or an average person in an unremarkable town just like a hundred other towns with a million other similar people, I would read them all. True, honest, real life experience is always fascinating. And it's incredibly rare to find anyone writing like that, but it's not difficult.

All you have to do is take away all the judgements that you normally make when you talk (or write) to people. The test for this is easy: if you can see an incredulous reader commenting "well, that's just, like, *your* opinion, man" you're doing it wrong. If there is nothing in your text that can be argued against, then you're doing it right. For example, "Billy stole my lunchbox because he's a stupid fuck" is bad writing, whereas "Billy stole my lunchbox and I don't understand why" is much better. You could even say "Billy stole my lunchbox and I don't understand why. I think he's just a stupid fuck" but that's getting pretty close to the line. Your *real experience* is always interesting, your *judgements and opinions* about it are only interesting if the reader already thinks you're somebody whose ideas are worth listening to.

So there you go, that's how even a person with, at first glance, nothing valuable to say can write a fascinating blog. If you do, in addition, have some valuable knowledge to impart, that's just a great bonus.

In fact, I've been wanting to start one of those experience blogs myself for a while now – I think it would be a great self-improvement exercise, maybe even better than writing this blog has been. I want to be able to write about everything, though, so I've decided not to do it while I still have some things in my life which really shouldn't be on the internet. As soon as I get rid of those, I'll most likely do it. Until then, this blog will be enough for me.

Major Mistakes to Avoid

I've already mentioned what I think is one of the biggest blogging mistakes you can make – making your blog about something that has zero self-improvement value, like silly cat pictures. This isn't just because you won't learn anything, but also because finding cat pictures for an hour every day would be a chore, whereas exploring your thoughts about something that fascinates you for an hour

is fun. You don't want to write a blog that you don't enjoy writing.

Another major mistake is falling into the trap of the "easy, free, ready-to-use" blog networks like blogspot.com or wordpress.com. They want you to think that using their service is a lot easier than having your own website (it's not), and what they don't tell you unless you read the fine print is that they can delete your blog without warning if they get complaints about it, they can put their own ads on your pages, you have much less control over the look and feel of you blog, and they won't let you make any money.

That's right: no blog income. That's a major bummer, if you're spending lots of time writing it'd be nice to get paid some too. The worst part is that if you do get immensely popular, all the links across all the internet will point to your blog on *their* website and it's basically too late to move to your own site anymore: you're screwed. If he had his own site, Roissy, for example, could be making a seriously comfortable if not downright luxurious living from his blog that he writes for fun anyway, but because he's stuck on wordpress.com, he's stuck in a soul-sucking government job in DC where the women are bitchy and he has to dodge gangsters when he walks home at night. Poor guy.

Don't get caught in that trap. I've already given you a detailed explanation of the quick and easy steps to start your own website and blog, so that should be a piece of cake. Then you're free to become a professional blogger if that's what you want. Blogging is not a "get rich quick" type of thing, of course. It can be a "get a moderate income slowly" sort of thing, but the more important part is that as a professional blogger you get to be your own boss, make your own schedule, do something enjoyable that helps you improve yourself, and not have to have another job besides that. You ask me, that's better than being a stock trader and making millions.

I'm not promising that you can have the same success within the same time frame that I've had – maybe you can and maybe you can't, that all depends on you. But there's no magic involved, you just have to do it right. Copy the best, look at what the people you want to be like do and do the same thing.

It's not rocket science. Just like the gym – you do the work and you get the results.

Awesome Conclusion

1. The past six months have been awesome.
2. It looks like the next six months will be even more awesome.
3. Writing a blog is awesome for personal development.
4. Making money blogging is awesome and not at all impossible.
5. Starting a blog is only likely to make your life more awesome.
6. Follow my instructions above and your blog will be awesome.

Levels of Consciousness

July 29 2011

I'm borrowing this almost verbatim (with permission) from a six-year-old post by Steve Pavlina who borrowed the concepts from a book called "Power vs. Force" by David R. Hawkins. I rarely showcase other people's writing here to this extent, which should make clear to you just how good I think this is.

Levels of Consciousness:

Shame – Just a step above death. You're probably contemplating suicide at this level. Either that or you're a serial killer. Think of this as self-directed hatred.

Guilt – A step above shame, but you still may be having thoughts of suicide. You think of yourself as a sinner, unable to forgive yourself for past transgressions.

Apathy – Feeling hopeless or victimized. The state of learned helplessness. Many homeless people are stuck here.

Grief – A state of perpetual sadness and loss. You might drop down here after losing a loved one. Depression. Still higher than apathy, since you're beginning to escape the numbness.

Fear – Seeing the world as dangerous and unsafe. Paranoia. Usually you'll need help to rise above this level, or you'll remain trapped for a long time, such as in an abusive relationship.

Desire – Not to be confused with setting and achieving goals, this is the level of addiction, craving, and lust — for money, approval, power, fame, etc. Consumerism. Materialism. This is the level of smoking and drinking and doing drugs.

Anger – the level of frustration, often from not having your desires met at the lower level. This level can spur you to action at higher levels, or it can keep you stuck in hatred. In an abusive relationship, you'll often see an anger person coupled with a fear person.

Pride – The first level where you start to feel good, but it's a false feeling. It's dependent on external circumstances (money, prestige, etc), so it's vulnerable. Pride can lead to nationalism, racism, and religious wars. Think Nazis. A state of irrational denial and defensiveness. Religious fundamentalism is also stuck at this level. You become so closely enmeshed in your beliefs that you see an attack on your beliefs as an attack on you.

Courage – The first level of true strength. This is where you start to see life as challenging and exciting instead of overwhelming. You begin to have an inkling of interest in personal growth, although at this level you'll probably call it something else like skill-building, career advancement, education, etc. You start to see your future as an improvement upon your past, rather than a continuation of the same.

Neutrality – This level is epitomized by the phrase, "live and let live." It's flexible, relaxed, and unattached. Whatever happens, you roll with the punches. You don't have

anything to prove. You feel safe and get along well with other people. A lot of self-employed people are at this level. A very comfortable place. The level of complacency and laziness. You're taking care of your needs, but you don't push yourself too hard.

Willingness – Now that you're basically safe and comfortable, you start using your energy more effectively. Just getting by isn't good enough anymore. You begin caring about doing a good job — perhaps even your best. You think about time management and productivity and getting organized, things that weren't so important to you at the level of neutrality. Think of this level as the development of willpower and self-discipline. These people are the "troopers" of society; they get things done well and don't complain much. If you're in school, then you're a really good student; you take your studies seriously and put in the time to do a good job. This is the point where your consciousness becomes more organized and disciplined.

Acceptance – Now a powerful shift happens, and you awaken to the possibilities of living proactively. At the level of willingness you've become competent, and now you want to put your abilities to good use. This is the level of setting and achieving goals. I don't like the label "acceptance" that Hawkins uses here, but it basically means that you begin accepting responsibility for your role in the world. If something isn't right about your life (your career, your health, your relationship), you define your desired outcome and change it. You start to see the big picture of your life more clearly. This level drives many people to switch careers, start a new business, or change their diets.

Reason – At this level you transcend the emotional aspects of the lower levels and begin to think clearly and rationally. Hawkins defines this as the level of medicine and science. The way I see it, when you reach this level, you become capable of using your reasoning abilities to their fullest extent. You now have the discipline and the proactivity to fully exploit your natural abilities. You've reached the point where you say, "Wow. I can do all this stuff, and I know I must put it to good use. So what's the best use of my talents?" You take a look around the world and start making meaningful contributions. At the very high end, this is the level of Einstein and Freud. It's probably obvious that most people never reach this level in their entire lives.

Love – I don't like Hawkins' label "love" here because this isn't the emotion of love. It's unconditional love, a permanent understanding of your connectedness with all that exists. Think compassion. At the level of reason, you live in service to your head. But that eventually becomes a dead end where you fall into the trap of over-intellectualizing. You see that you need a bigger context than just thinking for its own sake. At the level of love, you now place your head and all your other talents and abilities in service to your heart (not your emotions, but your greater sense of right and wrong — your conscience). I see this as the level of awakening to your true purpose. Your motives at this level are pure and uncorrupted by the desires of the ego. This is the level of lifetime service to humanity. Think Gandhi, Mother Teresa, Dr. Albert Schweitzer. At this level you also begin to be guided by a force greater than yourself. It's a feeling of letting go. Your intuition becomes extremely strong. Hawkins claims this level is reached only by 1 in 250 people during their entire lifetimes.

Joy – A state of pervasive, unshakable happiness. Eckhart Tolle describes this state in "The Power of Now". The level of saints and advanced spiritual teachers. Just being around people at this level makes you feel incredible. At this level life is fully guided by synchronicity and intuition. There's no more need to set goals and make detailed plans — the expansion of your consciousness allows you to operate at a much higher level. A

near-death experience can temporarily bump you to this level.

Peace – Total transcendence. Hawkins claims this level is reached only by one person in 10 million.

Enlightenment – The highest level of human consciousness, where humanity blends with divinity. Extremely rare. The level of Krishna, Buddha, and Jesus. Even just thinking about people at this level can raise your consciousness.

(Steve Pavlina's original post)

I'm not sure I 100% agree with everything he says there, but what I do know is that when you start thinking about people in terms of these levels, a lot of things suddenly become much clearer. If you're feeling like you can't understand somebody or that someone's motives are completely backward, this scale can help you see where they're coming from. What's more, getting into the habit of figuring out where a person you're talking to is in terms of these levels will help you communicate with them more effectively.

See if you can trace your own progress from whatever level you might have been on at the time of your early childhood memories to the present moment, and maybe figure out approximately where you are right now and what you might want to concentrate on doing to further develop yourself.

Some of the "higher purpose" stuff that's supposed to go with the final few levels doesn't quite feel "real" or necessarily make too much sense to me at the moment, but to be fair, that could simply be because I'm not there yet. I tend to still not write off those parts completely, though, because a lot of this does make a lot of sense to me – to be sure, I've temporarily experienced something pretty close to the description of the "joy" level, and while I didn't have a near-death experience I did have a nearly-screwed-up-my-life-beyond-repair experience, which I suppose could have a similar enough effect.

In any case, the lower levels are highly useful in figuring out people you can't seem to agree with. (Hint: can you guess which level produces rape-hysteric feminists? And which produces their leaders, the man-hating feminists?)

…or for that matter, how about the different shades of MRAs and PUAs? All the authors of the blogs you read? What about me? With a little bit of practice, identifying the characteristics of these levels in people becomes easy, and it really helps you get inside their heads and understand how they see the world. If you want to get the "how can you know that about me?"-type of reactions from people, this scale is exactly the kind of thing you'll want to learn.

Incidentally, thinking about these levels has played a part in making me realize that the life-as-battle metaphor and the military theme of this site that goes with it are, while appropriate in their own way, not necessarily the best I can do in terms of inspiring personal development in the audience. They're starting to feel like relics of a way I used to think but which has lately started to seem less important to me. I look back at my recent writing here and see that it's started to take on the characteristics of a different level than before, and I feel like I should change the look of the site to correspond with that.

That's the sort of thing that this mental model of "levels of consciousness" can help you with – being able to label your mental states and the products you've created from those states, and showing you the way to where you want to go next. It's extremely useful for a whole bunch of everyday applications, and I've actually printed out the levels and put them up on my bedroom wall to look at and think about now and then. I suggest the same to you.

“Why Do You Help People?”

August 2 2011

I haven’t posted many reader emails lately, but this one I thought you should see. It’s from a 16-year-old guy I’m going to call Desmond to protect his privacy:

Why do you help people? How do I get my mind working for me?

(Please, use my email if you find it useful but don’t include any personal info!)

First I have to tell you that your site is irreplaceable. I am one of those teenagers you mentioned - those who gave too much of their time to video games and fantasy, and became out of touch with reality. Luckily, online I was referred to this site. Few authors who are making material based on this content think and express themselves like I can understand – they write like they could be living on a completely different planet from cynic.

There seem to be fewer cynics who produce things solely to aid troubled men and confused women. What inspires you to write this blog as well as being a player?

I am 16, ever since I was born I’ve had difficulties paying attention. The past 6 months I have been thinking about sex so often that I can’t concentrate on anything, like it’s the enemy in my head. Thoughts about sex keep me from getting anything done, and being lame and unimpressive keeps me from having any.

The reason I have to be social and impressive to get laid is because you need to penetrate the social clique here to have sex with most of the girls, and aside from a safe/easy way to get drugs and girls these cliques don’t seem worth the effort. There may be a time that I’ll get myself a date or something but until then I need to get on with my life! How can I get my brain to start working for me?

Why do I help people?

That’s a good question, especially from the perspective of someone with a scarcity mindset. Why should I, a reasonable person, take time out of my day to solve other people’s problems without expecting anything in return? It seems strange.

I have a rule which I’ve mentioned here before. The rule is: don’t ever do anything you don’t enjoy. I’m not 100% perfect at following the rule, but I make a serious effort. The first and best reason for me to write this blog is that I enjoy it.

The second reason is that I help myself at least as much as I help others. Writing down my thoughts is an extremely powerful way of developing them – it’s like going to the gym for my mental muscles. I’ve extolled the virtues of writing a blog here many a time, and there’s a link in the top left corner of every page for you to follow my example and start your own. The effect of writing on thinking is one of those things it’s very difficult to understand until you’ve tried it – you naturally want to believe things like “I already know what I think, how is putting it in text going to add anything?”, but once you’ve done it it’s obvious to you how much clearer and more practically useable the contents of your mind becomes when you organize it in writing.

Helping people feels good and figuring out how to help people trains my figuring-out muscles, which is basically the reason any of you reads this blog in the first place. Any skills or knowledge I have that makes me worth listening to is the result of deliberate learning and practice – my brain

didn't just come out of the box with everything pre-installed, I've been developing it for many years and writing this blog is a continuation of that effort. The fact that I can gain those benefits from an activity I enjoy and simultaneously get the joy of helping people and their heartfelt thanks is just priceless.

Other side benefits also accrue to me from the blog – interesting people find it and want to talk to me, the blog makes money, readers send me links to interesting stuff and keep me updated if anything's going on that is relevant to my interests.

This blog is what I've previously referred to as a "constructive" effort – everybody wins, and everybody feels good about themselves at the end of the day.

As for Desmond's assessment of me and other writers – I don't really consider myself a "cynic". I think to be a cynic you need to feel a bit depressed by your view of the world, and while watching me lay out the cold facts of our animal nature may feel depressing to someone whose Disney-romance fantasy bubble is bursting, that's not how I look at it at all. I accept the world as it is and I accept that it's up to me to carve out a wonderful life for myself within the parameters set by the environment I find myself in. I have enough confidence in my ability to do that that the creeping tentacles of cynicism can't touch me. My life is better than it ever was before I learned the things explained on this blog, and it's only getting better as I understand more. I feel like cynicism is nothing but unproductive. I don't do things that are unproductive.

I'll take a moment to answer Desmond's other questions as well since they came in the same package:

You are sixteen. This means you are awash in hormones telling you that putting your genes inside a female is the most important thing in the world even before eating and sleeping, and besides that the good part of your brain, the part that can help you subdue your instincts in service of rational goals, isn't even fully developed yet.

The long-term solution to this problem is to stop being sixteen. In the short term, things will be somewhat more difficult, but there are still some things you can do. Actually having the sex (let's for the sake of argument say that an opportunity for that presented itself to you) is not even likely to help, in fact it's probably more likely to just make you want it more. If you can get it on a regular basis without making too many personal sacrifices, the problem is solved, but as any man who has lived for a day with a woman in tow knows, sex without sacrifice is something the average mortal man will never know in his life.

You've described all the available girls being tied up in a "tribe" you have no interest in being part of, and this makes your situation difficult. To get one of those girls as an outsider would require a serious level of game – maybe years of training. That's not to say you shouldn't start practicing game, you're going to have use for it all the rest of your life anyway, but while you're still on an amateur level it's not likely to open any doors in such a difficult situation.

Fighting your reproductive instincts in your teen years is a tough challenge, and needless to say the overwhelming majority fail miserably at it. It is, however, not impossible. What it requires is that you have a goal which to you is even more important than getting one of the girls you see around you. It could be a career goal, a personal goal, or even a far-off unreachable girl whose existence makes you see all the neighborhood girls as low-quality. You can't deny your instinctual desire but you can transcend it with the right kind of thinking. If you learn to believe that the girls you want right now aren't worth the effort, you can rein in the desperation of your desire for them and regain your ability to concentrate on other pursuits.

"Oh damn, that girl looks fine… well, I'll have all the girls I can handle once I'm a musician/athlete/[whatever it is you want to be]."

"Wow, she's pretty… but I need to focus on studying game now, then I'll get much prettier girls than her and all will be well."

“I wish I could see that girl naked… although, that actress in that movie was much hotter, I’m going to get someone like her instead. I’ll have to focus on my goals and work hard, but I can do it.”

Like a God-fearing Christian believing that marriage to his God-appointed mate will be much more awesome than the debauchery that tempts him right here right now, casting your eyes on a future where all your desires will be fulfilled can grant you the extra willpower to push down the voice in your head screaming for sex.

Fearless

August 5 2011

I used to be afraid a lot. Many of my childhood memories consist of days spent in a perpetual state of worry over one thing or another. I dreaded going to the dentist and going to get vaccinated. I wouldn't talk to the girl I liked in my class because I was scared the other kids would find out I liked her and tease me. I'd come home from school alone and stalk around the empty house looking for intruders, scared and yelling in my most intimidating ten-year-old voice. As a teenager, I was scared I'd get laughed at in gym class because I didn't look as manly as some of the older guys. Wherever there was a possibility of something unpleasant happening, I was there, worrying about it – often many days in advance.

I felt guilty. If there was a chance I might have hurt someone or misrepresented the facts even slightly in something I'd said, it would eat me alive. I wouldn't cross the street anywhere but a crosswalk, even if all my friends did, because my parents had told me not to and I knew how badly I would feel about going against their wishes.

I never skipped class. Not even once until my junior year of high school. It was like the possibility didn't even exist in my head. I didn't smoke or drink in secret. I had to get the right grades, I had to get into the right school, I had to… because if I didn't, then… then what? I didn't even dare think about it, but surely something unfathomably horrible would happen and everything would be completely miserable forever.

After graduation, I went into business for myself. It consumed my whole life. I had to make money, because without lots and lots of money, I was sure I'd never have the kind of life I wanted. I wasn't happy, and as far as I was concerned, I would never be happy until I was rich. I hated the work I forced myself to do, but the fear of what kind of life I would have to face if I didn't make money spurred me on like a slave driver. I thought of it as "determination" at the time, but it was fear. I wasn't so much running towards where I wanted to be as I was running away from where I was.

I wasn't alone.

Fear is the primary motivator of human action. Of all the choices made and all the behaviors exhibited by all the people in the world, most come about because of fear. Most people live in some degree of fear all the time, and most of the rest live in fear some of the time. Fear becomes such a natural part of your existence that you don't even reflect over it. You call it "stress" or "work pressure" or maybe you don't call it anything at all. You just "feel tense" all the time. You might not even think about it consciously, but it is always there, putting a dampener on your experience of the world. If you're lucky, you have a moment now and then when you're lying on the beach or playing with your kids or having sex and you forget about the fear for a few seconds and really feel alive. The stars shine a little brighter, the grass looks a little greener, the birds sing a little louder and you just feel good for no explicable reason. The fear has loosened its grip for a moment, and you wish you could stay this way forever.

But the fear comes back. You've got bills to pay, a schedule to keep, maybe a family or at least yourself to provide for. If you don't pay the bills or don't make the meeting, you'll lose your electricity and you'll lose your job and eventually you'll die. The fear keeps you going, lets you believe that spending all day doing things you don't like to do is a sacrifice worth making to keep running away from something even worse. You have to buy insurance, because what if something happens? You have to keep track of your doctors' checkups and remember to go regularly, because what if there's a hidden cancer growing inside of you? You have to be suspicious of people passing in the street, because what if they want to hurt you? What if? What if? What if? What if you never get that thing that you want, what if something bad happens, what if you die before you've done everything you wanted to do, what if the future brings something worse than the present?

What then? Then you'll wish you'd spent this time being right here and enjoying what you have now, rather than being in the future in your mind, worrying about something that doesn't exist yet, neglecting to experience what is happening at this moment. Fear takes you away from the present moment, takes you away from experience. You have a limited capacity for how much you can experience at once. The more you are experiencing fear and its variations – worry, stress, uncertainty about the future, feelings of insecurity – the less you are able to experience life. People who have near-death experiences often become incredibly happy for a while afterwards. For as long as you're still trying to wrap your head around how amazingly lucky it is that you didn't just die, the fear is gone.

You aren't worrying about the bills. You aren't scared of your boss. You aren't insecure about that girl who might or might not like you. You aren't thinking about things that could go wrong, you're just thinking about the thing that didn't go wrong. You expected to die, you expected that there would be no bills, no boss, no girl, no future at all for you. You didn't worry about any of that, your only fear was the fear of imminent death, and now that you avoided that fate and that fear went away, there is a void left in your mind.

There is no fear.

That's why you feel so alive. That's why everything has such a wonderful quality about it that you never noticed before. The city lights are beautiful, the rain smells incredible, and you feel filled with love for every stranger on the street. It's like everything in the world has gained a new dimension of depth where you only saw the surface before. It was always there, but your mind was so occupied with fear that there simply wasn't room to take in all the input from your senses. You saw the city, but you didn't *really* see it. You felt your body move as you walked, but you didn't *really* feel it. It's like you've been watching your life on a VHS tape on a crappy old TV all your life and gotten used to that being "normal", and now you're suddenly watching a DVD or Blu-ray with five-speaker surround sound and you just *can't believe how awesome* everything looks and sounds.

As the fear comes back, the colors will fade and the quality of your experience will decrease again. The signals coming in through your senses will become warped as they mix with the signal of fear coming from inside your mind. You wish that didn't have to happen. You wish you could stay like this, even just for a little while. You would give anything to stay like this. You would die to stay like this. One day like this is worth at least ten regular days.

And that's the thing, that's the key. You're used to needing the fear to keep you alive, but now you realize that a day without fear is worth many days lived in fear. Fear may keep you alive a little longer, but that life will be of much lower quality. If you let go of all the fear today, you might die sooner, but you would get much more enjoyment out of that time, probably more than out of a long life lived in fear.

How useful is fear anyway? How important is it for staying alive? How much do you think your risk of death would increase if you quit worrying? You wouldn't be quite as alert and jumpy in situations where accidents might happen, you wouldn't be as careful about pissing people off, and you might not show up to every meeting on time, but overall, the risk of death wouldn't increase by a whole lot. Certainly not by as much as your enjoyment of life would.

The way I figure it, it's pretty hard to imagine my risk of death or other seriously harmful consequences increasing more than twofold as a result of not worrying. Even that seems to me like a very high estimate. I know for a fact that my enjoyment of life increases by a factor much greater than that – I would say it's a factor of at least five or ten, maybe more. It's hard to really quantify the difference between "everything is wonderful" and "everything is not wonderful". Maybe one fearless day is worth more than a lifetime of being afraid.

Bad things have happened to me, and will most likely continue to, on occasion, and one day I'll die. Situations arise now and then that cause my body to produce that physical emergency response that prepares it chemically to fight or flee, but I don't carry it around with me once the moment has

passed. If you ask me what my greatest fear is, I'll have trouble coming up with an answer. I want to say I'm not scared of anything at all. Maybe if I found myself in a life-threatening situation, I'd feel the fear, but I make a conscious effort not to carry fear around with me. I'm not quite perfect at it, but I get better every day. I don't know if I really have the kind of feeling about anything that people would generally consider intense enough to call "being scared". Looking back at the kind of fears I used to carry around as a kid, I'm not sure I would either. I might say I'm "slightly concerned" about a couple of things, and I'm working on making those concerns go away as well.

The more aware I can be of fear-based feelings when they arise and the more I consciously make an effort to always be dismissing them, the more my world gains color and depth. I don't feel like I need a lot of things anymore, what's around me is pretty amazing by itself and I can be quite happy with it. The best thing I can do to improve my life is to avoid immersing myself in mental projection of possible futures.

Just to be in the present moment, experiencing the feelings of being alive.

Fearless.

Personal Development In 1 Minute

August 7 2011

Most people never bother with self-improvement, a fair fraction of them probably because they're too horrified at the prospect of sitting for hours reading a book or listening to a seminar. Never fear, though, I have the solution. Allow me to present: the major part of what you'll hear from most self-help gurus condensed into less than 60 seconds.

Ready? Start the clock – go!

Law Of Attraction / "The Secret": Imagine yourself being/having what you want, and it'll help you create opportunities to make it so.

Do What You Love. You will never be successful at something you don't enjoy doing.

Challenge Yourself. Always push your skills a little bit further than before, and step by step the gains will add up.

Copy The Best. They obviously did something right.

Create Constructive Habits. Break down your goals into daily routines. Do them every day and you will inevitably make progress.

Don't Be Discouraged. People throw rocks at things that shine. That just means you're succeeding.

Quit Worrying. You are fine right now. Worrying about the past won't change the past, and worrying about the future will ruin the present.

Feeling Bad Is Optional. It's up to you to choose whether you want to react to things that go wrong with a negative emotional outburst. Hint: don't.

Accept Responsibility. Instead of blaming your husband, your mom or society for your problem, fix it.

Remember To Appreciate What You Have. Nothing ruins the joy of having something as effectively as wanting something more.

Too Much Is Never Enough

August 8 2011

The trouble with materialism is this: you get tricked into thinking that one day you'll reach a point where you're happy with what you have, but it will never happen.

I have clothes. I don't *need* new clothes, but it might be nice to have newer, shinier clothes. The real problem arises if I let myself believe that buying new clothes is going to get rid of the problem I have now. And the problem is not that there's anything wrong with my clothes, the problem is this *want* that I'm feeling. It's disturbing, and if I think buying new clothes will make it go away, that's when I really screw myself. Because it won't. If I give in and buy the stuff I want, my brain will quickly get busy wanting something more. The wanting has zero connection to whether what I have is too little, just adequate or too much, it's always going to be there.

I'm always going to want something. No matter what I have, I'll want something a little bigger, and no matter how much technology develops and how prosperous a utopia the Earth becomes, reality will not be able to keep up with my never-ending desire for more stuff. Like a bigger apartment. Come to think of it, I could have a house. With an indoor swimming pool. Really, I want one of those Hollywood mansions that movie stars live in. And a private jet. One of those big ones, like Air Force One. Nah, fuck jets, how about a space station? Yeah… nah, fuck space stations, I want the Starship Enterprise! I want the fucking Death Star! What do you mean I don't "need" a Death Star? Fuck you!

Money's the same way. They did a study where they found that pretty much everyone, regardless of their actual income, thinks that "enough money" is about 15% more than they're currently earning.

And people think there's some kind of "reasonable standard of living" that we should have a "right" to. In Africa, Mbongo lives in the overturned wreck of an exploded army van. The bullet holes in the upward side are patched with grass to keep the inside dry when it rains. Poor Mbongo, having to survive in such poverty! That's, like, a violation of human rights! Mbongo should have a McMansion and two cars like the rest of us!

Mbongo has more stuff than anyone who ever lived during the first 90% of human history. Not even the greatest king of the greatest society in a hundred thousand years had as much stuff as Mbongo does. This, we now call "abject poverty".

That's the other side of the materialist illusion. If we believe that stuff makes us happy, we must also believe that the lack of stuff has to make Mbongo unhappy. This avenue of reasoning quickly breaks down if we think about monks who give up all their material possessions to become happier that way, but we are consumers and thinking is not what we do best. We have learned the stuff=happiness equation in childhood, and just like we don't reconsider the math we learned in fourth grade, we don't reconsider that either.

What made us unhappy as kids was that Bobby had a mountain bike and Jimmy had a mountain bike and we didn't have a mountain bike. It seemed so obvious then that the solution to the unhappiness problem was a mountain bike. What completely eluded us was the fact that what made us unhappy wasn't the lack of a mountain bike, it was the fact that our friends had something we didn't and that lowered our social status. The mountain bike was only a proxy for social status, and the joy of getting it was really the joy of being accepted back onto equal footing with Bobby and Jimmy.

It's the same with McMansions, space stations and all the other stuff. I bet you'd enjoy the shit out of an overturned army van if everyone else lived in grass huts. That wreck would be so awesome

you could film MTV Cribs in it. You could make one of those TV shows where they take a family whose house is falling apart and build them a new house, except you'd take a family from a grass hut and give them the wreck, and you'd get the exact same reactions they get on those house-building shows. That family would be ow-mah-gawdd'ing all over the place, there would be jumping and hugging and screaming and tearful confessions of "this is the best day of my life!!!". They'd move in with toothpaste ad smiles on their faces, and after living there for a moment they'd start wanting a van where the roof doesn't leak.

If you're poor relative to your environment and you want something, people see it as justified. If you're middle class and want something, it's still basically OK. People can relate, at least. If you're rich and still want something, you're a spoiled dickhead. People don't understand how the stuff you have that's beyond their current wanting threshold doesn't make you happy. What the rich themselves all too often don't understand is that when you've got the $5 million house and you're still spending 12 hours a day at the office so one day you can buy the $10 million house, it's time to stop working. Quit your job, sell the house and spend your days doing something you actually like doing. The next house is not going to help, and no matter how many acres of golf course it has in the back yard, you're still going to be cursing at a bunch of numbers all day while the grass grows on the fairway.

They say "time is money" but they are wrong. Time is way better than money. When you stop buying stuff just to have it, and only spend money on actually useful things and activities which add some sort of real value to your experience of life, it gets really hard to dispose of more than a thousand dollars a day even if you try your best. A hundred dollars a day is more than enough to ensure that you'll never be limited by the lack of money. You can still live very nicely on much less than that.

You know that thing you want to buy? Knowing that getting it will not solve the wanting problem, is there still some good reason for why you should get it?

With Liberty And Justice For Alphas

August 10 2011

A lot's been written on the unfairness of feminist-lobbied laws designed to void the traditional marriage contract, transfer wealth from men to women, and generally "empower" the female half of the population to fulfill their instinctual desires with impunity and not have to worry about any negative consequences to their behavior.

Many who call these laws generally "anti-male" fail to make the distinction as to exactly which males are paying to keep the hypergamous carousel spinning. Understanding this is key to understanding why the men in positions of power who have the ability to stop or reverse this legal trend allow and even encourage it to continue.

You can look fondly back at the old days – the days of constitutional rights, equality before the law, liberty and justice for all… but you can only do this as a beta male. The working stiff, the dutiful husband, the loving father, the family man, the good guy – that's who's getting screwed here.

Being a philandering alpha male has never been easier. The man who controls a woman's emotions is beyond the reach of the newly lengthened arm of the law. He doesn't get falsely accused of rape. He doesn't get divorced. He doesn't get sued for child support. He gets what he asks for in the backseat of his pickup truck and then he gets to drive off to his other baby mama's house where a home-cooked meal waits for him like it's still the fifties. The women he's left raising delinquent teens in the public housing projects where the welfare checks keep coming in courtesy of the clueless masses of working betas, the women whom he's given the very short end of the stick, the women who could seek legal recourse and use the heavily skewed "justice" system against him… *don't*. Because… *they love him*, and who knows… *he still might come back*. He doesn't have to worry. The clueless masses of working betas will pay to raise his accidental kids and "liberated" society will stand idly by and watch him continue to make sport of its daughters. Life is good, and the "anti-male" laws work in this man's favor.

The men who own this place, the men who make the real decisions behind the ballot box puppet show and have the power to override anything an actual elected representative manages to get written down in law – how many of those men do you think qualify as "working stiffs", or have the slightest amount of sympathy for one? In comparison, how many of them are sociopathic egomaniacs with zero sense of caring or fairness, driven only by an all-consuming thirst for power, conquest, mistresses on a conveyor belt and a citizenry of suckers to clean up after them? Consider this before you label something "anti-male".

It's not quite right to speak of a conflict of interest between men and women, although it can often be tempting to reduce the conversation to those terms for the sake of simplicity. The conflict here is more accurately between two different modes of thinking – between the people who produce, provide and support, and the people who exploit their labors. The provider group in this case may be predominantly male and the exploiter group predominantly female, but if you think of this as a "men vs. women" thing, a crucially important fact gets lost in translation. Men cannot choose to become women no matter how much of a sucker's bet being male becomes, so if you choose to see this as a "men vs. women" thing you will quickly reach a conclusion that doesn't make sense: men are being exploited here, yet men hold all the cards. Men produce, men provide, men lead in politics and business, all the real sources of power lie with men – it seems a foregone conclusion that men should have no trouble at all subduing women and "winning". If you look at it as a "gender war", the fact that the "war" wasn't concluded with a decisive male victory the same day it started is absolutely unexplainable.

The only way to explain a "war" where the more powerful side loses is to conclude that members of the superior force are, for some reason, choosing to defect to the other side in large enough numbers

to shift the balance of power. It can't be a "men vs. women" thing because men aren't changing into women. It's a producers vs. exploiters thing, and men are in control on both sides. As the exploiter side scores victory after legal victory, being a producer becomes more and more of a sucker's bet, and more and more men decide that the only smart thing to do is to join the winning side. The population-base of producers built by what used to be, in many ways, a pretty healthy and constructive civilization is still the majority, but every day a fraction of it moves over to the other side, and the worse the producers' prospects become the more this shift will accelerate.

The spirit of the times we live in is not truly "anti-male". A man's chances in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are greater than ever – if he's an alpha.

Inception, or How To Make Others Share Your Interests

August 10 2011

Popularized and widely misunderstood as the title of a recent movie, "inception" actually means a commencement, beginning, or coming into existence, usually of a non-physical entity, as in "I have been reading this blog since its inception". Think of it like "conception". Used in the movie to refer to a process whereby an idea subtly suggested to a person takes hold in his mind, covering its own tracks and making the target believe he spontaneously invented the idea himself, this new meaning of the word has all but overridden its original meaning (which almost no one knew of anyway) in popular talk, so I feel okay about using the word in the sense of its movie definition here since there is no better commonly understood word to describe the same thing.

Now, about how to do it, and why…

We all get interested in things, and when we're excited about something, we naturally want to share that excitement with those closest to us. Having someone to share our interests with not only feels good, but discussing our thoughts with others makes us explore them in new ways, gives us new ideas and lets us hear perspectives we might not have thought to consider before. It's an incredible learning accelerator, and it's great fun.

Now, if what we're interested in thinking and talking about happens to be the sort of thing that makes us better somehow, sharing it with the people around us will also make them better in the same way – when you share valuable thoughts with your friends, you are literally making yourself better friends. This is something well worth doing, and while being a friend-improving activity it's also much better entertainment than watching TV. When you're interested in a topic, talking about it gives you an energy that automatically makes the conversation exciting for everyone involved.

Due to my influence, all the people I regularly choose to spend time with are now familiar with the basics of evolutionary psychology, personal development, hidden sexual market politics and basically any topic you have ever read about on this blog. I can't tell you what a difference it makes in the quality of their company – not a single positive word on feminism or its related follies gets uttered by any of my friends' girlfriends, no one takes offense or interprets anything in careless conversation as a personal insult, no one blames anyone else for their feelings… it gets to the point where being around regular people and their dysfunctional cultural programming just feels like a terrible chore.

I've said before to surround yourself with people who will help you become the person you want to be and pull you in the right direction. This doesn't just mean ditching your old friends and finding better ones, although that can be a part of it. It also means deliberately shaping the people surrounding you into the kind of people who have a positive impact on your life. The added bonus is, of course, that having the people around you share your interests greatly enhances the enjoyment you get from the time you spend with them.

The ability to consciously impose your own interests on other people could be regarded as something of a superpower – most people don't even stop to consider that it might be possible, and being able to do it adds the kind of value to your life that no amount of money can buy. The power of this skill to transform your social environment and to transform your life is priceless.

Just like in the movie (which, by the way, I recommend you watch with this in mind to help you understand how to do this) the key to doing this successfully is to replicate the process by which ideas naturally form – to feed your target suggestions piece by piece until they take the bait.

You can do this with anything. The key is to do it subtly, and not push against resistance. The fastest way to make someone feel utterly bored with your topic it is to force-feed it to them in massive quantities against their will. If you want to make someone hate a particular song, band or album

with every fiber in their guts, take them on a car ride and play that album over and over for hours. Unfortunately, this is what most people do when they're terribly excited about something. They're just so excited to share their new all-consuming interest that they fail to see their poor victims growing wearier by the minute.

The right way is to throw bait and then pile on or back off according to the response you get. You start with something small and tasty that'll make them a little more interested, then something a little bigger…

I'll use this blog as an example. Let's say you're interested in the topics discussed here (hopefully you are, if you're reading this) and you want to educate your friends as well, to make them more enjoyable to be around, to create opportunities to have illuminating discussions for the benefit of your own self-improvement, and of course to help them improve their own lives with ideas you yourself have found valuable.

Your final goal may be to get them to follow the blog themselves and spontaneously call you to share their thoughts on the latest article, but you must start small and in a way that adds value to your interaction with this person. For example, contributing a new perspective to a conversation you're already having about something they're already interested in… "oh, speaking of that, I read this thing on the internet that really made me understand how that works… it said something like [whatever it said], which I think is pretty much the answer you're looking for there. Don't you think?" If you get a positive response and the person finds your contribution valuable, move forward: "here, let me show you the article…". If they're not interested, back off and try again later with a different contribution to a different conversation.

Do this enough times, and you'll collect enough positive responses to spark interest. The old wisdom says "if you tell a funny joke, people will say 'that's funny', but if you tell ten funny jokes, people will say 'you're funny'". If you read one interesting thing on the internet, your friend will say "that's interesting", but if you read ten interesting things on the internet, your friend will say "I need to see this internet of yours". Whenever you get another positive response, tie it into the previous ones: "cool, right? yeah, it's from the same blogger who said [previous interesting thing] and [another interesting thing before that]. he's a pretty interesting guy."

Always build on positive feedback. Once you've built some sort of base level of interest, you can use that. "hey, this blogger I told you about… well, he just wrote about [another topic], this was a real eye-opener for me. what do you think? here's the link".

This method is pretty much guaranteed to work, failure is impossible as long as you remember to never push so hard that the other person pushes back against you. You won't get the "dude, I can't listen to you talk about [x] any more" reaction as long as you're only catering to signals of interest from the other person. They will only be left with positive memories related to [x], and there's a very good chance that they'll soon be calling you to discuss it of their own accord. Once you plant an idea in someone's head it's going to stay there, and the more they allow it to occupy their mind, the more it'll grow. It can't be helped. If you follow my instructions, you can make everyone you know interested in playing guitar, self-improvement, reading this blog, accounting, tax law or anything else. You may not be able to make them completely enthusiastic about it, but you can make them interested enough that discussing the topic with them becomes a pleasant and educational experience for both of you.

Not Without A Warning

August 12 2011

My web traffic stats for the last week indicate that the audience of this blog seems to be growing faster than ever before… the secrets are really getting out there now, and lives are being changed. It seems like we might be approaching the part of the curve where the popularity of this site just flies completely off the handle, and that heralds its own set of changes…

You can't reveal the kind of secrets I've been revealing here without drawing attention, and the nature of public recognition is such that it's only going to grow faster and faster for each day that passes. As long as I keep doing what I'm doing, it's only going to snowball and one day, if left unchecked, it'll cross over to where it takes on a life of its own and becomes impossible to stop anymore. I do not wish to be famous, and I do not intend to let that happen. The day will come when I'll have to withdraw from the spotlight, blend back into the shadows from whence I came and start anew somewhere else, doing something different – the same mission in a new suit.

I'm glad, of course, that so many of you find my writing valuable, but this kind of accelerating success also spells its own doom. The day will eventually come when the attention becomes a burden. Only a fool chases fame and fortune, the wise man values freedom more than both.

I've endeavored here to give you something of extraordinary value, something unlike anything any of the well-known big names are doing. Many of you have seen value in what I've given you, and drawn new people to the blog… and as long as those people keep getting value as well, nothing can stop the spread of publicity – nothing except myself. I need to retreat, stop fueling the fire of increasing attention and let it die before it becomes big enough to fuel itself endlessly and consume everything in its path.

I thought I should give you fair warning that I won't be here to hold your hand forever. The day will come when I'll be gone and you'll be on your own. It's not today and it won't be tomorrow, but one day you'll wake up and the day will be here. On that day, you must be ready to make your own path and continue on it alone. I've made an effort since day one to give you the tools to prepare you to do that, and I'll continue to teach you as much as I can in the time we have left together.

Everything you need to know is out there… I didn't invent all this stuff in my back yard one day. I invented some of it, but most of it has been… around. Some of it for thousands of years, some of it only for a moment. The reason you weren't taught it in school or told about it on TV is the same reason I don't want to ride on a wave of increasing publicity into schools and TV studios to talk about it: there are people who don't want you to know about it.

The people who run your life, the people who own you, who own your time, your labor, your mortgage, the people who profit from solving problems they themselves purposely create – they've worked very hard to raise an obedient workforce that doesn't think and doesn't ask questions, and they fight to protect their investment. I have no desire to fight them. Once a man goes off to fight, he'll be fighting all his life. That's not a life I want for myself, and it's not the life I've tried to give you. True, I've given you tools you can use if you want to fight, and that's your choice to make. Personally, I'm going to take my leave before I become a big enough threat to be worth a fight. I have too nice a life to see any appeal in the life of a fighter. Maybe by then I'll have inspired a hundred new blogs to carry the knowledge forward… they can't fight a hundred small targets like they can one big one.

I learned from someone once, for a while. I watched this man appear from obscurity, gain first a small cult following and then widespread recognition within his field, impart some amazing pieces of knowledge that would change my life forever, and – just at the very moment when he seemed poised to finally and permanently eclipse the icons who preceded him – blend seamlessly into the

crowd, becoming virtually indistinguishable from the masses of competitors his genius had only moments earlier made a mockery of. All of this happened within the space of one year. That was four years ago… and nothing has been the same for me since. It has been my dream for this blog to be able to have a similar effect on you, to set in motion a chain of events in your brain that will never stop even after its original cause is long since gone. Judging by the feedback I've gotten, I feel like I've been able to do that at least for some readers, and what more could I ask for than that?

The end is not quite near yet. We are living the golden days of our time together right now – the time of growth and progress, the time when the sky's the limit and all the lights are green. I forget sometimes to enjoy this moment, but it deserves to be enjoyed. This is the time when the blog steps out of obscurity, ahead of the crowd, and really takes flight on its own. For many readers, this is the time you'll remember and tell people "I was there back when". For new readers, this is the time when they know they've stumbled onto something exciting, something unusual, something that's going to be special – the time when crowds rush in to be part of a phenomenon before it's over. For me, this is a time I'll look back on with fondness. This is the time to enjoy the excitement, the revolution, the unlimited potential flowing through thousands of miles of cable as electric ones and zeroes.

Because someday all this will be gone.

What Beats Everything?

August 15 2011

Life is short and you can't learn everything, so it's worth spending your time building skills that serve a whole bunch of functions at once. The fact is that some things are simply much more useful than others.

Degree in law

Degree in IT

Degree in engineering

Degree in women's studies

Real world experience of running a business

Life is not a rock-paper-scissors type of game. Life is more like those games where all the different weapons are supposed to have their own value and their own irreplaceable place in the world, but you pretty soon figure out that most of them are useless, some are okay, a few are really valuable and there’s probably one that beats pretty much everything.

Always look for the one that beats everything.

The martial arts are notoriously plagued with never-ending debates over whose style is better than whose. The main plot and conflict in every other Chinese fighting movie is some variation on *"how dare you come to our town with your ridiculous Tiger Paw Kung Fu? We don't take kindly to your kind around here! I shall make you feel the power of Iron Palm Kung Fu! WYAAAH!!!"*. What happens when people discuss martial arts on the internet is even worse.

Every style has their own favorite magical "this beats everything" philosophy.
The boxing instructor tells his students "no matter what your opponent knows, he can't stop your lighting-quick jab from hitting him first!"
The BJJ instructor tells his students: "no matter how well your opponent punches, you take him to the ground and he is helpless!"
The Muay Thai instructor tells his students: "since we use our elbows, knees and head in addition to the hands and feet, we can overwhelm any opponent with a flurry of attacks!"
The MMA instructor tells his students: "we have borrowed moves from many styles and mixed them together into an unbeatable combination!"
It goes on and on forever…
"We have hundreds of different techniques to handle any possible situation!"
"Because we only have a couple of techniques, we can hone our skill with them to perfection!"
etc…

It's not always easy to find the one that beats everything, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't keep looking. Everything you do in life – everything – serves some kind of function for you, and every skill you learn you learn in order to function more effectively. Learning takes time, so if you can find a skill that can serve several functions and make several other skills unnecessary, that's like life giving you a "buy 1, get 1 free" deal. It's worth taking.

Consider the constructive things you do with your time – the skills you practice, the abilities you build. Are they multifunctional? Could they be more multifunctional than they are? Consider the goals you would like to achieve and what skills you would need – then figure out a way to reach those same goals with less skills. It seems obvious to most people that one should discard habits which serve no good purpose, but few realize that it's just as beneficial to replace habits that serve just one good purpose with ones that serve two.

Make a habit of grading skills, habits and various efforts on a scale of multifunctionality.

Playing World of Warcraft – entertains self
Playing a card game – entertains self, entertains others
Playing guitar – entertains self, entertains others, attracts women

Training for a marathon – promotes health
Training with weights – promotes health, increases chances in a fight
Training in eastern martial arts – promotes mental well-being, promotes health, increases chances in a fight

Working as number-cruncher – makes money
Working as resort island caretaker – is enjoyable, makes money
Working as self-improvement writer – improves self, is enjoyable, makes money

Reading cat picture blog – entertains
Reading motivational quotes blog – motivates, entertains
Reading factual blog – informs, (entertains…?)
Reading instructional blog – increases ability
Reading this blog – increases ability, informs, motivates, entertains

Girlfriend – provides relief from sexual desire
Game – provides relief from sexual desire, provides freedom from having to spend all afternoon

carrying shoe bags around the mall
Enlightenment – provides relief from sexual desire, provides freedom from having to spend all afternoon carrying shoe bags around the mall, provides constant feeling of peace and contentment

The more functions you can cover with a small number of skills, the more time you will have in the day to work on each individual skill, and the better your life will become. The benefits of the work you do become multiplied by the number of functions each skill serves. With good planning, you can achieve in one year what for someone else would take ten years.

There is one caveat – it's usually not a good idea to try to force yourself into a habit you can't enjoy. When I say "*work* on something", that sounds a lot like the word "work" which commonly stands for "that thing you hate doing but do all day anyway to pay the bills". That is not what I mean. It's very important to choose to do things you enjoy. If you don't enjoy doing something, you won't be as motivated to do it, you won't do it as well and you won't do as much of it. Your results will be a lot worse than if you enjoyed doing it, and in addition you'll have a bad time. All the other functions are interchangeable and need only be covered by one of your chosen skills, but each practice you choose should also have a check in the "I like doing this and this counts as fun/relaxation/entertainment/free time" column.

Getting everything you want isn't worth it if you have to suffer for it.

What She's Really Complaining About

August 16 2011

"Why don't you take out the trash?"
"Why do you leave your jacket on the floor?"
"Why don't you give me presents like all my girlfriends' boyfriends do?"
"Why won't you say 'I love you' every time you hang up the phone?"
"Why can't you get along with my mother?"
"Why do you have to spend Friday night at the pub when we could be together?"

Complaints, complaints… it can seem like your girlfriend wants to change your entire personality, rearrange your life from the ground up and mold you into something so unlike the man you are that you wonder why the hell she wanted you in the first place. The list of demands can range from the impossible to, if you're lucky, the level of difficult and painful that could technically be performed, but only at the cost of losing your will to live.

I said in yesterday's post that you should always be looking for a catch-all solution that solves a whole bunch of seemingly unrelated problems at once. Well, that's still true today.

All the different complaints are really the same complaint: You are not providing good emotions. A girlfriend who feels good in your presence won't complain. It's one thing for you to learn to reframe a negative statement as positive, but if you provide her with good emotions (commonly known as "being in love"), she will automatically reframe everything for herself.

"Oh, there's his jacket on the floor. He's such a careless sweetheart… always too busy to find a coat-hanger. I'll just hang this up for him, I bet he'll be pleased!"

"Oh, he got into a fight with my mother. He's such an exciting rebel! My parents don't approve of him, but our love is true – we're just like Romeo and Juliet."

"Oh, he's got such camaraderie with his friends, with their Friday night drinking and their ballgames… he's such a great guy, of course everyone wants to spend time with him! I'm so lucky to get him all to myself when he comes home."

If you start hearing complaints, you need to realize right then that what she's really complaining about is that you're not providing good emotions. The worst thing you can do is to explain yourself or give in to her stated demands – that's not what this is about! You'll only be volunteering to bring unpleasantness into your life, and you're still not providing good emotions!

What she's saying doesn't mean anything. How she's feeling means everything. Don't engage her on a logical level, because she doesn't really care about the thing she's complaining about, she doesn't care about whether her argument makes any sense, and you will never win the debate because you are constrained by the limits of reason whereas she isn't.

The appropriate choices are either to throw her out if you decide you don't need a girlfriend who does that kind of thing, or if you want to keep her, to disregard the misleading words coming out of her mouth and concentrate on changing how she feels.

Changing your behavior with regard to the particular thing she complained about won't fix the problem – there will always be new complaints as long as you aren't providing good emotions. You don't need to do the million things she claims to want you to do. You just need to do this one thing, and the complaints will stop. If you can't do that, just leave her.

For Those Of You New To The Blog…

August 17 2011

Let me tell you about the idea that changed my life.

Whenever you have to make a choice, there are different options. Let's say you have "option A", which is not a very good option, and "option B", which is clearly a better option. You'll choose option B and feel confident that you've picked the best option.

But you haven't. There's always ***"secret option C"****, an even better solution that you didn't think of but which you could have figured out if you were smarter, or which someone who already knew of it could have told you about.*

The difference between the best option ***you can think of*** *and the best* ***possible*** *option is what causes the difference between* ***your life*** *and the* ***best possible life****.*

I have lived with this idea for many years now. During those years I've worked to increase my intelligence, knowledge and understanding of the world, to become the sort of person who can find the superior secret option in any situation. And let me tell you, it's been the best thing I've ever done in my life…

If I could go back in time and talk to myself at fifteen, he wouldn't even believe my current self. Things which he considered impossible are now commonplace for me. Sacrifices that he thought "had to" be made and accepted as "ways in which life is hard" I now see as completely optional. My fifteen-year-old self couldn't in his wildest dreams have hoped for a future like what I have today. It wouldn't fit into his idea of reality at all. All the secret superior options I've discovered and built my life on don't exist for him, and he doesn't believe such things are even possible.

He thinks he has to feel like life is unfair to him. He doesn't know he can have anything he wants if he just makes the effort to learn how to get it.

He thinks he has to live with the rules and conventions of society limiting him. He doesn't know he can live however he wants if only he learns to overcome the obstacles imposed on him.

He thinks that getting girls is a matter of luck rather than skill. He doesn't understand how they think or why they fall in love, and he believes all he can do is hope for the girl he likes to like him too. He has no idea he can learn to make it happen.

His life isn't too great, and he blames everyone else. He doesn't know he has the power to fix everything. The delusions he labors under, not his external circumstances, are the cause of all the damage in his life. If I could go back just for a few minutes, just long enough to tell him that… but I can't. That boy is gone and I can't help him now.

But if you're like him, I can help you.

This blog is about the secret options. The things I've learned, the things I've figured out, the knowledge and skills that have changed my life beyond recognition. Read it, learn it, and apply it to your own life. Use it to create the life you want, or an even better life that you can't even conceive of yet. Apply it to the lives of those around you and create better interpersonal relationships, create for yourself the kind of social environment that you've always dreamed of.

The first thing I want to let you know is that the information is out there. For thousands of years now, the thoughts of those people who were exceptionally skilled at thinking have been recorded in writing, and each new generation has developed those ideas further and further. The secrets to a superior life aren't really "secret". They can be found in books, on the internet, even sometimes hidden in popular entertainment by the occasional charitable souls who sometimes find their way into the entertainment-industrial machine.

I used to think the world worked according to the best principles that people had managed to figure out. It doesn't. Our schools aren't the best schools ever invented, our furniture isn't the best furniture ever invented, our society, government, houses, cars, jobs, movies, food, cooking utensils, traditions, laws, rules for "acceptable" and "unacceptable" behavior, habits and ides about what's "normal", the ways we are taught to behave and relate to each other… none of it is being done in the best way that anybody's ever figured out. Most of it is being done in ways that, compared to the best ways that have been invented, are wasteful, painful, inefficient and just plain stupid. Most of the suffering we experience in our lives is a result of doing things in these sub-optimal "normal" ways, and that suffering is completely unnecessary. Most people simply don't know any better, and those who do aren't being listened to. The information is out there, but it's not reaching you.

TV and schools don't tell you about the best ways. The people who make the decisions in the media and the education system don't want you to know. They want you to keep suffering, to keep having problems that you don't need to have, to keep working eight hours a day to buy the "solutions" these people are selling you. Of course, their "solutions" don't ever *really* solve a problem once and for all, because then they couldn't keep you coming back to buy more. The "information" that's presented to you as "the best available" isn't best *for you* – it's the best they've found for the function of transferring your money to the advertisers.

The *real* best information – that doesn't get beamed at you from screens and loudspeakers. Why would they tell you how to solve your problems without their products? There's no money in that. But the information is out there… it isn't loud and it isn't flashy, and you have to be looking for it to find it, but it is there to be found.

You just have to know to look for it. You can't be thinking "if somebody had figured out a better way to do this, why isn't everybody doing it already?". You know why – most people only listen to the TV and the TV only says what the advertisers want you to hear.

In this blog, I'm going to tell you about things you've never heard of on TV. Things you might not even have imagined could exist. Things that can change your life beyond what most people consider humanly possible. The most important thing, however, is what I've already told you – that you have the power. Read, learn, think, make an effort to understand how the world really works behind the curtain of what you've been told, and you will gain amazing abilities. You can do it. I've done it.

That's really all you need to know to transform your life – you can find all the information on your own when you're determined to look for it – but following this blog will help you do it faster, and it'll help you stay in the inspired, motivated mindset that makes this journey enjoyable. Getting your friends on board and embarking on the journey to your dream life together, all sharing what you learn, inspiring, encouraging and helping each other get smarter and wiser every day will help even more.

Do these things and your life will never be the same. I can guarantee you that much.

Also take a look at these:

Inception, or How To Make Others Share Your Interests
Basic instructions on creating your social environment. Learn to turn the friendships you have into the friendships you wish you had and make your social interactions more rewarding for everyone involved. Learn to inspire your friends to help you and join you on your journey to becoming a better, smarter, more successful version of yourself.

Fearless
Maybe the second-most important thing I can teach you.

You Can't Fight Centralization

August 18 2011

This has nothing to do with what's "good" or "bad" or what anyone "wants" to happen. I'm not even going to go into value judgments of any kind here. I'm just going to succinctly explain why limiting the powers of government is a pipe dream doomed to failure and why the people who move to Montana with their rifles and advocate for a return to the days where everyone farmed their own food and protected their own ranch are wasting their time.

Centralization is evolution on a societal scale. It is inevitable, because the principle of the survival of the fittest ensures that a centralized society, being more powerful, is always going to out-survive a decentralized one.

Centralization is the unchanging theme that runs through all of human history. Tribes uniting into states, states into federations. Farmers moving into villages, villagers into cities. Production of consumer goods shifting from the individual (such as a farmer's wife shearing the sheep and knitting him a shirt) to a specialized professional (the town tailor) to an industrial factory (called something like Local City Clothing Company in many American cities in the early 20th century). Now, we're seeing the same on a global scale. Production of consumer goods, from all over the world, is moving to southeast Asia. Production of entertainment for the western world is centered in L.A., New York and, to a lesser degree, a couple of other U.S. cities.

A quick look through the history books will show you that the most centralized powers at any time have always been the ones to achieve new heights, invent new things, move civilization towards modernity and shape what came after them. Egypt, Rome, China… all strictly hierarchical societies with power concentrated in a very small geographical area, from where the empire was ruled. The seafaring ability of the British Empire gave London strong connections to all its outposts around the world. Its bastard child America didn't start to eclipse its power until all the states were united as one and their systems (communication, transport, government) centralized to cover the whole as a single unit.

The trend has continued in politics with the UN and the EU, as well as a slew of agreements of various kinds making international trade and cooperation easier. Ancient traditions all over the world are fast being discarded in favor of a new worldwide umbrella culture centrally administered from Hollywood and Madison Ave. English has already become such a world language that you're almost surprised when you go somewhere and find that they *don't* speak it. The internet is accelerating all this even more… people from all over the world are reading this just as you are.

The more all the functions of our lives become centralized, the more they need to be governed. If you built your own horse cart back in the day and a wheel fell off and you crashed and died, it was your own fault and no one cared. Now, if a car company makes a million cars and ten thousand of them burst into flames and kill their passengers, there's going to be a problem. This is how government gains power over production, education, how you can or can't build your own home and what you're allowed to do in it… anything in your life that becomes more centralized becomes more controlled, and the power of government keeps forever increasing because centralization is impossible to stop. It's built into evolution, it's the way of nature.

We can't go back to rifles and ranches, and Montana is a cold and shitty place judging by what I've heard. A few tough guy types real pissed off at "the system" may be willing to go there, but there will also be lots of people who aren't, and the more centralized culture will inevitably crush the less centralized one. The places in the world where you can do whatever you want grow fewer and fewer by the day. Already you have to go to Snowfuck County to live with the bears if you want some degree of freedom above the typical, and if you really want to be free enough that absolutely nobody can tell you what to do, you need to go someplace like Afghanistan or Somalia. I wonder if

there's a single piece of sunny, fertile land in the world anymore that isn't under some sort of government supervision or being contended over by armed factions. Soon, maybe the only places left to escape government supervision will be parts of the Sahara and Antarctica. The cost of living free gets higher and higher, and there's nothing to be done about it. It's the way of the world, has always been.

There are those who fantasize about a global war or catastrophe, something to destroy the behemoth governments and make the land lawless again… people who really like the idea of walking around with rifles on their shoulders and answering to no one. I can't say I blame them for feeling that way, but the future will never be theirs. Even if the power magically turned off one day, and the gas ran out, and the senators all had simultaneous heart attacks, and all the missiles were launched and all their targets leveled – while these guys went off into the woods with their rifles, people elsewhere would be organizing, centralizing, restructuring… all that made the modern world possible wouldn't be magically forgotten, it would be preserved in the minds of the survivors, and soon it would be up and running again, and the global systems of life management would be reestablished. The anarchists' unorganized rifles couldn't stop it any more than their angry rants on the internet can now.

Resistance is futile. As surely as a stone rolls downhill, the human race rolls toward a single unified social structure. Whether you think that's good or bad, or don't really care either way, you're wasting your time and energy if you think you can fight it. Trying to keep it from happening is like trying to keep your body from aging. Accept that this is how things work, whether you like it or not. Life goes on.

January 31, 2012

August 19 2011

The date is set.

As I wrote about here, this blog keeps getting more and more attention at an accelerating rate, and I need to shut it down sooner or later if I intend to retain my anonymity. Following questions about this by some readers, I've decided on publicly announcing a set date for this.

I've decided on January the 31st, exactly one year from the day of my first post.

The blog is 200 days old today, and it has 165 days left. That's time enough for you to catch up on what you might have missed as well as following the new posts which I will of course keep writing. By the end of it, I hope you'll have learned enough to be able to continue on your own.

What will I do, then?

I might start a different kind of blog… if I do, I'll probably let you know in case any of you are interested in following it. I don't know what it'll be like yet, or if it'll be at all, but it will not be like this one. This is a one-time thing. Once it's gone, it's gone forever and anyone who missed it is out of luck.

I wouldn't have thought it, but writing this is actually making me feel sad.

I'll miss you guys.

Soon

August 20 2011

What keeps me motivated enough to improve day after day, year after year? It's not a long story. In fact, it could be expressed in a single word.

Soon.

Whenever you see something you like, remember to think to yourself: "soon… I'll have one of those soon".

I lived my poorest years a couple of miles from a big airport. As I rode my bicycle on the dreary streets, not being able to afford the city bus, I'd look at the airplanes rising into the sky, taking off for the kind of places I saw on TV. I'd picture the people inside the airplane, leaning back against their seats, fiddling with their tray tables, looking around the cabin and out of the window at the ground and think "I'll be in there soon". I'd see businessmen driving flashy cars with creamy leather interiors and I'd think "soon… I'll be in there soon". I'd see pretty girls walking past and think "soon…"

Then I'd go back to work at making myself into the man I was going to be. Soon.

99% of the trouble with any task is finding the energy to do it. If you'd spent all your free time since you were a kid working only on constructive self-improvement pursuits, read all the books and everything you could find on the topic online, practiced your skills and exercised your mind all day every day, don't you think you'd be able to do pretty much anything by now? "Lack of information" wouldn't be a problem. The resources exist. What you really need is the *feeling* of *wanting* to do it, of *enjoying* it. That's the key.

The problem with most motivational exercises is that you have to do them. You have to take some time out of your day and find the motivation to do the exercise before it can motivate you. The obvious flaw with these methods is that you're not all that likely to feel a great urge to wake up earlier every morning so you can take five minutes to stare yourself down in the mirror while flexing your muscles and screaming "I am the king!".

"Soon" is flawless in this respect – you don't have to *do* it. *It* does *you*.

When you see a car that catches your eye, think "soon". Picture your hands wrapping themselves around the steering wheel. Look at your hands. Notice the veins and the marks, the particular details. Picture *those* hands gripping that soft leather wheel – not just any hands, *your* hands. When you see a glorious skyscraper gleaming in the sunlight, all glass and steel and evidence of success, think "soon". Picture yourself looking down through the floor-to-ceiling windows, smiling at the people hurrying to work in the world below. When you see a hot girl, think "soon". Picture yourself taking off her clothes… with *your* hands.

You don't have to "make a commitment" or "promise yourself" to do this. It'll just happen. The thought will come to you when you see something that sparks a desire in you. And it will have an effect. The more you indulge in it, the greater the effect will be. Look at everything this way. The world is yours. The buildings, the traffic signs, the McDonalds on the corner… soon, you'll have it all. Now, I don't really want a traffic sign and I don't know what I'd do with it if I had one, but I *could* have one, and that's the point. When you realize what you can achieve, when you look at it and touch it in the real physical world, that makes it real for you. You can sit at home and imagine the things you want, but experiencing things through your five senses will inspire you in a completely different way. You'll come home full of energy and enthusiasm for doing what it takes to get them.

And you don't even have to do anything… just let the thoughts come naturally. These things

surround you in your daily life, and now each time you see them is a positive and constructive experience that makes you feel good and helps improve your future as well as your present.

When you see something you like, think “soon… I’ll have that soon”.

Failure Means You're Doing It Right

August 20 2011

I can't believe I haven't discussed this point before… or maybe I have. In any case…

Tiby writes:

Hello there, i would like to start by saying a sincere thank you, for sharing your knowledge with us. I hope you can help me with a big problem: I'm dependent of female interest. What that means, is that i'm the happiest man on earth when things are going well with the opposite sex, and depressed when they're not. I have big expectations
for myself and i hate it when i let myself down. You said in one of your posts, that you pity the people like me(i'm not very sure of the accuracy of what i remember) who are dependent of female…energy(?).
I'm not really sure how to put it, but i just don't know how to solve this problem. I hope you did understand, and i would like to close by saying thank you again, because even if you don't reply to this message and help me directly with this problem, you already did with the posts you did until now and the posts to come.

I'm glad you've found the blog helpful. I think I've briefly discussed your particular problem a few times, but maybe not in detail. I have probably said that it's a terrible thing to make yourself dependent on someone else's moods for your happiness, and the key to stop doing that is to understand that it is in fact what you are doing – you are choosing to not let yourself feel happy unless external conditions X Y and Z are met in your environment by people whose actions you ultimately have no control over. You must stop doing that. And you can. It's not the female attention that has power over you, it's the significance that you yourself attach to it. You are not dependent on female approval, you're dependent on your own approval – and right now you're not approving of yourself when you can't perform at the level you'd hoped. Accept that failure is a part of the path to success. I fail all the time, anyone who doesn't isn't aiming high enough. If you're doing something that you can already do perfectly then you aren't learning anything. See the failures as a sign that you are challenging yourself the appropriate amount, analyze them, learn from them, and don't carry the negative emotions of failure around with you. Expecting more of yourself than you can do doesn't help anyone. Expect yourself only to get better, and accept that it'll take the time that it'll take. Failing isn't letting yourself down, giving up is. Expecting too much of yourself is also letting yourself down. When you want to build your muscles, you lift weights to failure – the fact that you can't lift the weight the last time means you're doing it right, it means you're training at the limit of your performance, and that's where you grow stronger.

Seduction Forums Are Zombies

August 21 2011

My visitor stats show people linking to my articles from various forums. It might seem the most natural thing in the world that someone who reads this blog would also participate on any number of forums on related topics, it might even seem like something to be encouraged, but there's a hidden danger lurking there that you should be aware of…

Let me preface this by saying that I have studied Game for a long time and I'm sure all of us who have read this blog can agree that I've learned it well. In all that time, I have never once sought advice on a forum. Why?

Seduction forums are zombies. By the time Neil Strauss chronicled their golden days in "The Game", they were already almost dead inside, and have been limping along in suspended animation since then largely thanks to the hordes of new initiates flowing in every year expecting to find the mastermind summits that Strauss' book describes.

There was indeed a time when the greatest masters of the Game came together on online discussion boards to report their successes and failures, exchange ideas, hone their skills and network. Before Mystery wrote down his famous Method, before the pickup industry existed, the science of seduction was formed in the crucible of internet forums. Out of these forums rose the first masters who managed to put together workable, complete models to teach from. Then, they left the forums to publish their books and hold their bootcamps and establish their own businesses.

The forums were once the best available option. When no one knew what to do and there was no one to learn from, collective experimentation was the only way forward. If you were the leader of a jungle tribe and your tribe had to prepare to fight another tribe, you would gather your men to share with each other whatever tricks they'd learned to help in fighting, similar to what the seduction forums were doing in the early 2000s. If, however, a friendly martial arts master from a foreign land happened to walk into your village, you'd tell everyone to shut up and learn from him. That would be infinitely more effective that trying to put something together from the knowledge of a bunch of amateurs.

The forums were the best we had when nobody knew anything, but that was a long time ago. The first masters to emerge from the soup of the forums moved on, continued their research professionally, on an industrial scale, far exceeding anything that had ever come from the previous gatherings of amateurs. Now, someone new to the Game has the good fortune of being able to learn from individuals who really, really know what they're doing and how to impart that same knowledge onto students.

Meanwhile, the forums are still stuck in 2002, with the blind leading the slightly more blind.

What's worse, you'll be led in different directions. Half-educated students of the different masters, each with their own style, give conflicting and confusing advice to the poor newcomers asking "how do I get girls to like me?". A knowledge of Game collected from forums today is like trying to build a vehicle using car parts, motorcycle parts, boat parts and airplane parts. They might all work nicely when used with the other parts that they're supposed to fit together with, but mishmashed together they're probably going to give you a headache.

The preponderance of contradictory advice is a problem anyone who has ever ventured into the field of Game is acutely aware of.

Unfortunately, the forum devotees don't know of anything better. They worship their own gurus,

those three or four local guys on any forum who have five golden stars under their name and a post count past three thousand. They even collect their posts into PDFs to be passed around as great words of wisdom. Those treasured tomes, comprised usually of hasty answers to the wrong questions, don't hold a candle to the designer-crafted instruction manuals of the professionals. I've seen both.

If you want to learn the hard way, I don't care enough to stop you. But I do care enough to warn you, to let you know that you'll be banging your head against the wall a lot more than you'd have to.

Ambling along in a state between life and death fueled by Strauss' "The Game" and the high hopes of new recruits, many of the old seduction forums are still enjoying a steady audience, but the sun has definitely set on their day in the sun. Meanwhile, the popularity of more structured sources is soaring.

Speaking of popularity… I've mentioned that this blog is gaining more and more readers, and I've noticed now that they're also reading more pages each. Judging by my traffic stats so far, today may well break the all time record for the most page views in a single day – and that's including the day I wrote a guest article that pulled a significant fraction of The Spearhead's readership over here for a visit, and the day an article of mine that somebody submitted to StumbleUpon went viral and brought in a sudden flood of traffic. It makes me happy to know that you're finding my content so valuable, and I just wanted to slip in a little "thank you" here… now, what I was saying was this:

Seduction forums earned themselves a good name way back when, and that's what they're riding on to this day, but under the shiny clothes their rotting flesh is falling off the twisted skeleton of a creature that hasn't drawn a fresh breath in a long time.

You can still go there if you feel like you're getting something out of it, but beware of the infection. Don't let yourself start to believe you're learning anything but an often unprofessionally explained mishmash of mostly outdated ideas which are in no way guaranteed to fit together and not work against each other. True, there's always something to be learned from everything, but keep this in mind. You have been warned.

Don’t Be Afraid To Dream A Little Bigger

August 23 2011

When you were a kid, you knew what hopes and dreams were supposed to look like. You wanted to be an astronaut, or king of the world, or a superhero… you didn’t let things like “that’s impossible” get in your way.

But you grow up eventually, and you start feeling like you have to limit your dreams to things you can realistically achieve. Maybe your new dream is to be a doctor or a lawyer, maybe it’s a big house and shiny car and loving wife… maybe not even that.

The problem here is that *we don’t know what’s impossible and what isn’t*. Anyone who reads this blog is likely to already be well aware that the things we’re taught to expect, the views we’re taught by society, school and our parents on what’s “realistic” or “unrealistic” are, to put it mildly, wildly inaccurate. If you’re going to give up your dreams at the first sign of impossibility, where does that leave you when five years later you discover that what you really wanted is now completely possible with a new set of skills and knowledge you’ve recently gained, but you’ve already settled for the “aw-shucks-I-didn’t-really-want-this-but-it’s-probably-the-best-I-can-do” option and it’s too late to change your mind?

Fucked, that’s where.

If you don’t want to get fucked, don’t close the door on your real dream, that impossibly perfect life everyone tells you you can never have. It’s okay to have a B-dream, but keep your A-dream clear in your mind because you never know when some part of it that you were so sure was impossible suddenly becomes possible with new learning. It’s even okay to pursue your B-dream, but try not to close the door on your A-dream while you’re doing it. If what you *really* want is to travel the world as a professional blogger, even if that currently seems like something you could never achieve, then starting a family restaurant that will make sure you never leave the neighborhood for as long as you live is probably not a great idea. Keep the possibility open – don’t put down your roots too deep, don’t buy a house, don’t get married – make sure you are *ready* to grab your dream if/when it comes into the field of possibility.

Keep this in mind when planning your compromised B-dream. Don’t cause unnecessary conflict between the two dreams. Keep the option of switching up open, because one day you may get the chance. “Impossible” often turns out not to be that impossible after all.

And don’t ever compromise your A-dream. Ever. Keep “what you want” clearly separate from “what you think you can have”. Once you make a single compromise, it becomes a B-dream. You always need to have that impossibly perfect option in your mind to serve as a guideline when your notion of “impossible” changes and you need do reevaluate what you should be pursuing. Keep a clear view both of what you expect is realistically possible for you to achieve, and what you would want to achieve if everything were possible.

KEEP
CALM
AND
DON'T BE AFRAID TO
DREAM A LITTLE BIGGER

The Extremely Fine Art Of Making Things Not Matter

August 24 2011

You can't have everything, but not wanting something is as good as having it.

You can't be everything to others. You can't be someone's perfect Prince Charming that she's been dreaming about since she was five years old, with the exact hair and eye color and forty-five million quirky personality traits she's spent her high school years writing on endless lists tucked away in her bedroom drawer – but you can make these things cease to matter, and that is just as good.

If you don't care about something, then it doesn't matter to you. If you don't think about something, then you don't care about it. If you aren't paying attention to something, then you aren't thinking about it.

If your attention is completely focused on one thing, everything else ceases to matter.

Look back at your life and realize that the happiest moments, the moments when you felt most alive, fulfilled, and like nothing was missing were those moments when you were so completely engrossed in something that you just stopped thinking. All your regular concerns vanished and nothing mattered.

There are many things about yourself and your life that you might want to change, some for your own personal reasons and some to please others. Often the best thing to do is not to try to bring the thing you see as "not good enough" to some "good enough" standard, but to work instead on making it not matter.

Perhaps more than for any other reason, men feel the need to change themselves to attract women. You might think you need the right clothes, the right car, the right Game, the right lines, the right body language or the right attitude to push just the right buttons to make her fall for you… and these things may not hurt. Some of them are extremely useful and worth having, but none of them is in itself strictly necessary. Only what her attention is focused on matters to her and affects her reaction to you. The more you can focus her attention on your strengths, the less significant your weaknesses become to the point where, when her focus is completely undivided, they cease to matter at all.

You don't have any "major flaws" or "minor flaws" as far as your ability to attract is concerned. The size of a flaw is directly determined by the amount of attention paid to it, and there is only a limited amount of attention available – think of it as "mental bandwidth", if you will – any attention paid to one thing is away from all other things.

To seduce someone is to occupy their mind, to increase the amount of attention they're devoting to you and decrease their attention to everything else, to the point where the reasons to refuse the urge become insignificant and the the urge becomes overpowering.

Don't get too stuck in believing that the game of attraction has set rules which must never be broken. That's a good mindset for learning when you're first starting out, but it will prevent you from reaching true mastery. You will become dependent on whatever you decide the rules are. All the "rules" are basically just crutches, practiced ways of drawing her attention to the things that will make her want you and away from the things that won't.

Maybe at first, you dress sharp to make a good first impression, and that's a rule for you. Maybe you have a rule that your place must always be prepared beforehand – that it must be clean and the lighting must be right to set the mood before you bring a girl home, or something like that. You will become reliant on these rules, and breaking them will lead to failure.

However, someone else can break all your rules and succeed. How? The attention distribution of his

game is different. Maybe he works in a way that makes the girl pay less attention to how he dresses or how his apartment looks, and more to something else. He'll have his own rules – maybe something like "make sure the first thing she sees when she walks in is the guitar and the framed picture of my band performing". If he breaks his rule, the girl will instead focus on the mess in his apartment and his game will be over.

These examples are super-specific to let you see clearly that they aren't natural laws but only ways of manipulating attention, but more general-sounding rules which many a player swears by are no different. All the variations on "never let her do X" and "always make sure to Y" are just like the guitar – tricks to guide her attention along a particular path. The man who believes in the rule imprisons himself on that particular path, and if he diverges from it he fails.

The way to true mastery is to discard all the rules, throw away all the crutches, and learn to see the attention-matrix beyond. Relying on props and routines to steer attention is a good first step but eventually you should be able to grab hold of the attention and guide it wherever you wish without external help. When you can do this, you will be on some wizarding-level shit. Clothes, apartments and even your degree of alpha male behavior will matter less and less the more you are able to guide her attention as you please. The alpha behavior of other men will become less and less of a threat to your success. They might even be more alpha than you are, they might have better traditional "game" than you, they might have every objective advantage in the book but if her mind is occupied with you, they won't fit in.

If you have a hard time understanding that, picture a similar scenario with something else:

Let's assume for the sake of this example that you like pizza but you like hamburgers even more. You are hungry now, and you know there's a pizza place a few blocks away. You start walking… you're thinking about the pizza you're going to have, oh it'll be so good, cheese and pepperoni and tomato sauce and oh man, you can't wait, your mind is filled with images of pizza pizza pizza – and then, suddenly, you notice a hamburger restaurant. It's closer than the pizza place, and you like hamburgers better, so it should be a no-brainer, right? But it's not so easy… the pizza is on your mind now, and even though you technically *should* choose the burger, there's a good chance you'll end up walking the rest of the way to the pizza place instead. All the attention you've directed towards the pizza is making your desire for pizza seem more important, and your regular preference for hamburger seem less important. The more focused you are on the idea of pizza, the less it matters to you that there even is a hamburger place there at all.

When you get to the pizza place, you're not going to be very likely to look at how clean the place is, how much of a ripoff the prices are, etc. Things that might have put you off eating there under normal circumstances pale into insignificance next to the all-consuming thought of pizza that you've been nurturing since you started walking.

The next morning, your friends ask you in horror: "How could you eat there? That place is filthy and their pizza is terribly overpriced!". Maybe you'll look back at your actions and even be a little surprised yourself. Maybe you'll tell them: "I don't know! I got caught up in the moment and… it just happened."

Your Life In Five Years

August 25 2011

"Where do you see yourself in five years?"
- ten thousand job interviewers

Let me tell you where I see you in five years:

You wake up. It's light. The bed is soft. Everything is fine, and you're not in a hurry to go anywhere. You don't feel like getting out of bed yet. Eventually, you take a look at the time, not because it matters but just because you're curious. It shows "10:11″ – your "alarm" clock. It seems wrong to call it that, considering that you've used the alarm about five times in the eight months you've had the clock.

Sometime after eleven, the allure of breakfast draws you out of bed. Is it Tuesday today, you wonder? Wednesday? It's hard to keep track of the days and really, what difference does it make to you anyway. You have yourself a sandwich and open up the computer to see how much money you made while you were sleeping. To be honest, you don't really care that much, but it's a nice way to start the day.

You have a bit of a cold. Whatever, you don't have to do anything today. At least, you *think* you have a bit of a cold – it's hard to tell when you aren't overworked, stressed, exhausted or sleep-deprived enough to really feel sick. Back in your employment days, you knew if you had a cold. You knew because you felt horrible at work, you felt completely spent coming home, and you felt like dying when the alarm rang the next morning. Now, it's hard to tell.

Maybe you'll just sit around for a while.

Outside, the sun shines. It's a beautiful day. Something reminds you of another late summer's day in another time, a time that seems so long ago it doesn't quite feel real anymore. The warm afternoon sun came in through the office windows when all the computers went out and nobody could work for an entire hour. You sat around with your colleagues, lazily kicking yourself around the office in your rolling chairs. It was a day just like this one, the kind of day that seems to stand still forever, and on that day, you were standing still in the office, suspended forever between work done and work yet to do, a trapped spirit haunting the narrow corridors between cubicles and filing cabinets. You found your way to the window, felt the warm sun on your uncomfortable suit, looked longingly out over the next rooftop where a workman was lazily spreading tar, and wished you could be free.

Today, you'll go outside. Today, you'll enjoy the unique late summer combination of pleasantly warming sunshine and a soft, ever so slightly cooling breeze. You have a bit of a cold, but that's fine. You don't have to do anything today. You can rest all day when you get back. Nothing is going to get in the way of your enjoying this day.

You don't feel like company today. Sometimes, time for yourself is the best thing there is. Especially when you have a bit of a cold. You're a little tired, a little antisocial. Nothing more than what you felt every workday way back when, but compared to the charged enthusiasm you're used to waking up with now, you can tell the difference. Just walk, enjoy being outside. There'll be better days when you aren't sick. Then come home, have yourself a lunch/dinner/whatever… you don't name your meals these days, you just eat whenever you're hungry.

You're tired now from the walking, and you want to sit down for the rest of the day. What will you do? Watch some TV maybe, read something, listen to music, or just sit and think… you could write a blog post – yes, you'd enjoy that. A little something to get the cogs in your brain turning, wake you up a little bit.

Then what? You've been meaning to watch this TV show you've got taped, but you just haven't

found the time… maybe now? Maybe in just a minute…

You end up just thinking about all kinds of things until two in the morning. You're tired, better go to bed. You do have a bit of a cold after all. You can watch the show tomorrow – after all, it's not like you have to do anything.

- *Based on the true story of what I did yesterday and today.*

Is this going to be your life in five years?

Be The Shaolin Monk

August 29 2011

As far as legends go, the legend of the Shaolin temple is not a bad one…

For hundreds of years, on the side of a mountain in China, stood a temple populated by an exclusive order of warrior monks. Rarely venturing outside the temple walls, the monks spent most of their days year after year studying some sort of highly guarded secret amalgam of buddhist/taoist wisdom and deadly martial arts. Although they would sometimes align their formidable power with one political faction or another, such as in the case of the legendary "White Eyebrow Priest" (on whom the character of Pai Mei in the Kill Bill movies is loosely based), they mostly cared little for what went on in the world outside, and most of the monks would live out their days in the temple.

Sometimes, though, a Shaolin monk would find himself a reason to venture out into the world alone. When he did, he would be respected with equal parts admiration and fear. People heard stories – "a Shaolin monk can walk through walls", that kind of thing. Shrouded in mystery, even the unremarkable everyday things a Shaolin monk did would be viewed with fascination. Any difference in behavior, no matter how unimpressive by nature, would assume the formidable air of the Shaolin – the shaved head, the monk's robes, the morning meditation, the way a monk walked or stood or chewed his food… everything would become imbued with meaning in the minds of onlookers. If he stopped to look at something, people would wonder why he was looking and what he was seeing that they weren't.

The way people relate to each other – what makes us attracted to someone, what makes us find someone interesting or uninteresting, impressive or unimpressive, special or boring, what makes us think of some people as likeable and others as irritating – is all much more in your own head than most people realize. It has, in reality, very little to do with how that person behaves and almost everything to do with the frame through which you view the person.

If you go to a place far enough from home, you will find that people there do things somewhat differently from how you do them, and you will thus be thought of as "weird". The frame you set for them to view you through will make the difference between whether you're "loser-weird" or "cool-weird". Be the Shaolin monk, and all your strange habits only serve to remind others of your mysterious power. Be the goofy foreign exchange student type, and all your strange behaviors reinforce others' impression of you as an unintentional clown.

What is your Shaolin temple?
Any background suitably shrouded in mystery and implying some sort of unknown power will do to frame your idiosyncrasies as demonstrations of higher value. Whether *you* think your background is impressive, strange and fascinating doesn't matter – others will see it that way if you let them. If you act like it wasn't anything special, they will also learn to think that it wasn't, but if you act like it was, that's the attitude others will also adopt. It doesn't really matter how it actually was, as long as those people weren't there and don't know – then they can paint their own mental picture.

People in "hero" professions will find this easy – soldiers, police, firemen…
To a lesser extent, doctors, people involved in religious or spiritual organizations, people with identities built around adventurous hobbies…
…these people are already surrounded by suitable stereotypes which will do a big part of the work for you.

For everyone else, the accountants and white picket fence types, you'll have to create your own Shaolin temple in the minds of observers. It works the same way as building an identity – you have to make people think of you as "that guy" (as in "that military guy", "that Buddhist guy", etc). You might be inclined to think that you "don't have" anything in your life that would make for a good

Shaolin temple, which is why I can't stress enough how unimportant the actual thing you pick is. It matters so little it's not even funny. What matters is how you treat it, and how others learn to treat it from your example.

If you're abroad, your home country will do. "This is how we do things in [home country]". If you treat it like a special privilege has been conferred upon you in the form of being born in a country where everything is done in a better way, and treat the customs of the country you are currently in as cute but a little silly, people will buy into the frame of your country as a mysterious place of power as long as you can give them the slightest hint to nudge them in the right direction.

For example, let's say you're a Canadian traveling in the U.S. Now, there's really not that much difference between the two countries as anyone who's been to both and compared them to other places around the world can attest to, but if you're in Backwater County, Alabama where they've never seen a Canadian, the mystery of the unknown will work its magic for you as long as you give it just a little push. Something as simple as wearing a t-shirt when you should really be wearing a long sleeve. It's just a little uncomfortable, just a little bit cold, certainly not a superhuman feat, and anyone could do it, really – but the fact that you do it seemingly without thinking makes all the difference. "Why are you wearing a t-shirt? Aren't you cold?". Now you *could* reply "Yes, I'm cold", but if instead you reply "I'm Canadian", people will draw their own conclusions. The stereotype of snowy Canada and your attitude that your actions are the most natural thing in the world can, catalyzed by the mystery of the unknown, easily blend into something resembling superstition: "He's Canadian, he doesn't even feel the cold". People today are not as different from our witch-hunting sun-worshiping human-sacrificing dark-fearing ancestors as we might like to think. It's like they almost *want to* believe you're superhuman if you just let them. And why not let them?

The Joy of Discomfort

August 30 2011

There are things you cannot change. No matter how much you learn, there will always be some problems you cannot escape – such as the fact that whenever you go out in your rain gear, the sun shines, and when you go without, it rains. There is nothing to be done about that (or if there is, I haven't found it). However, there's always two components to anything…

There's the physical component – what happens in the world outside your head – and there's the mental component – how you feel and think about it. These two together become the experience.

Many problems can be fixed by dealing with the physical component, but some, like the weather, can only be addressed through the mental component. The physical facts are indisputable: water falls from the sky on you and you get wet. The sun shines on your raincoat and turns it into a deep frier. These things, you cannot change. You can only change how you feel about them.

Discomfort is not as one-dimensional as it seems. When you first notice it, it automatically feels unpleasant – that is its default state (hence the name). You don't get a choice, it's just there, and the more you try to ignore it the worse it gets.

But, with practice, you can switch it around. Those familiar with "spiritual" disciplines might know this process by labels like "acceptance" or "bringing your attention to the present moment", but if that all sounds like too much voodoo crap, I'll try to explain it as practically as I can.

Imagine you have been sentenced to death in some backwards country and you are being walked to the town square to be executed by firing squad. You have about five or ten minutes, thereabouts, left to live. You are not terribly afraid – you've "made your peace" as they say, and you just want to savor your last breaths of fresh air, your last steps, the sights and sounds of the world you are about to leave forever. But… you're wearing weather-inappropriate clothes and they feel uncomfortable.

Would you care? Would you think to yourself "oh damn, these uncomfortable clothes are ruining my final moments!", or would even the discomfort feel like something to cherish? Could you value it just as an experience of feeling *something*, a part of being alive, without attaching a judgment of *good* or *bad* to it? If you think you could, can you do the same now? Can you put yourself in that state of mind where you are aware of the feeling, accept it and appreciate it for what it is without judging it?

If you can, you've gained a great power. Many things you used to think of as "bad" suddenly aren't. The better you get at this, the less you care about life's little discomforts – or what other people see as "discomforts", but which to you are just fine, experiences among other experiences. If you get really good at it, you could become one of those holy men who just sits all day and doesn't care about anything. I don't necessarily recommend that, but I do recommend honing this skill – it's very much worth it.

If you don't feel like you can make much of a difference to the way you feel no matter how hard you try, don't worry.
It gets easier with practice.

In or Out

August 31 2011

This society is sick, it's fucked, and if you want to live a healthy and happy life you need to cut it out of you like a cancer. Not only do you live in society, but it also lives in you, making its dysfunctions into your dysfunctions, its problems into your problems. Learning how to do things in new and better ways doesn't help much if you are attached at the hip to a society that prevents you from doing them.

You have known this since the schoolyard. You didn't really care how many stripes your baseball cap had, and you knew how dumb it was that the other kids made fun of you for having the "wrong" number of stripes on your cap, but you were powerless to do anything about it – you had to go to school, you had to spend all day every day with those kids, they made the rules and you didn't, and maybe it was just easier to get your mom to buy you the peer-approved sort of baseball cap.

It gets worse. You're in high school now and you need to slave away all summer at the burger joint to save up for your first car, because if you don't have a car, girls won't give you the time of day. Them's the rules. You know it's completely stupid and that there's no good earthly reason why a thousand-dollar rust bucket that doesn't go more than seventy (because, of course you tried) makes you somehow more sexually attractive as a man, but you know that as surely as the sun comes up every morning the almighty vagina does not open to a high school boy without wheels. So you wake up, put on your silly chicken-shaped hat and flip those burgers like a champ.

It gets worse. You're in college now and you have to keep those grades up because while nobody expects anything of you right now, you know that you need to graduate in order to get a "real job" – the kind that your parents and of course, more importantly, the mystical gods of pussy demand. Just another striped baseball cap, but this time it's a lot more work. A lot more.

But that's just the appetizer. It still gets worse. Now you're working and you have to make money. You have to wake up at seven every morning, put on a clean and sharply pressed suit and go to work so that you can afford the four-bedroom house and the two respectably-sized cars and the picket fence and some college education stripes for the two point five kids you're required to have in order to fit in. So you work, and you come home late, and you don't get to see the kids, and they grow up knowing you as that dude who collapses in through the front door late at night in a wrinkled suit, gives them quick hugs and is always in a hurry to go somewhere to do some adult stuff that they can't be a part of. Maybe you get divorced, maybe you get fired, but even if everything goes exactly according to plan it pretty much sucks – all for a couple of stripes on your cap.

You can't be who you are in that society, let alone who you want to be. You must carefully guard your image, make sure not to make waves, try to let everyone think of you as a regular, politically correct hard worker type, just the kind who deserves that next stripe – the grades in school, the promotion at work, the wife who needs a good provider, the kids who need a responsible custodian… society is crazy, and if you're not crazy they will decide that you're not a suitable applicant to their college, not an appropriate choice for their jobs, not marriage material, not a responsible custodian for their kids (because let's not kid ourselves, we all know who *really* owns your kids and it's not you [and it's not their mother either]).

You've known since the schoolyard that the rules are completely crazy, but you've kept quiet because you had to. You weren't happy about it but it seemed to be the only way.

It's not.

You can make your own rules, but if you do, you have to make all of them. You're either in or out, there's no 50/50 option. If you abandon one of the rules, the rest of them abandon you. Even just one suspiciously empty year on your CV, just one piece of clothing that doesn't fit the corporate slave dress code, just one polygamous marriage, just one video about the evils of feminism under your name on Google, just one "fuck tha police" tattoo… and you're "not a suitable candidate". You're with the outlaws, the bikers and the ex-cons and the pothead highschool dropouts, and you're not getting back in. You need to make your own way now, and everything they taught you is worth nothing on the outside.

But on the outside you are free. You're a human being instead of a robot, and you can think and speak and live and breathe – but you must learn to survive without the system whose teat you've been sucking on from the day you were born. They don't have a job or a fiance or a mortgage for you anymore, you're untouchable now. It's sink or swim time.

The outside is the modern wild west. If you have the skills to make it, you're a freer man than those who "succeed" in the system can ever dream of being. If you don't, you are more fucked than those who fail within the system can ever dream of being. If you wish to choose freedom, you must choose the outside, and if you choose the outside, you'd do well to be prepared with the right skills before you make the leap and cross the fine line of no return.

You need to be prepared to make your own money without the help of a faceless corporation to employ you. You need to be prepared to attract your own women without the niceguy provider college degree and "promising career" (the career of an entrepreneur is never "promising", you're either rich or broke and never in between). You need to be able to find something else to measure your self-esteem by than what the people you left back in the system think of you. You need to be prepared to take care of yourself without the references and mortgage loans and privileges the system gives its loyal servants. But if you can, you're the king of your own world and no one can tell you shit. It's freedom unlike anything you could find as a doctor or a lawyer.

Trying to reconcile the freedom you want with the requirements to keep sucking on the teat of the system is a headache because it can't be done. The way things are built means that you're either in the system or out of it and those are the only two choices. The only choice you have to make is whether you value the freedom enough that you think it outweighs the hardship. Most people don't and choose to stay in the system, leading lives of captivity. Most people don't care too much that the cage is small, they like that they are fed regularly and protected from the weather, and there's nothing wrong with that – it's just a question of individual priorities. If, however, you know that you can't stand the cage and must get out, also know that you'll end up all the way out – all the doors will close on you and there will be no way back. You can't do it halfway, you're either in or out, so choose carefully.

Avoid Responsibility

People talk about "avoiding responsibility" like it's a bad thing. If you've agreed to accept a responsibility or deliberately created one for yourself and are now avoiding that responsibility, maybe it is. But at the early stage when you're first taking on responsibility, given a choice, I suggest you don't.

Why not? Isn't responsibility supposed to be a part of growing up? Isn't that what a man does – takes responsibility for others, takes care of business, makes sure the world keeps turning like it's supposed to? Isn't a man with no responsibilities seen as less of man?

Certainly, by some. Let them. Those people can think whatever they want to think of you, and it won't change the fact that while they are imprisoned in their unhappy lives, you are free.

Responsibility is a prison you build for yourself – it's the grey walls that contain your life within a box of boredom, it's the guard that keeps you from escaping, it's the maniac with a homemade knife who lurks behind you in the lunch line, it's the big sweaty sexually desperate cellmate whose presence keeps you from drifting soundly off to sleep at night, and it's the gang leader who takes your lifelong loyalty in exchange for protection.

The best job is the kind that isn't on the line every day. Politicians, stockbrokers and Fortune 500 CEOs don't sleep at night. Butchers and bean counters do. Doctors and lawyers are always one mistake away from losing their professional licenses and watching their long, expensive educations and the lifestyles they've grown accustomed to go down the drain. Cleaners and bus drivers aren't. Airline pilots and police officers face the risk of instant death if they screw up on the job. Waiters and bloggers don't.

The jobs with more responsibility are usually better paid, but is it worth it? Is the money worth the stress, worry and constant need to be mentally on edge and in battle mode that sucks the joy out of every minute of every day? I think not. What do you think?

At a certain age, you're expected to have children – at least, if you want to be viewed as generally "successful" or "normal" you are. You may even want to, and you may even want to for reasons completely unrelated to social pressures. You might even *like* children.

You might like them *now*. But in fifteen years, you will still have them.

You probably like a lot of things right now. Maybe you like chocolate. How would you like to have chocolate 24 hours a day every day for 18 years?

Variety is the spice of life, and responsibility is the death of variety. There is not much so great in this world that you won't eventually get sick of it and want to trade it for something else. Life proceeds in phases, and when a phase has passed in your mind, it's time to move on – for your body to be tied with the chains of responsibility to a phase that your mind already longs to leave behind is like living death.

Every possession you buy is also like a child – it's something you have to take care of or else suffer the consequences of neglecting it. Responsibility is created, and you become a little bit less free – because you bought a pair of expensive shoes, you now have to worry and be careful not to step in a puddle, because you bought a nice shiny mountain bike you now have to worry about it being stolen from outside the grocery store and cart around a humongous anti-chainsaw super lock everywhere you ride your bike. Factoring that in, do unnecessary purchases even make you happier at all?

Houses, cars, dependent minors, careers, commitments, marriages, contracts… these things end up owning you. A tragicomic inversion of the iconic slave buying his freedom, you become the free man selling himself into slavery. Is it worth it?

A lot of things taste sweet at first, but nothing tastes as sweet for fifteen years as freedom.

If No One Ever Knew…

September 4 2011

We don't really know why we do things. The more intellectually inclined of us tell ourselves that we do what we do for good reasons, but we still do things mostly for instinctual emotional reasons, conscious or subconscious, and few among us can really figure out our own true motivations for doing the things we do. If you think you're doing medical research because you want to help people, but then find out that what really motivates you is the respect and glory of making a groundbreaking discovery… well, you're going to feel mighty disappointed when you make that discovery that cures millions of sick people and your non-disclosure agreement with the company you work for prevents you from discussing your work with anyone. You thought you just wanted to help people, and now that you have, it turns out you didn't get what you really wanted after all… it would have been worth it to know the truth about your motives before you signed the agreement.

As the old wisdom says, "know thyself". It makes life so much easier.

A great way to get a clearer look at whether you're really doing something for hidden egotistical reasons is with a thought experiment: how would you feel if no one ever knew about it?

Imagine that a wizard gives you a magical power – the power to go into a private alternate universe where you can have or do or be whatever you want, like something out of one of those children's stories where the neglected orphans with an evil stepmother find a magical wonderland to escape to. Anything you want is yours in the magic kingdom, but no one in the real world will ever know about it.

What would you want? Would you still care about the cool clothes and the expensive car that seem so enticing in the real world? Would it even be any fun at all to drive a million-dollar sports car around the magic world with rapper-sized gold chains dangling from every part of you? I don't think I'd care so much for those things. Most men take a natural liking to sports cars, and there is a certain excitement value in going very very fast and making steep turns, but how long would you really manage to be entertained by that? More than one day? The much, much greater part of the appeal of a sports car is tied up in the value of impressing other people. If you had a sports car that you could never show anyone, it wouldn't be nearly as great.

What about career accomplishments? Are you really personally fulfilled by the fact that you closed that sale or got that promotion or completed that merger or put out that platinum record or won that Olympic race? Does it make you feel good about yourself in itself, or is its real value only that it makes other people feel good about you? If no one knew about your accomplishment, would you still care? Some of what I personally regard as the most impressive things I've ever done are things I haven't told anyone about. I'm proud of them in private, because these accomplishments demonstrate to me that I have skills, useful skills which I can rely upon to help me in my life. About those things I know that I didn't do them for public acclaim. About other things… I'd like to think the same, but I'm less sure.

There are some items whose value is obviously private. You don't buy a DVD to show it off to your friends like "look here, on this shelf – it's Titanic! Aren't I cool for owning this?". You buy them because of the experience they provide, an experience you enjoy in private, and you enjoy watching a movie just as much regardless of whether other people know you watched it or not.

There are some items whose value is obviously public – you don't buy flashy clothes to wear them when you're home alone. You buy them to wear them in public and have other people look at them, hopefully admire them, and by extension, admire you. If no one will ever see your fancy clothes, they have no value. If there was a sudden plague where everyone else died and you were left alone to reign over the world and all its empty department stores and designer boutiques, you would very

quickly tire of playing dress-up.

Then, there are many, many items whose value is partially private and partially public, and this is where it gets confusing. People have a tendency to rationalize their decisions as private-value-based when they're really public-value-based. On some deep level we all hold the idea that private value is "real" value, the kind of value smart people ought to care about, and public value is ego-based vanity – and we protect ourselves from feeling like shallow dorks by pretending that we care about the private value of some product or accomplishment when what we really care about is the public value.

Why should we not? Isn't value value anyway?

Well, yes… but there are better ways. It's okay to get something for its private value, because you need it – if I didn't have my computer screen, I wouldn't see what I'm writing, and that would be a big problem. There's no alternative way to get around this problem. I just need the computer screen.

In comparison, I don't need a sports car. It has little private value to me. I could amuse myself driving around like a maniac for a while, but after that it would be a lot like any other car – except for the fact that people would look at it and be impressed. But, if what I really want is to impress people, there are much better, more effective and less costly ways to achieve that goal. Many of those ways are outlined in this very blog, and they are superior to a sports car in effectiveness, ease of use, maintenance needs, availability, and a bunch of other respects. If I didn't recognize what the appeal of a sports car really is about, I might be fooled into thinking I "really" want one, and I might waste a lot of time and effort pursuing that goal.

This is why you need to know why you want something before you decide to get it. If you really need its function, then you should probably get it, but if you only want it to impress people, there are usually better ways to do that – not to mention that you might want to reconsider why and if you even need to be impressing people so much.

It's quick and simple, but it can save you a lot of wasted time and effort – just take a moment to consider: would you still care if no one ever knew?

In other news: thank you for your help in the search for the fastest-growing blog in the world. As it turns out, none of the tips I got led to finding one… I guess this might very well be it. Also… as you know, the site's been looking a bit bare-bones for a while, and I'm glad to announce I've finally found the time to complete work on making it a bit nicer visually – in case you hadn't noticed.

Less Is More

September 5 2011

"Be Content with what you have; rejoice in the way things are. When you realize there is nothing lacking, the whole world belongs to you." **- Lao Tzu**

"Perfection is achieved, not when there is nothing more to add, but when there is nothing left to take away." **- Antoine de Saint-Exupe**

"Everything should be made as simple as possible, but not simpler." **- Albert Einstein**

"Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more; talk less, say more; love more, and all good things will be yours." **- Swedish proverb**

"Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say let your affairs be as one, two, three and to a hundred or a thousand. We are happy in proportion to the things we can do without." **- Henry David Thoreau**

"Plurality should not be assumed without necessity." **- William of Ockham (also known as Ockham's Razor)**

"It looks like you can write a minimalist piece without much bleeding. And you can. But not a good one." **- David Foster Wallace**

"The secret of happiness, you see, is not found in seeking more, but in developing the capacity to enjoy less." **- Socrates**

"Nature does not hurry, yet everything is accomplished." **- Lao Tzu**

"Three Rules of Work: Out of clutter find simplicity; From discord find harmony; In the middle of difficulty lies opportunity." **- Albert Einstein**

"A good traveller has no fixed plans, and is not intent on arriving." - **Lao Tzu**

"The simplest things are often the truest." **- Richard Bach**

"Great acts are made up of small deeds." - **Lao Tzu**

"He who is contented is rich." - **Lao Tzu**

"Less is more." **- Ludwig Mies van der Rohe**

"One can furnish a room very luxuriously by taking out furniture rather than putting it in." **- Francis Jourdain**

"Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful." **- William Morris**

"We ascribe beauty to that which is simple; which has no superfluous parts; which exactly answers its end." **- Ralph Waldo Emerson**

"When you are content to be simply yourself and don't compare or compete, everybody will respect you." **- Lao Tzu**

"Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication." **- Leonardo da Vinci**

"… in all the things, the supreme excellence is simplicity." **- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

"Too many people spend money they haven't earned, to buy things they don't want, to impress people they don't like." **- Will Rogers**

"If your mind isn't clouded by unnecessary things, then this is the best season of your life." **- Wu-**

Men

"Simplicity is the essence of happiness." **- Cedric Bledsoe**

"Be wary of any enterprise that requires new clothes." **- Henry David Thoreau**

"Simplicity is the final achievement. After one has played a vast quantity of notes and more notes, it is simplicity that emerges as the crowning reward of art." **- Frederic Chopin**

"The ability to simplify means to eliminate the unnecessary so that the necessary may speak." **- Hans Hofmann**

"Eliminate physical clutter. More importantly, eliminate spiritual clutter." **- D.H. Mondfleur**

"Any intelligent fool can make things bigger, more complex, and more violent. It takes a touch of genius – and a lot of courage – to move in the opposite direction." **- E.F. Schumacker**

"Life is really simple, but we insist on making it complicated." **- Confucius**

"Simplicity, clarity, singleness: these are the attributes that give our lives power and vividness and joy." **- Richard Halloway**

"Our life is frittered away by detail… Simplify, simplify, simplify! … Simplicity of life and elevation of purpose." **- Henry David Thoreau**

"We don't need to increase our goods nearly as much as we need to scale down our wants. Not wanting something is as good as possessing it." **- Donald Horban**

"People love chopping wood. In this activity one immediately sees results." **- Albert Einstein**

The Superbitch of the Future

September 7 2011

Passing a local schoolyard today, I witnessed a scene that not so long ago would have been completely unthinkable.

A 12 to 14-year-old girl was holding a similarly aged boy from behind, and another girl was slapping him in the face. You might be inclined to think something like "ha-ha, girls beating up boys, this is a joke", but keep in mind that these kids are at an age where the chemicals that make men men haven't kicked in yet and the girls are both taller and heavier than the boys.

I caught a few sentences of the conversation… The first girl was encouraging the second one: "hit him!". The second girl, performing the requested task, asked "why?".
"Because he was being a cunt to me!".

Punishment administered, the girl let the boy go and pushed him away with a final yell of "don't be a cunt to me again!".

Now, the boy didn't seem very hurt and might even have been enjoying the female contact – it didn't seem like a serious injury-oriented beating as much as what used to be called "horseplay" but would today be grounds for calling the police if a couple of boys were caught doing it to a girl.

A few things really struck me about the scene:

1. First, these weren't the Armored Division Thundercunts practicing for their future as lesbian activists. These were regular-looking girls who would probably grow up to be pretty (it's a sad testament to genetic determinism that you can usually tell from the age of about 7 which girls are going to grow up to be attractive and which ones aren't). These were what apparently passes for "girly girls" in today's schoolyards, and they seemed to think of their behavior as perfectly normal.
2. The language and macho posturing – this is exactly the kind of thing that's regularly brought up in conversation as the worst example of male stereotypes: the big baboon growling and intimidating the rest of the baboon pack, displaying physical dominance over others. The fact that pretty little girls think this is what they should be doing is… well, there are no words.
3. The boy didn't seem in the least surprised. This shit must happen to him all the time. This must be what he thinks of as normal boy-girl play. He just submitted docilely to the girls slapping him around. The ball-less provider beta slave of the future.

When I went to school in the ancient 90′s, this kind of behavior from girls would have been completely unthinkable. In my 12 years of school, I can't remember seeing anything that even came close to this level of unfeminine behavior from any girl, and I'm sure that any such girl would have suffered severe social ostracism had she been dumb enough to engage in something of the sort.

Thing have changed. We look in horror at the ball-busting lawyers of our generation, but there's a completely new generation of Superbitch unlike anything we've ever seen growing up under us. Woe be to the men left with the task of trying to fish for mates in that pool.

Having studied the ways of Game, I'm pretty confident that when I'm in my forties I'll still be able to attract fresh new 18-year-olds. I'm starting to worry more about whether I'll be able to stand them long enough to get within touching distance without my brain turning to mush and spilling out through my ears.

How Pirate Downloading Is Creating a New Breed of Super-Geniuses

September 10 2011

Note: this article is only for those readers who are dictators of their own private central African warlord kingdoms or otherwise reside in countries with no copyright laws (San Marino, Eritrea and Turkmenistan last time I checked – consult with your attorney for up-to-date information). For everyone else: remember that downloading pirated digital content is illegal and I'm definitely not encouraging you to do anything like that. Now, warlord readers, let's get to the point…

If someone were to claim that never before in the history of the world has anyone invented anything as useful as digital piracy, I wouldn't feel compelled to disagree. Knowledge is power and power is, in a very real sense, life. The knowledge of any individual person has throughout human history been limited by three factors, and never before has any of them been less limiting than today.

1. Discovery. You can't learn something that hasn't been discovered yet. Einstein couldn't have been Einstein if he'd been born in Biblical times. He needed the work of previous scientists to build upon. Similarly, you and I couldn't know half the things we know if someone else hadn't known them first and been able to teach us. The sum of human knowledge has been increasing at an accelerating rate for thousands of years and is today greater than it ever has been.
2. Technology. In order for you to learn something that's already been discovered without having to discover it yourself, the knowledge has to find some conduit from the person who knows it to you. The technology for this has historically progressed in relatively sudden leaps. First, everything had to be taught in person and the transmission of knowledge was very limited. The invention of writing made a huge improvement to this. The invention of the printing press made another. Then radio, then TV, and most recently the internet. The ability we have today to turn on our computers and search for more information on any topic in the world we wish to learn about is quite possibly more revolutionary than any of that. Just 10 years ago, it would not have been possible for a single individual to independently build himself anywhere close to the kind of body of useful knowledge that it is today. Even if all the knowledge had been available somewhere, the time he would have had to spend looking for it would have limited his potential severely. Something that today takes 10 seconds to find out with the modern Google or Wikipedia could have taken minutes, hours or days in 2001. Aside from that, a lot of recently discovered knowledge that has proven to be very useful indeed just wasn't available then.
3. Sharing. Since the dawn of time, people possessed of powerful secrets have made the rationally self-interested choice of keeping the secrets to themselves, or possibly selling them to a limited number of others in exchange for some sort of profit. Even in the internet age, Wikipedia won't tell you the most valuable secrets that would really make a difference in your life. That kind of information is usually at a premium – in the internet age, it's being sold as DVDs, ebooks and such for what are often considerable amounts of money. I've seen the prices of information products range anywhere from one dollar into the thousands. Someone wishing to learn a lot had to be seriously rich and willing to risk his money on a lot of things that might or might not turn out to be pig-in-a-poke scams – until widespread internet piracy came along and changed all that. Software piracy is as old as software itself, but not until recent years has it been possible for any random individual to go on the internet, do a quick search for a pirate copy of a relatively rare information product, actually find it, and download it onto his own computer within minutes.

We live in an age of completely unprecedented possibility for learning. It's not just a little bit better than ten years ago, it's *lots and lots* better. With regard to the opportunity to learn, today's warlord dictator whose country has no copyright laws is in an immensely advantaged position compared to all other people who have ever lived.

The individuals who understand and take full advantage of this incredible opportunity will be able to surpass anything ever achieved by anyone else in the history of humanity. Such individuals will be able to accumulate bodies of useful knowledge unlike any the world has ever seen. An unprecedented generation of super-geniuses is emerging from this new digital realm of opportunity with abilities much further beyond those of their contemporaries than the learned individuals of previous times have ever been able to acquire.

Just like the most successful individuals in computer and internet business have made more money faster than anyone ever had before, the most successful individuals in pirate self-improvement are becoming more knowledgeable, more skilled and more capable faster than anyone ever has before. And just like the gap between the richest and the poorest is greater than it's ever been, so too is the gap between those with the most useful knowledge and those with the least. The limits of what is possible, of how close to his desired ideal a man can shape his life, have undergone incredible expansion in the last few years and we still don't know just where they've gone. The limits of possibility have expanded so fast that the actual people chasing them have not yet caught up.

And society is even further behind, of course. If you study the previously restricted secrets of various masters of various disciplines, if you look at this new body of knowledge and compare all its pieces to each other, figuring out which of them make sense together and which don't, you can form a very robust view of the world which does not contradict itself and fits perfectly with everything else you know and everything you see around you in the world – and you can, like any reasonable person, conclude that the evidence is overwhelming that things must indeed be as you think they are. Every reasonable person forms their worldview like this, by looking at the information they have and jumping to the obvious conclusions. But your pool of knowledge will be so different from everyone else's that they will think you are crazy.

They're still just seeing the sun rise in the morning and set in the evening, and it seems as obvious as anything to them that the Earth is flat and the sun circles around it. Meanwhile, you'll have found out that some great scientist once discovered that the Earth is actually round, and another discovered that the sun doesn't move, and having gained access to these rare pieces of knowledge you will be able to put the pieces together and arrive at the conclusion which seems obvious given this information: that the sun's apparent movement between day and night is a result of the Earth rotating.

Try to tell anyone that though and you will be called crazy.

But it doesn't matter. You will know, even though everyone tells you that what you're attempting is suicide, that you can sail boldly into the unknown without falling off the edge of the Earth.

How To Resist Advertising And Propaganda – Open Your Alien Eyes

September 12 2011

Every day, you are bombarded with countless ad impressions, political messages, etc., all designed for one purpose and one purpose only: mind control, to put it bluntly. The idea is that the message reaches you, plants itself into your brain and influences your thoughts and actions. The senders of the message want you to buy, vote or behave in a certain way that is to their benefit but probably not to yours. The ability to resist these subtle influences is – literally – priceless.

How do you do it?

The bad news is that you can't ever do it to 100%. Anything that triggers a thought in your mind is already influencing you, and the more it occupies your mind the more its influence grows. If I tap on your shoulder in the street and when you turn around say "eat at McDonald's", I am in that instant influencing you and there's no possible way you can defend against the image of a McDonald's meal intruding into your mind. Even as you read this, the same applies. McDonalds is on your mind because you're reading this, it's on my mind because I'm writing this, and it's on everyone's mind who pays attention to the ads in the street.

But that's just part of the influence process.

The second part is how you handle that intruding thought caused by the advertising. Not every mention of McDonald's causes us to buy a Big Mac like mindless automatons. A big deciding factor is the amount of mental "distance" we have to the thought. The more we identify with it ("wow, McDonald's… *I feel* like *I want* a Big Mac", or "wow, this politician… he seems to be *like me* and represent *my* interests"), the more the intruding thought becomes a part of us and the greater its power over us becomes.

The less we identify with it, the more mental distance we put between it and us, the smaller its influence grows.

What I'm about to share with you is a trick of the mind you can use to increase that mental distance. Let's call it "alien eyes".

If you were a tourist on an alien planet populated by a civilization of non-human life forms, you could walk through their alien city identifying the functions of the various things you see. *There's a Grorg hydrant. That's where the aliens get the Grorg they need to keep their cyborg livers functioning. And that there is an emergency head dispenser. That's for when an alien's head spontaneously explodes and he needs to attach a new head before all the Grorg leaks out through his neck. And over there is a radiation tower. That's what the alien overlords use to induce radiation poisoning in their citizens in order to keep the population dependent on the radiation medicine supplied by the overlords.*

Try seeing your own environment through the eyes of an alien. *There's a Gucci store. That's where the humans can get pieces of expensive cloth that function as status tokens to help them compete in their silly human social hierarchy. There's a bus stop ad for McDonald's and there's another for Burger King. Those ads are what the food-overlords of humanity use to compete against each other for the green paper debt tokens of the population. There's a politician on TV. His job is to keep the humans' "economy" growing in order to keep the population docilely working for more status tokens. There's a twenty-foot billboard of a fashion model. Her job is to lower the self-esteem of the female humans in order to make them try to buy it back in the Gucci store.*

The more you can think of yourself as different from those people whom the ads are targeted at, the more you can see yourself as an outsider to the whole process of advertising, buying, politics,

voting, etc., the less you will be thinking in terms of “I want”, and the less power the advertising will have over you. It will still be there, but it will fade and become smaller in your mind. If you see an ad and your first thought is “do I want that product/service/politician? I might want that… let’s think about that”, it sticks in your mind and you are at much greater risk of being influenced than if your first thought when you see an ad is “oh, there’s another piece of the human money-circulation machinery that isn’t relevant to me”.

The alien metaphor was just to explain the idea, though… I don’t walk around thinking of myself as an alien. But, I do walk around thinking of myself as not part of the easily influenced masses the advertisements are there to control.

Farming People

September 19 2011

People are farm animals. They are being farmed. From breeding to raising to milking to slaughter and packaging for consumption, every step of the human-farming process is streamlined to yield maximum profits to the farm.

Following a brief nursing period after birth, the young human is separated from its family and stored for 8 hours a day in a warehousing facility to grow to a properly exploitable size. This time, however, is not wasted, but used to prepare the human to produce maximum yield later in life by brainwashing it with conformist rituals and making it psychologically dependent on the herd and the familiar processes of the farm.

When the human is full-grown and ready for economic consumption, it is transferred from the holding facility to the slaughterhouse. The slaughter takes place slowly over 40-50 years, during which time every possible drop of money is carefully squeezed out of the human by the employment machinery until there is nothing left but a spent, broken shell.

Once completely useless, the used-up human is transferred to a final carcass storage facility where minimum-wage laborers feed and wash the still barely living carcass until it finds the good sense to stop breathing and can be safely transferred to its end placement location in the ground.

Human breeding is selectively controlled through a clever manipulation of the brainwashing process – conditions on the farm are carefully maintained at a low enough standard to make breeding a risky business, thus ensuring significant hesitation to breed among the flawed human specimens who despite their brainwashing think too much to be optimally exploitable livestock. Meanwhile, the perfectly dumb human specimens without the troublesome tendency toward excessive thought breed at full capacity, ensuring the next generation of humans contains a higher percentage yield of optimally dumb obedient workers.

Revolutionary advancements in the effectiveness of labor extraction have been achieved in the last few centuries through a gradual transition from punishment-based motivation to reward-based motivation. All the unexploited capacity of slaves who would only work just hard enough to avoid the whip has been harnessed through the use of complex mind control techniques designed to make the slaves believe they are working for themselves, and that harder work will bring greater rewards. Thus, each human works at its individual maximum capacity, providing the farm with a far superior yield compared to the old system. At the present time, the new model is nearly ubiquitous all around the world.

The only part of the equation that remains unsolved is finding productive uses for the massive quantities of labor being extracted from the humans. Presently, the vast majority of it is wasted on make-work projects such as complicated games of bureaucratic paper-shuffling which serve no discernible practical purpose, building intricate machines designed to destroy themselves by exploding, utterly simple manual tasks that machines have been able to do for decades, and pretending to know something in front of a television camera.

Farm administrators could not be reached for a comment on this issue, but official statements issued earlier urged the population to stay calm with assurances that new jobs are being created.

Skill-Based Life

September 21 2011

I strive for a skill-based life. I suggest you do the same. I have come to this conclusion following years of striving for a collection-based life (the conclusion being that it sucks).

Most people spend their time trying to complete a collection:
"I need x amount of money. I need a house with x bedrooms and it needs to be within x miles of the city. I need a girlfriend who will marry me and stay pretty for at least as long as my friends' wives. I need x kids and they need to go to college. I need a car, a TV and a refrigerator."

They decide what they want and they go about trying to collect those things. When they get one of them, they check that off the list: "Yes! I got a girlfriend! Check! Now I don't need to worry about that anymore. The collection is one step closer to completion… if I can only get these 15 other things, everything will be perfect."

The problem is that life is not a video game where you score a trophy and it stays in your inventory forever. The trouble with having something is losing it – or being afraid of losing it. When a collection-builder's girlfriend leaves him, he is devastated. "Nooo! This wasn't supposed to happen to me! I'll never get another girl like her! My life will never be perfect!". When he loses his job or his medical license or his house or his hard-earned twelve million dollars, it really hurts. Those things are practically irreplaceable in his life.

Building your life on a collection is setting yourself up for failure. Even when you don't lose what you've collected, the fear of losing it gnaws at you and poisons your life with worry. The more dependent you are on something, the more you fear losing it – even if you have no good reason to believe you're about to. Remember as a kid when you were sometimes scared that your parents would die and you would be all alone? It's like that. Millionaires worry about losing their millions. Husbands worry about losing their wives. Parents worry about losing their children. Doctors worry about losing their license. The worry kills their ability to enjoy what they have.

I learned this the hard way, by the way. I used to be one of those people. In high school, I decided that what I really needed in life was a huge pile of money, and when I had so much money that I could do whatever I wanted and girls would like me because I was such a huge success and I didn't have to be dependent on anybody and no one could tell me what to do, then everything would be perfect and I would be happy. So, after graduation, I set about trying to amass that collection of money.

I did some pretty hard things that required a lot of sacrifices. I learned to put aside everything else and focus single-mindedly on the pursuit of money. I learned to take risks. I listened to rappers who said things like "If I ain't rich by 26, I'll be dead or in jail" . I subscribed to that philosophy. It was money or nothing.

Most days, I worried. I worried about not making enough money, about losing the money I already had, about people finding out about the things I did to get money. I got eleven thousand dollars one afternoon. For the duration of the walk home from the ATM, I was happy. In the evening, I worried about having the money taken away from me again.

My collection wasn't growing fast enough. I needed to take greater risks. It got to the point where I didn't sleep a night for two weeks. I would wake up at 3 am. At 4. At 5:30. I'd dream about something vaguely threatening and wake up at 6:15 feeling like I was in an emergency and had to do something to save myself right this instant, but I didn't know what it was.

I paced back and forth on a dark red carpet with little blue squares on it. Back and forth, past the mini-fridge, past the bed, past the TV and the desk, past the bathroom corner, past the coat hangers.

Squint out the peephole. Turn. Back past the coat hangers, the corner, the TV, the fridge, the chair. Push aside the curtains just a tiny bit and glance out. Still snow on the parking lot, still trucks going past on the interstate. Turn. Pass the mini-fridge, the bed, the TV…
I must have covered at least ten miles going back and forth between the window and the door of that hotel room that one evening. Then I went to bed and woke up five times.

Don't do that.

You might think your collecting isn't that bad. Maybe it isn't. But if you have a collection, the stress is there – making your day just a little bit worse for every half-hidden little worry in the back of your mind. Effects that you don't think about in moderate amounts are easier to notice when you turn them up to eleven. One of the things that separates me from most people is that I've never been very good at moderation. I tend to take zero interest in most things and an extreme interest in some things. I tend to either do something very seriously or not at all. That's a big part of what leads to me having unusually extreme experiences that you can learn from – both the good and the bad.

Do take self-improvement seriously, because it will change your life.
Don't make your life about completing a collection, because the stress will weigh you down every second of every day. If it's gradual and subtle enough, you may not even notice it – you'll just wonder why you feel so bad all the time.
Also don't have yourself buried naked in snow. You can't imagine how fast your body can shut down.

I'm not building a collection anymore. I build skills now.

Skills are your friends. They will never leave you, die on you, abandon you or be confiscated by the police.

My recommendation for you is that you, too, make a conscious choice to stop being a collection-builder and become a skill-builder.

Instead of pursuing a girlfriend, pursue skills that can get you a girlfriend. Instead of pursuing a high-paying job, pursue skills that can make you money. Etc.

When a skill-builder's girlfriend leaves him, it's just a girlfriend. It's not his life. He knows he has the skill to get another girlfriend at any time – a better one, even. If he loses his money, it's inconvenient, but not a big deal – he can sleep soundly knowing that he has the skills to make new money. If he loses his house, car, and the clothes off his back, he still has everything that matters – safely stored in his head.

Skill-building is not harder than collection-building, but it requires more patience. The temptation of a collection is that there will be times in your life when that thing you want is *right there* and you could just take it – but if you do, you will always be afraid of losing it because it is irreplaceable to you. You couldn't get one of those on your own without another unlikely lucky break. It's a bittersweet victory.

A skill-builder's victory is all sweet. When you get something through your skills, without any luck being involved, you can enjoy it fully without worrying, because you know that an abundance of it will always be available to you even if you lose this particular specimen. Let me tell you, it feels a lot better.

Skills can easily get you a collection, too, should you for some reason still desire one, but a collection can't get you skills. Getting things through learning a skill takes longer than getting them through luck and stubborn work, but it is worth it.

Because they taste so much sweeter.

Self-Mastery vs. Enlightenment

September 23 2011

It's been a while since I did one of these, so for new readers who don't know:

Sometimes readers send me questions. Sometimes they're really good. Sometimes I make blog posts out of them. This is one of those.

Question:

sup dd first off thank you, bought the book and have shared it with a couple friends, needless to say it has definitely changed their view on things as much as it has mine and I'd hate to see how my life would be without knowing the things I know thanks to you. I have a question I would really like to hear your opinion on, I'll put it simply first then elaborate after..

Is there a distinct choice you have to make between self-mastery or enlightenment, and is it truly possible to combine the two?

for example: At the peak of human experience it seems you would come to a crossroad with one path leading to self mastery and the other to enlightenment

That is: embracing the concept of your individual self and constantly taking action to improve, evolve and progress by setting goals that challenge you to constantly better your old self in order to grow as an individual.
VS
total acceptance of what you are in the grand scale of the universe as pure consciousness experiencing itself and completely letting go of the concept of your individual self and ego, as you become everything happening at once.

These two ideas seem completely paradoxical and it seems like you have to choose one or the other. The idea of an individual reaching enlightenment seems paradoxical in itself, but without any concept of an 'individual' there can be no concept of 'everything as a whole'. To me it kind of seems like the enlightened monk sitting on top of a mountain somewhere to an outside view is simply like a passive vegetable, completely devoid of action. Because he/she is embracing an objective reality to an extreme.

On the other hand the self-mastered billionaire who is a master in every aspect of his life who lives in 5 mansions and can literally get anything he desires at will, seems self validating as hes embracing a subjective reality to an extreme.

As no extreme is ever good, maybe the key to life is balancing both of these concepts paradoxically? I don't know though, it seems like being the completely self-mastered guy who can get anything he wants is more fun seeing how short life is, but then I guess the point of enlightenment would overcome completely the notion of death. Being too caught up in an objective reality seems to make you a passive vegetable (I don't know ive never experienced true enlightenment maybe the monk's mind is somewhere else in the galaxy in another dimension being an alien somewehere which would be pretty cool) and on the other hand being too caught up in your subjective reality seems to make you self-absorbed, selfish and egotistical.

Obviously I think people are subconsciously aware of both realities but chose to sway

on the subjective side of reality, because that's what they hear about and see in front of them. Maybe lasting happiness can be achieved if you can balance the two, the yin and yang in eastern philosophy is a good example in addition to masculine and feminine polarities. Maybe the secret to life all along is simply the balance of these two realities? like in your latest skill-based life article, having the balanced skills to connect with the universe at the same time having the skills to get whatever you want e.g health, wealth, love etc

would really appreciate your thoughts on this if you have some spare time, cheers mate.

Answer:

Nice question, this could make a good blog article…

The way I see it, the point of taking any path is to get closer to happiness and durable fulfillment.If an action doesn't further that goal, why would you even do it?

Things do not make you happy. Mansions and girls and adventure vacations in outer space do not make you happy. What makes you happy is in your head – happiness is a state that comes about when you are completely absorbed in the present moment and your experience of being alive, not worrying or fearing or future-projecting or regretting. When you forget about everything and want nothing. This can be achieved in many ways – you can do extreme sports which require 100% of your attention to be focused only on what you're doing, you can shoot heroin to shut down all the worrying parts of your brain, or maybe you can learn to just make it happen at will. That's spiritual enlightenment.

I'm not sure I can completely achieve that, and it even feels sort of wrong, seen from my present state of wanting things. I strive to follow this path to the degree that I can – to stop wanting useless things which don't really serve any necessary function. For the things which are deeply ingrained parts of being human, things that I doubt I could necessarily ever completely stop wanting – things like food, sex, or the excitement of having new and varied experiences – I strive to master an appropriate set of skills for their acquisition.

To easily get all the things I must necessarily want, and to not want anything more…

I don't know how it gets better than that.

This is therefore the path I am pursuing. Put in your terms, I suppose it's something of a hybrid between self-mastery and enlightenment. To me, it seems the most workable solution. Enlightenment being better but perhaps ultimately too difficult to achieve, self-mastery is needed to patch the holes in those areas where earthly desires prove too difficult to leave behind.

It does feel like not wanting anything couldn't possibly be as awesome as getting everything you want, but recognize this feeling as misleading. It's just like when people fall in love and feel so completely sure that it'll last forever, but rationally you know that it never does. The counter-intuitive fact is that not wanting something is just as good as wanting and getting it. If you can vividly recall a moment when you have been completely happy – absorbed purely in the moment, not fearing or worrying or thinking about anything but the experience at hand – you can't but admit to yourself that that moment wouldn't have been any better with five mansions and a private space shuttle. Emotionally I can't quite believe it, but intellectually I am fully convinced that the greatest multi-billionaire taking off from the moon in a five-star rocket ship with a supermodel giving him a blowjob and his favorite athlete hero pouring the world's finest champagne down his throat while his favorite band performs live in the background is no happier than Buddha sitting under a tree.

Other people may think the billionaire is cooler, but Buddha's not caring what people think makes him just as happy as the billionaire's knowing how people admire him.

Ultimately, I look for the shortest path. Is it easier to get more money than you could ever use or to

completely stop caring about being rich? I'd say it's easier to stop caring. Is it easier to get more girls than you could ever use or to completely stop caring about girls? I'd say it's easier to get girls. The choice between mastering something or transcending it seems, to me, like a decision to be made on a case-by-case basis.

Question (2):

Thanks for the speedy reply, now that you put it that way; I agree with the idea of it being case-by-case basis.

It is definitely a lot more practical taking the shortest path than simply transcending EVERYTHING or mastering EVERYTHING. I guess that's where the hybrid balance comes in. That's also where being able to switch between both 'mindsets' to find the shortest path is important, for example if you haven't had sex in a while and you see a hot girl you can go and get her – self mastery. Then later on in the day you find yourself stuck in a massive line at the post office or something and instead of resisting you can switch to your 'enlightened' mode and transcend it.

I think you're spot on with the things that are human necessities should be mastered, or on continual progress towards mastery. And the unnecessary things transcended. However I think the hidden power of enlightenment is the power to transcend death at the end of it all. It seems to me this combination is probably the best possible life for a human, in addition to providing unconditional value to everyone you stumble across on your 'journey'. my mind is a lot less scattered thinking about that after reading your reply, if you think it would be of value to others to make a blog post about this question then that would be awesome. Cheers again from Australia

Answer (2):

I probably will make a blog post of this, it's a pretty important issue and it strikes me that I haven't actually posted about this earlier. *[edit: actually I think I have, but not in so much detail]*

On "switching mindsets" – I don't find a need to do that. I try to keep both on full power all the time, and whatever gets through the "enlightenment" filter gets dealt with through the "mastery" part. In your example, if I see a hot girl my reaction will depend on whether she's hot enough to defy transcendence and stir in me a desire that I must then take action to fulfill, or whether she's just average-looking enough that I might feel a little bit of desire but can summarily let it go without having to take action.

Taking This One To The Grave

They say three men can keep a secret if two of them are dead. There's truth is that. They also say that sharing secrets brings people closer to each other. There's a twisted kind of truth in that too.

When you're a kid in class passing around the latest on who likes whom, a shared secret can be like a symbol of trust and friendship – but it's also a weight on your shoulders. Now you have to make sure to stay friends with that person or face the consequences. It gives that person leverage over you, and although you may think that person would never use the leverage because that person is your friend, you may soon find out that nobody respects anything that comes too easily. You can't be friends with people who have too much power over you. Or rather, they can't be friends with you. It's wired into all of our brains to instinctively lose respect for people we have under our thumb. It's a survival-enhancing function of the mind and we can't stop it even if we want to stay best friends forever.

When you grow up and start making the kind of mistakes nobody should ever find out about, it gets worse. Now you have something serious to lose if the secret gets out. Maybe it's something that could cost you your job, your marriage or your family. Maybe worse. Because the universe has a mean sense of humor, it tends to be the case that the more destructive power a secret has over your life, the more pressing a need you feel to share it.

Resist the temptation.

You don't want to be looking over your shoulder all the time. You don't want to tempt people to blackmail you. Even your good friends have their limits, and the more power you give them over you the more likely it is to corrupt them.

When you get real close to someone, you can feel like you want to share everything with them. You can feel like in order to really know you, and really love you for who you truly are, they should know everything about you. If you don't have any secrets of a serious caliber, then you're lucky – go ahead, spill the beans and revel in your feeling of complete sharing. But if there's any majorly important reason you don't want the whole world knowing something about you, then you must tell no one. Not your wife, not your frat brother slash business partner whom you've known since you were seven and who saved your life in Afghanistan. Not your favorite child or parent (everyone has one, and don't ever let slip who it is either).

There will come a day when you'll feel a buried feeling start to gnaw at you – the feeling that maybe their interests and your interests aren't as completely in line anymore as you once thought they might have been.

You don't need that keeping you up at night.

There's another side to all this too. The side where you ruin your relationship with someone dear to you because you just couldn't keep your mouth shut. You may think they'll understand, you may think they'll love you no matter what, but why would you want to test that theory? If they love you now, take the win and walk away from the table. The next bet can only lose. If it turns out your "really good feeling about this" was wrong, you've just thrown away something great for no good reason.

If you've already been stupid and told someone else, then there is a very real concern that the person who doesn't yet know will find out anyway, and then it might be better to hear it from you. You don't need that keeping you up either.

I sleep soundly knowing that no one else knows and I'll never tell.

Every Winner Is A Loser

September 28 2011

I catch myself thinking I had a hard time growing up. I know I thought the world was very unfair towards me for a large portion of the time, but I'm sure a lot of kids think that. Maybe most.

Seen from the outside, it doesn't seem like I'd have had a lot to complain about. School was easy for me, and although I got picked on a fair bit, I had friends – not many friends, but I had real friends, which is more than I think a lot of kids can say. I didn't grow up in "the hood", and although I didn't have the latest Playstations I had what people would consider the "important stuff". My parents made normal middle-class money, and they loved me and all, but maybe I made it hard for myself.

The fear and the sacrifices and the crime and the poverty were my choices.

But it didn't feel like I had choices at the time. It's the age-old question of free will – have our choices been made for us because of who we are? I didn't purposely choose to be different from the other kids, it just played out that way. A lot of times, it would have been easier to be the same. To go with the flow and not make waves.

I don't think anybody chooses to stand out. Despite all this cultural brouhaha about being unique and special and individualistic, no one really takes that path voluntarily. It's a lot easier to be like everyone else, and people like easy. I know I would have liked it. All the people who end up with the kind of life experience that makes them worth listening to as adults are where they are because they failed to fit in as kids. If they could have been like everyone else, they would have.

It's not like in the movies where the weird kid has an overwhelming passion for breakdancing and pursues that passion despite his friends laughing at him, and then becomes a big star and wins everyone's admiration. Nobody cares that much about breakdancing.

In reality, it's an escape. In reality, the weird kid becomes a superstar breakdancer because he doesn't have anything else to do where he could feel good. He doesn't have friends to go out into the woods with to drink beer and try to feel up girls. He doesn't have the opportunity to waste his time doing all the shiftless things kids usually spend their time doing. So he breakdances. And because that's the only thing he can do, he ends up doing a lot of it and he gets good. But they don't make a movie about that.

Anybody who ever got really far at anything was probably running away from something else. I know I've spent most of my life running away from things I didn't want to be a part of. I never stopped running, but lately I've slowed down a bit and started running toward good things rather than away from bad things. I don't really feel like I have a lot to run away from anymore. I'm getting tired of running.

When somebody does something impressive that you know took a lot of work, people admire their tenacity. Interviewers ask them where they found the willpower to keep on working at that one thing instead of screwing around like most people. They usually spit some line about passion or the like, but I think a lot of them are lying. I think they don't want to admit that the reason they found the time to show up at swimming team practice eight times a week was because they had nowhere else to be. Nobody was inviting them to sneak away behind the bleachers, and maybe nobody wanted to look at their face at home either.

What starts as an escape can become a hope for redemption. That kid can start developing hopes and dreams about achieving that elusive success and acceptance through the escape activity – "if I

become a really great swimmer and win all these trophies then, then everything I've never had will come to me!". That's when you can develop a real obsession with something. That's how things get done. That's how you get people who do things that make other people go "holy shit!".

But it's not about an overwhelming love for chess or dance or swimming. It's about desperation and suffering, and anybody who says different is a liar. No one cares that much about their particular thing.

You see these so-called "success stories" where somebody comes from what seems like a cushy background and still pushes themselves to go above and beyond what anybody would expect, and people think these guys are to be admired for finding some superhuman reserve of willpower and somehow rising above the temptations that keep everyone else from doing anything of significance. People understand the rags to riches story, they think "if I had it that bad I'd be motivated to change things too". But with the "regular kids" who grow up to be irregular, they don't get it. They think it's like magic. They write articles in Time magazine with lines like "while his friends were off gallivanting, our hero Zack Murkerberg spent his evenings furiously working on his big dream". They don't know. People don't choose to do that kind of thing unless they have a problem.

Anybody who did anything out of the ordinary did it because they had a tough time being normal. Either their environment made life hard for them, or maybe they just made it hard for themselves.

Who Am I?

September 29 2011

Jason writes:

Hey dude, You seem really interesting. **[some personal information redacted here.]** I ended up buying your book for kindle and will appreciate slowly reading through the essays. Am very curious to know more about you and your background though – it's often hard to parse normative judgements without considering the source.

What's your story?

My response:

That's the great irony of my blog:

I am not in a position to put my name and face on the internet. I can't even sign this email. If you read the blog, you'll get to know a bit about me but you still won't know "my story", because I can't tell. There's nothing I'd rather write about than my life, and that is the one thing I may never get to write about.

It's so much easier to think about the source than the material – to judge the writing by judging the writer – but with what I write, you will have to make up your own mind either to accept what I tell you or reject it. Any text is just a suggestion, and in the end it's up to ourselves to judge whether we can find any value in it. Truly great writing is its own proof, and the source doesn't matter. That's what I must aspire to, because I cannot show you more.

I'm glad you enjoy the blog, and I hope you find something of value in it – something that's valuable regardless of who said it.

The truth is that I'd love to share my story with all of you. But I can't. And as I've told you before, I can't even keep this website up for very long.

It is what it is, these are the limitations we live by. But my wish for you is the same as my wish for Jason – that you find value inside the material itself, because I could swear I put it there.

Anything Looks Good On A Hero

September 30 2011

If you attend a corporate meeting and see one guy in a bathrobe or a t-shirt amidst all the suits, that can only mean one of two things:

1. He's mentally deranged and doesn't know what's proper corporate attire and what isn't. He probably doesn't belong in the meeting or, for that matter, on the street without supervision.
2. He's a hero. He is so good at his job and so valuable to the company that he doesn't have to follow the rules of conformity. He's a genius whiz kid who just invented a web app that will double the company's profits, or he's a millionaire shareholder with the final say on every decision, or something like that, but he's definitely someone important.

It's a funny thing about heroes – the things that make regular people "cool" or "uncool" have no effect on them. In fact, heroes have an effect on the things. If Jimmy the Cubicle Drone comes to work in a bathrobe, people laugh at him. If Steve Jobs comes to work in a bathrobe, people think it's cool – because they think he is cool. It makes people start wishing they could come to work in a bathrobe.

The same applies elsewhere.

If an amateur pickup artist goes to a club with a huge fuzzy hat, people laugh at him. If a master pickup artist who knows how to be cool goes to a club in a huge fuzzy hat, people will think the very same hat that would have been silly on someone else is now suddenly cool.

Most people spend a lot of time worrying about how they look. Heroes don't have to do that. However they look, people will think it's cool because it gets associated with the value of the person.

Rock stars wear the most outrageous shit that would get anyone else laughed off the stage, but because they are heroes to their fans, their costumes are thought of as cool and regular people even start emulating them and trying to look equally outrageous.

You know you've reached the point of being a hero when you define the coolness of your appearance in the minds of onlookers, rather than it defining your coolness as is the case with regular people.

The time you spend worrying about how you look, you could be spending doing something constructive that would further your goal of being perceived as a hero. Then, how you look doesn't matter.

You don't need to be a genius or a millionaire or a rock star. It's enough to be special, somehow. Most people are not special and are perfectly willing to look up to someone even slightly special as a hero. You just need to impress them somehow.

Impressing people is not that hard. You just need a special skill that makes people think "wow, I can't do that". You probably have one already, and if not, quite a few of them are taught in this blog. Demonstrating a special skill separates you from people's idea of reality. When you do something they don't expect you to be able to do, it shakes their idea of reality enough to allow you to escape from people's ideas of how you are "supposed" to look or behave – enough to let you make your own rules and have them accepted by those around you.

That reality-gap is the necessary ingredient that puts you in the "hero" category, and you can identify it in all of the above examples. The genius inventor doesn't fit into people's preconceived notions of reality because he can do something they can't understand. The millionaire shareholder is separated from people's reality because they don't understand how he could make so much money.

The rock star, because people don't understand how he can create his music and fame. The pickup artist, because people don't understand how he can attract women at will.

When people don't understand something you do and can't replicate it themselves, it's magic. Of course, the rational parts of their brains know that there is a perfectly reasonable explanation, that you know something they don't, or have developed your skills through rigorous practice, or just got a lucky break and won the lottery… but the emotional parts of their brains still think it's magic. It's the emotional parts that create the hero phenomenon.

If you want to impress people, don't worry about conforming to their standards. Even if you show up in just the right clothes, with your hair impeccably done in just the right way, and you talk and walk exactly the way people are "supposed to" according to the expectations of the environment you're in, you will still be seen as just average. Every little mistake that takes away from the perfection of your conformity takes you below average.

Instead, focus on being a hero and impressing people with something that shakes their idea of reality and releases you from their expectations. Then, whatever you wear and whatever weird accent you speak in becomes cool, and you may soon find those people trying to change themselves to be more like you.

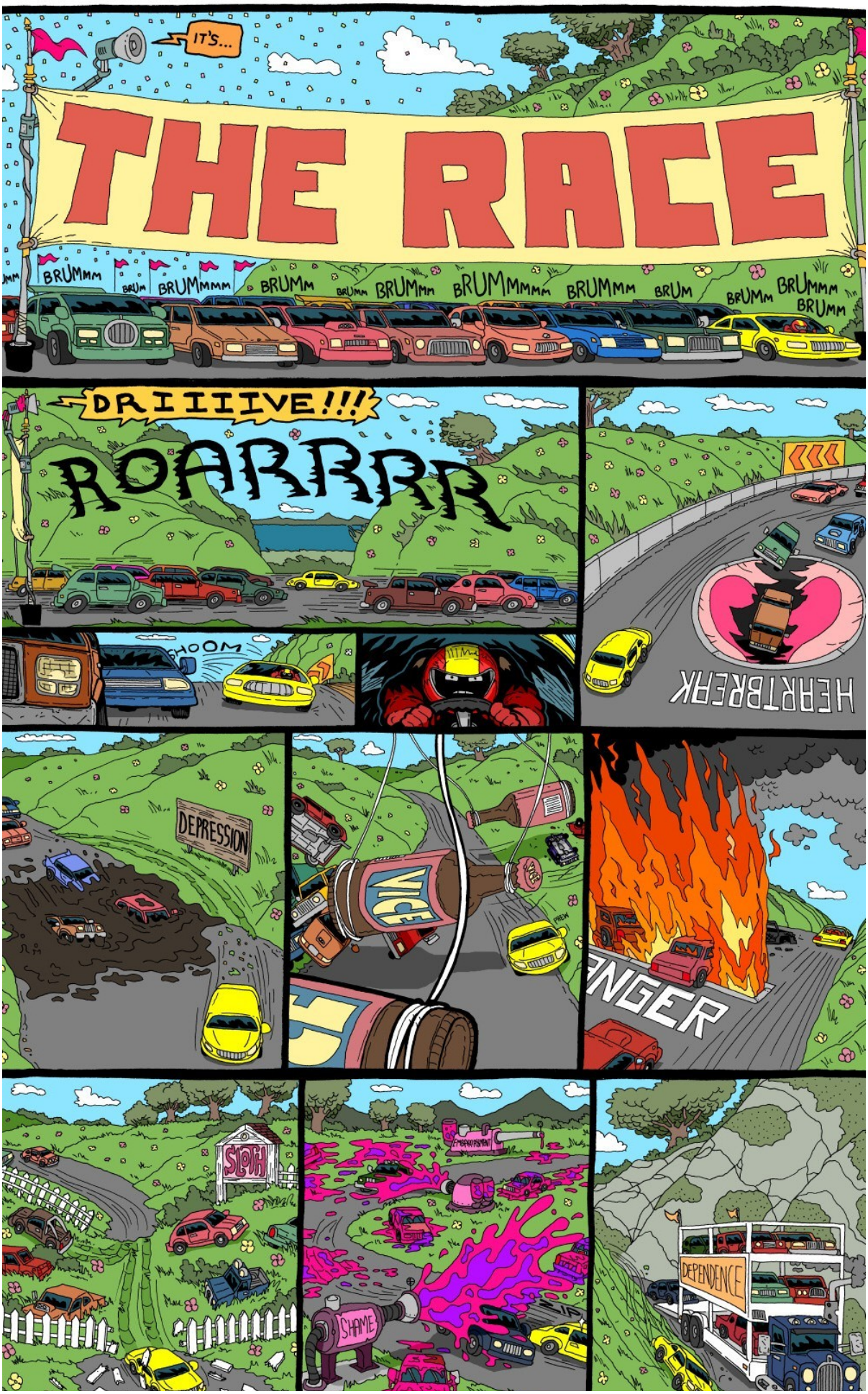
When Too Many Rights Make A Wrong…

October 5 2011

If you excel at something, you'll notice that everyone likes a winner.

If you excel at too many things, you'll notice that no one likes a winner.

Let me illustrate with this old yet still excellent comic strip:


IT'S...
THE RACE
BRUMMM
BRUM
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BRUM
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BRUMM
DRIIIIVE!!!
ROARRRR
VROOM
HEARTBREAK
DEPRESSION
VICE
ANGER
SLOTH
SHAME
DEPENDENCE

s a balance to how much you're socially "allowed" to win and succeed. To a lot of people – most people – life is not something to be mastered, but something to be survived. When you focus on building the skills to dodge the kind of troubles most people get caught in, your life is going to start reflecting that – and it can alienate you from other people.

To a lot of people, a major part of bonding with others is shared misery, sympathizing with one another's troubles. The old saying goes "everybody's got problems", but after a long enough time spent methodically weeding problems from your life and doing your best to prevent new ones from arising, you may, if you're lucky, occasionally find yourself defying this rule. There may be times in your life when you don't feel like you have any problems at all. Nothing to complain about. Nothing to "open up" about and share with someone you want to feel close to.

That'll be a problem, too, and then your brief moment of bliss is over… but it's not the kind of problem you're "allowed" to have. Certain problems are just not socially acceptable – like the problem of seventy million dollars.

Failure, embarrassment, suffering, uncertainty… these are major things that people bond over, and without them you will be, like the hero of the comic, completely alone. Luckily, these things are plentiful in supply, and it may even seem ridiculous to you now to think that you'd ever have the problem of not having enough problems, but it can happen. It's happened to me at times. Luckily I have enough problems and suffering in my colorful past to make up for a momentary lack of worries in the present, so I can always dredge up a good sob story or two about things that happened to me growing up – enough to buy the "right" to a worry-free present moment, enough to make the listener feel like it's okay for me to be doing well right now. Like it's fair – like I deserve it.

If you find yourself caught in a special moment with someone where your life seems tilted too heavily toward the "win" column for them to feel able to connect with you as a real human being who bleeds, that's the only trick I've got for you.

An ounce of prevention is of course worth a pound of cure. Modesty is a virtue – if you hide your wins, they can't get in the way of your forming human connections with others, and you won't have to explain them away. People will assume you have the normal amount of problems, so let them – and when they share them with you, you can sympathize with them and they will accept your sympathy without giving you the "oh what do you know, your life is so perfect" -reaction.

It's okay to be successful, in fact I encourage it, but people have a hard time relating to people they can't… well, relate to. If you want to connect with someone, they need to be able to feel like you can put yourself in their shoes, and they in yours. The feeling of being in a similar situation and having shared goals is the fundamental basis of liking another person. Without it, you can still have sexual attraction or a business partnership, but you can't feel close to someone.

Seducing Money

October 6 2011

Reader question:

Hi DD,

So I experimented with Game some a while back and I was really amazed at the apparent magic it worked. I hooked up with 10′s and for a moment in time there could talk to most girls and get somewhere real with them. I stopped in any case because I'm in a serious relationship now.

Anyhow, it would be great if such a system existed for making money. Lots of people try to sell such things, but I've yet to find anything real. I mean something like the game **where you study, practice, adjust, and get results, and just like that**. Do you know of anything? If this is in your blog, well I just found your blog last night when someone tweeted it.

You said in your enlightenment vs self determination post that it would be easier to transcend money but stick to getting women. I've had the same thought simply because it seems easier for me anyways, to get women.

Do you think it is inherently easier to get women than it is to make money? Is that the real issue here?

Thanks

This question really has two parts. The first part is this:

"Do you think it is inherently easier to get women than it is to make money? Is that the real issue here?"

Both are doable, that's not the issue. The issue is that money is not a primary, instinctive, hard-wired desire. Money is a tool used to get other things, it has no value in itself. A lot of people want to get rich in order to feel important, but that's a bottomless pit – I just read recently about a billionaire who kept complaining about how Larry Page had 18 billion and he only had 2 billion. That's the sort of case where you just have to transcend the desire to be rich, because 18 billion won't be enough either. Now, about the amount of money you're actually going to do something with – you do need SOME money, but how much? You need to clarify to yourself how much you really need and would be willing to work for.

The other part of the question is this:

I mean something like the game **where you study, practice, adjust, and get results, and just like that**. Do you know of anything?

As it happens, yes, I do know of something. In fact, you're looking at it. The blog itself is a real life example.

I **study** the skills and knowledge which make up the value in my blog. I **practice** delivering that

value through the medium of text. I see how I'm doing, which attempts work better than others, which articles get a lot of traffic and good feedback, and I make **adjustments** to my future writing. The better I get, the more my traffic grows, and the more people buy things linked from the site as a **result**. And **just like that – money**.

I don't *talk* about how to make money in a lot of my posts, but I'm always *showing* you. My skill-based money maker is right in front of you. Look at it, study it, and copy my success for yourself! Practice, adjust, and get results – just like game.

Some of you already understood this implicitly when I wrote the article on how to start a website in 10 minutes. I wrote that to help you do what I do, and make money doing it. All you need to do is study, practice and adjust, just like with any other skill.

Teaching what you know is a great way to make a living – and a lot more fun than flipping burgers. You already know plenty of stuff someone else would want to learn. And you're more than welcome to use anything you've learned from this blog (but please be nice and don't just straight copy my text and pass it off as your own). I hope you enjoy your new career as much as I do!

Free Energy

October 9 2011

On the wall beside my bed I have a framed picture of a place I always wanted to go.

I did eventually go there, but I still have the picture. Its power is in the feeling I get when I look at it. It feels like… peace, distance, elevation. Safety and freedom and endless possibilities. Like everything is right with the world.

I used to look at it and think “one day I’ll go there”. Now I think “one day I’ll go back”. But I realize that it’s not about that. It’s not about the physical place that the photograph depicts – it’s about a mental place. A place of energy and well-being. Of motivation.

Life is simple, like a video game. There are certain skills you can acquire in order to be able to achieve the goals you set for yourself and get the rewards you want. All you need to do is press the buttons over and over until you master it. It’s not about discovering “the secrets”. Sometimes it’s about that, but mostly it’s just about doing the work. The major issue in everyone’s life is finding the energy to do it.

Sometimes you feel motivated and full of energy to take on challenging pursuits, and sometimes you don’t. It comes and goes, but if you have a photo of a place you’ve always wanted to go framed beside your bed, it comes a little more often. For no extra work on your part.

What’s better than free energy?

The Media Is A Drama Queen Who Can't Take A Joke

October 12 2011

The media is always yelling about the next apocalyptic disaster and blowing things out of proportion – and a lot of people believe it. Another contingent of people believe that a couple of old men sitting at the top smoking cigars are purposefully enforcing a standard of excessive fear-mongering in every magazine and TV program in order to better control the population.

There's a simpler explanation.

The media is an attention whoring drama queen – that's their job: to get as many pairs of eyes as possible on their product in order to squeeze more advertising dollars out of their sponsors. If they can spin some mundane thing in a way that makes it sound like the sky is falling, they will. Because it makes money.

That's why they blow everything out of proportion, and why they can't take a joke.

Nowhere should this be as plainly obvious as in the case of Charlie Sheen.

The man is a comedian. He makes jokes – that's his thing. If you put a TV camera in front of him, he's going to make a joke. If you interview him about his wild drug-fueled celebrity party dog lifestyle, he's going to make jokes about it. If you put him on the radio and ask him about being fired from his job on TV because of his party dog lifestyle, he's going to make a joke insulting his former boss. If you ask him how he can use lethal amounts of drugs and still show up to work in the morning, he's going to make a joke about having tiger blood.

If your job is to stir a huge drama fest out of everything and maximize the attention whoring quotient of everything you hear or say, and you can't take a joke, and you make a big deal out of how a comedian claimed to have tiger blood and must therefore be crazy and on drugs and having a mental breakdown of epic proportions, and you then interview said comedian about said alleged meltdown which might have had a seed of truth in it somewhere but 90% of which you made up by twisting his words because your job is to whore for maximum attention at all times, guess what – he's going to make a joke about it.

And the more seriously you take what he says, and the less able you are to take a joke, the funnier it gets for everyone watching.

Charlie Sheen is funnier now than ever. When he was just playing characters on TV, you could take it or leave it – but nothing scripted on TV is funnier than watching those interviewers (who've been carefully selected for their jobs because they have absolutely no sense of humor and have a natural tendency to get riled up and blow everything out of proportion) take him completely seriously and react with shock and worry to every line he spits out. Nothing is funnier than somebody who can't take a joke getting played by somebody who knows how to make one.

And that's the American media – an attention whoring drama queen with no sense of humor. Anything they say needs to be taken with about seventeen pinches of salt. There's probably nothing wrong with Charlie Sheen, aside from the excessive drug use and wild lifestyle and maybe being a little too in love with himself – in other words, nothing that's any worse than with every other celebrity.

There's probably nothing wrong with 99% of the other stuff the media yells about either. Most of it is just regular life with an extra-thick coating of drama-queenery thrown on top. The stock market goes up and down all the time, disease epidemics come and go, various countries are trying to acquire weapons, various countries are not. This shit happens every day, and every day the media

predicts the end of the world for tomorrow.

Whatever is on the news today is just another overblown Charlie Sheen extravaganza cooked up by someone who couldn't take a joke. If a new strain of flu was discovered and whatever doctor they interviewed for their next scare piece said "oh come on, give it a rest, it's not like we're all going to die", they would probably print "doctor says some people will survive".

How Empowered Women Oppress Themselves

October 14 2011

You know the story – you wake up at 6:30 when the alarm rings… you inhale a cup of coffee, slap on some make-up and hurry off to the office, where some jackass orders you around all day. If you're like most people, you hate every minute of it. But alas – you have to make money, so you have to sell yourself into wage slavery for the better part of Monday through Friday.

Aren't you glad the feminists fought to earn you this right?

In the bad old days, the evil patriarchy would have kept you away from the torments of the workplace and instead saddled your husband with the responsibility of bringing home enough money to provide for the both of you and any children.

Let's take a moment to gratefully remember those benefactors of womankind who made this change possible by financing the movement to include women in the workforce – you know, J.P.Morgan, the Kennedy Foundation, those guys. The rich white men, the evil patriarchs.

It's really a wonder that they found it in their hearts to finance such a selfless cause. That doesn't really seem like something business tycoons who love making money would do.

Could it be that maybe… just maybe, what the women's financial independence and "empowerment" thing was all about was creating more consumers for the tycoons to make money off of?

Could it be that what the whole women's sexual "liberation" thing was all about was getting women to give away sex for free without demanding marriage or love or even a phone call the next day?

In the bad old patriarchal days of oppression, men would sometimes tell their wives what to do – and what a terrible thing that was. Nowadays, it seems, it's just the "empowered" women oppressing themselves into days spent in labor and nights spent being used as disposable cumdumpsters.

If a more clever ruse for oppressing women than feminism was ever invented by the patriarchy, I sure haven't heard of it.

PS. I recently spliced together a video of clips which I think nicely illustrate one of the main themes of this blog. I found some fascinating stuff (I'm guessing whoever submits this video to StumbleUpon is going to get a pretty nice score). Give it a watch!

Why All Political Movements Are "Wrong"

October 15 2011

I don't talk about politics a lot on this site, mainly because trying to influence politics is probably the least effective way of improving one's life that can be conceived of, but I'll make a small exception today to address one question which politically inclined minds spend countless hours locked in debate over, still never reaching agreement. The fundamental question of politics:

What is the best kind of society?

Every hour of every day, republicans, democrats, liberalists, socialists, religious fundamentalists and a million other varieties of ideologists argue this question over a million double-cream lattes in Starbucks all over the world, and the only thing they've all been able to agree on so far is that everyone else is wrong.

Some might be led to interpret this lack of conclusion as an indication that the question is difficult and the answer elusive. Others interpret it as evidence that all the people who think differently are just insane. Let me suggest a third – and, perhaps, a much more rational and likely – alternative as to why that same top tier of human brains which has deciphered the laws of the physical universe, built flying machines and space stations, defeated deadly viruses and produced immortal works of art remains, when confronted with the relatively simple-seeming matter of deciding on the appropriate way for people to live together, with very little to show except a track record of humiliating defeats thousands of years long.

Let me suggest that this is the case because **the question is degenerate and the answer does not exist**.

I'll elaborate: Any political system has winners and losers – people who would do better in a different system, and others who would do worse. Any way of measuring the benefits of any particular form of society is subjective. People have different values, and it's not as simple as "loving freedom": some value the freedom to walk the streets without being robbed more than they value the freedom to walk the streets without being watched by police CCTV. Others, vice versa. You can't have both and an increase in either brings a decrease in the other. Where the values of different individuals coincide, they can agree politically and cooperate in a constructive manner to build their desired form of society, and where they don't, they can't.

This is rather obvious if you look at everyday examples of "societies": take, for example, the "society" of three students sharing an apartment. You can live in cooperation with people who have relatively similar views to your own on matters such as how loudly and how late into the night one should party, how carefully (if at all) the kitchen should be cleaned, whether one should be allowed to keep puppies that shit on the carpets… but trying to live and cooperate with people whose views on such things diverge too much from your own becomes unbearable.

Similarly, we all have our own views on how people ought to conduct themselves in society. Cooperation is possible to the extent that people's views coincide, and no further than that. A group of fundamentalist Christians who all belong to the same sect of Christianity and believe the exact same thing can cooperate to a great degree and live almost like a family, sharing living space, property and resources. So can a group of fundamentalist Muslims who belong to the same sect of Islam and whose views on societal issues are all the same. But the fundamentalist Christians and the fundamentalist Muslims cannot peacefully live together, and for them to be able to cooperatively share anything is a long shot. The highest degree of cooperation one might expect to see between these groups would likely be the relatively low-level cooperation of commercial trade – the beforehand agreed exchange of one exactly measured quantity of stuff for another exactly measured quantity of different stuff.

What makes people liberalists or a socialists is chiefly the confluence of two things: the degree to which one perceives one's own aims to coincide with those of others, and the degree to which one perceives himself to be better or worse equipped to "sink or swim" on his own than are others.

The strong are inclined towards an "every man for himself" attitude, feeling that there is no reason why they should be saddled with the burdens of the weak. The weak are inclined towards feeling that it is unfair that they should have less simply because they lack ability, and see it as the moral imperative of the strong to help them.

Those who see themselves as similar to others and as having shared goals are inclined towards solving problems cooperatively, working as a larger unit in order to achieve greater productivity in their efforts. Those who see themselves as different from others and as having goals which conflict with the goals of others are inclined towards independence and letting each person try to solve his own problems.

(If you know anything about evolutionary psychology, you've probably already noticed from the previous two paragraphs how it's no accident that liberalism is a predominantly male tendency and socialism a predominantly female one.)

Political conflicts are legion, and as differences of opinion they are by their nature unsolvable. Devout Christians are quite unlikely to ever accept Islamic law. The Native American tribes could not accept the European settlers' notion that a man would claim a piece of land as "his own" and prevent others from traveling, hunting or setting up camp there, and for the Europeans it was just as impossible to accept the natives' notion that one should not do so.

The customary solutions to such conflicts of interest have historically been to either go to war with the opposing camp or to live far enough away from them and have little enough to do with them as to be able to tolerate their existence. Kingdoms have risen and fallen through revolution after revolution, each new ruling faction imposing its own rules and so spurring a new faction dissatisfied with its new rules to overthrow it in turn (there's a reason why "revolution", the word for the turning of a wheel, is used for this kind of thing).

The benefit added to this never-ending process by democracy was to make the inevitable revolutions bloodless and thus keep a stable environment where life and commerce can continue relatively undisturbed even when the government changes. Weapons of bodily harm were exchanged for weapons of campaigning and voter manipulation, but the revolutions never stopped. The cost of democracy, on the other hand, is that it adds too many cooks in the kitchen of decision-making, quite effectively ensuring that nothing major ever gets done by the government and whatever does get done takes forever. There's a reason why the Chinese economy can grow and the standard of living of the average Chinaman can rise so much faster than that of any democratic country – when they decide to build a hydroelectric dam or a nationwide railway system, it happens despite the objections of the people whose houses are going to be mowed down, and it happens without the need for extensive congressional hearings and debates. No one can say that "everything" is better under one kind of political system than another, or that "everything" is worse. Everything is a trade-off between different types of costs and benefits, and what one personally perceives the relative values of those costs and benefits to be determines the conclusion one personally arrives at regarding the question of which political system is "best".

There can be no final answer as long as people hold different values dear. Every form of society has its winners and losers. The winners, knowing that the rules are biased in their favor, are known as "conservatives", and the losers, knowing that the rules are biased against them, are "progressives", aiming to change the rules in their favor.

There are some who would propose to "solve" the problem of unfair rules by having no rules at all – just anarchy, the complete freedom for everyone to do as they please and face whatever consequences may result. You could call it the politics of no politics, you could call it the law of the jungle, or you could call it a certain kind of "equality". Those with the strength or cunning to

exploit others would be the winners, and those without it the losers. (Of course, those who enjoy the products of advanced civilization would be losers in a different way, and those who'd be happy with a patch of land and an assault rifle, winners.)

Even as every political movement has its own idea of "equality" (which its opponents are never slow to point out seems a lot like "inequality" to them), no set of rules can be completely unbiased. There will always be some people whom the rules suit better, and others whom they put at a disadvantage, relative to a different set of rules. This is unavoidable in society just as it is in nature. The blind aren't disadvantaged by the fact that they are blind, but by the fact that our world is built in a way where functioning in it requires sight.

PS. If you are saddened by the fact that I talked about politics instead of something useful, here's a practical health tip:
You know how your lips can get chapped and crack and bleed in dry weather? Lick the wounded lip often enough to keep it constantly wet, and it will heal by the end of the day.

Promising Commitment Is Asking For Bitchiness

October 18 2011

A man's biological goal with a woman is to get sex from her. Once this objective is secured, he stops making an effort.

A woman's biological goal with a man is to get commitment from him. Once this objective is secured, she stops making an effort.

A committed man's worst fear is that his woman withdraws sex from him. A sexually active woman's worst fear is that her man withdraws commitment from him.

These are the lines along which the battles of power in a relationship are fought.

Common parlance once again shows its implicit wisdom here with the well-known, well-loved and well-used term "pussy-whipped" – which recognizes in no uncertain terms that regulating the supply of sex is the singularly decisive tool which a woman uses to lead a man around on a leash.

There is no corresponding term for a woman being led around by a man in a similar fashion, but the Game community nevertheless recognizes as equally obvious the fact that regulating the supply of commitment is a man's best leverage – that the constant fear of an impending breakup is the only thing that can keep a woman as sweet and lovely as she was when you first met her.

What this means in simple English is that the moment she takes your commitment for granted, you lose.

It's the same thing as her allowing you to take her sex for granted. Imagine if you knew that whether you're nice to her friends or not, whether you watch a sports game instead of going to the mall to carry her shopping bags around with her, whether you keep her in a good mood or piss her off, you'd still get sex at the end of the night – would you ever put down the beer and get off the couch?

…exactly. That's exactly what I'm talking about.

Too many men let their women take for granted that whatever friction arises between them today, they'll still be together in the morning. And the women respond, predictably, with the female equivalent of never getting off the couch – that is, not giving a flying shit about what you think, what you want, or whether they're being a pain in the ass. And why should they? They know that their objective is secured regardless. And that's nobody's fault but your own.

There's a cultural attitude, an "unwritten rule" of sorts, that sex is an on-off thing but commitment is "always on". It's considered normal and acceptable for a woman to turn the supply of sex on and off every day according to the whim of her flighty moods, but it's not considered acceptable for a man to do the same with his supply of commitment – to break up with his girlfriend and get together with her again three times a day.

This sort of thinking puts a man at a terrible disadvantage, and (here as in many matters) if you intend to position yourself in a place of strength, you'll need to throw those cultural expectations straight out the window and follow a different set of rules.

The rule you need to follow is, specifically, this age-old Game maxim – do unto women as they do to your poor gameless male peers. In this case it means that you must control the spigot of commitment as tightly as women do the spigot of sex. There is no other way to keep from being steamrolled (that is, "pussy-whipped").

If she pisses you off, she gets no commitment that night. If you have a headache, she gets no

commitment that night. If you pretend to have a headache because you want to watch the game, she gets no commitment that night. If she doesn't make a real effort to be nice to your friends, she gets no commitment that night. You see the pattern.

That's the secret of the guys whose girls stare at them with puppy-dog eyes and follow them around demurely as if on a leash. It's a rare sight in the modern West, and perhaps that's why there is no common word for it, but you can surely recall seeing, on at least a couple of occasions, a girl who exhibited all the tell-tale signs of being "pussy-whipped". But she wasn't "pussy-whipped" of course, she was "commitment-whipped". She knew that if she wasn't making an effort, the man she was with would take his business somewhere else.

How many girls do you know who would promise you an unconditional, 24/7 supply of sex regardless of her feelings at whatever the moment may be?

Why should a girl deserve a promise from you of an unconditional, 24/7 supply of commitment?

Why Girls Who Do Porn Do Porn

October 19 2011

Most people are simple, boring. You learn to understand people in general, and you're able to understand most individuals in a very short time of speaking with them. Listening to someone for five minutes is usually enough for me to form a pretty good picture of their worldview, their hopes and fears and the things that occupy their mind from day to day – how life looks from their perspective.

But some people don't fit the mold. And it's not the people who wear weird clothes and get a bunch of tattoos and try to deliberately broadcast "hey, I don't fit the mold" to everyone around. I know exactly what goes on in those people's heads and you probably do too, and they aren't fooling anyone. The people I'm really fascinated by are those who aren't trying to put on a show, but simply go against everything one would reasonably expect – who seem perfectly poised to go one way and yet go the opposite way instead.

Like girls who do porn.

Not the crack whores, the attention whores, or the plain old whores – but the "girl next door" types, the English majors who want to be schoolteachers someday, who just up and decide to get fucked in the ass on camera one afternoon between classes and then go back to their normal boring lives attending college and waitressing at Starbucks.

Those girls are harder to figure out.

Why do they do it? They're not devil-may-care risk-taker types, they're not poverty-stricken desperate junkies in need of a fix, and judging by some of the porn I've seen (for purely academic purposes, of course, so I can keep up with the conversations of my depraved friends) the money seems almost like an afterthought to many of them – a convenient excuse to let them convince themselves to do something they seem eager to do for some other, underlying reason anyway.

It's like they want to do porn just to do porn. And maybe that's it – cookie-cutter teenagers with their cookie-cutter lives, running the usual soulless hookup circuit and the usual brainless papers-for-the-sake-of-papers academic circuit, spending their evenings shopping for clothes and watching Jersey Shore… bored, bored out of their minds with their lives. Ready to snap and pull that one crazy stunt that they can look back on when they're 35 and married and nobody's interested in them any more and say "yeah, I lived once, it was wild".

There is no underestimating the chaotic power of teenage boredom. There's a great movie about that called "Havoc", I hope you look it up. It's about a bunch of rich kids with no limits but also nothing to do, and how that kind of aimless existence leads them to take risks just to take risks, just to feel the exciting rush of danger through their suffocatingly vanilla existence. I think porn is the same thing. It's not a smart move, logically speaking. The costs for a girl whose picture-perfect suburban family and friends find out about her performance on Exploited Little English Major Sluts Dot Com can be substantial, and any girl whose parents are paying for college is obviously not poor enough to actually need to suck dick for a quick buck.

It's a stupid choice, and maybe that's exactly why they choose it.

Because they want the risk, they want the fear of the unknown, they want to dive headfirst into something that makes them nervous enough to shake.

And I can't really even say I blame them.

What Spiritual Practice Is Really Like

October 21 2011

I sit on the balcony and watch the sky slowly light up. The cloud cover is so ripped up it almost looks like a web – beyond, the sky is so blue you could die. I haven't seen a sunrise in forever.

The whole thing is like a brochure for peace and freedom and all that, but I am not here because I'm at peace, and I am not here because I am free. I am here because I am not free.

I am here because the balcony with its cold, fresh outdoor air is the only place where I don't feel like I need to throw up. I am here because I feel too sick to even be able to sleep, and I would really, really like to sleep, because it's been 20 hours already. I feel sick, exhausted and cold, too tired to move, too tired to even stand, really, and so instead of lying down in my warm bed, I have to sit still in the cold morning air here on the balcony, wrapped in the biggest winter coat I can find to keep from shivering.

Maybe it was the combination of eight kinds of alcohol, maybe it was the weird food. Maybe something else. I don't know. It doesn't really matter. It could be anything, but judging by the feeling what it is is that something is currently trying to hatch from some sort of unholy egg inside my abdomen and stab its way through flesh and guts with its dull claws to reach the outside. With that in mind, what it really is doesn't seem to matter too much. Not a lot of things matter when you feel like you've been run over by the sort of thing that only military personnel is allowed to drive.

I don't ask for much. Sleep, warmth, for the pain to stop. But I can't have these things. Not now, not for hours maybe.

So I sit on the balcony and watch the blue slowly spread across the sky. I may be deprived of sleep and confined to this chair out here in the cold, but within this chair, I am free.

Even like this, I can breathe the air, follow the clouds across the sky, feel the energy of life coursing through my body and wonder at how strange it is to be anything at all.

The dull-clawed spawn of unknown evils may take my home and my strength and my freedom of movement, but it can't take the sky from me.

How To Judge People In 5 Minutes

October 22 2011

In my last post, I mentioned that:

Listening to someone for five minutes is usually enough for me to form a pretty good picture of their worldview, their hopes and fears and the things that occupy their mind from day to day – how life looks from their perspective.

Someone emailed me asking me to explain how to do that, and that's what this post is about. This is of course a complex topic, but I can give you a couple of tips that should be useful.

People are generally not predisposed to sharing a lot of themselves with someone they've just met, so you have to read between the lines to look for answers to questions that someone might not be willing to answer if asked directly but will probably drop hints about without even being aware of it. As long as they aren't aware of what you're doing, you can subtly nudge them quite far towards telling you what you want to know without activating the "stranger alarm" in their head.

The first question I look for an answer to, and the one I consider to be probably the most important one personality-wise, is:

"What is the primary emotion / dominant emotional state in this person's existence?"

You can tell a lot about a person by how they're feeling, because their feelings betray their relationship to the world around them, and the emotional state they are in when they're having all their experiences of the world affect what kind of opinions they form and what kinds of things they spend their time thinking about. Emotion in one of the easiest things to notice about a person, because it doesn't have to be learned – we all have a natural capacity for automatically detecting the emotional states of people around us. It's built in.

Emotions don't come from nowhere, they are reactions to things that happen. When you are with someone, the two of you don't exist in a vacuum – there is an environment present, and you can observe that environment. Now you know something about two out of the three variables of the equation – you know what the environment is like and you know what kind of emotion the person you're with is having, and from these you can deduce something about what's going on in that person's head.

If it's a normal environment for both of you and you yourself are in your "default" emotional state, it's a good bet that the other person is in their "default" emotional state as well, and that state tells you a lot about what kind of person they are. If it's an abnormal environment or situation, you'll have to think about what kind of emotional effect the situation would be likely to cause, and adjust your estimate of the other person's default emotional state accordingly. For example, if you're in a dark alley at night, it's a fair bet that the person is going to be somewhat more scared and jumpy than is their default state, in a nightclub, they'll probably be more energetic and wild than normally, etc.. Look at how they are in that situation and try to subtract the situational effect from what you see to arrive at an estimate of their default state.

A person's default emotional state is a clue as to what kind of place they generally perceive the world to be. Their behavior in that emotional state is a clue as to what they perceive their role in it to be and how they see themselves.

Some examples:

Angry people tend to think the world is unfair and everyone else is out to screw them over. They

like to either isolate themselves under a personal thunder cloud from where they can solitarily hate everything, or band together with other angry people to blame some external scapegoat for their bad feelings. They're usually easy to identify.

Scared people appear in various forms, and they are maybe the most common. People who act bitchy or aggressive with an "attack is the best defense" mentality are an unfortunately common breed. Shy people who prefer to run from their fear rather than bare their teeth are significantly more tolerable, but still not great company. On the flipside, scared people who react to their fear with an obsessive need to always be friendly and avoid offending or upsetting anyone can be some of the loveliest people around.

Happy people are so rare you don't even need to know about them.
…okay, I'm kidding, but not by a lot. Truly happy people are not a common sight. They're nice to be around if you do find one, but a person who appears happy is more likely to be:

The "I just don't care" -person. Tired of being scared, this person has decided to throw in the towel and just "be like, whatever". Worrying mostly only about immediate concerns, this person gives little thought to future plans or long-term constructive pursuits. An instant gratification & reality-TV type of person. Not somebody who would be likely to read this blog.

The second question I try to answer is:

"How did this person's default emotional state come to be what it is?"

The person's present comes from their past, and the events in their past that created their default emotional state are what they consider the "important" events and circumstances that "made them who they are". It's "their story", so to speak. Given even a little bit of information that leaks out in casual conversation, you can often make some good guesses at what the person's story is. A lot of people won't talk too much about where they're coming from, but will eagerly share their thoughts on where they think they're going – and that's often enough to take a pretty good guess at where they've been. People are usually running away from something, so whatever they want is probably the opposite of what they've had.

Once you have a decent idea of a person's default emotional state and what kind of experiences they're used to having, you can rebuild a surprisingly accurate representation of their thoughts and ideas using a simple simulation:

Take any topic, let's say Topic X. Recall the kind of thoughts you have about it. Recall the events and circumstances that caused you to form those thoughts. Then, put yourself in the other person's position, in an objective sense – imagine yourself with their body, their circumstances, and so forth. Then, put yourself in their position emotionally – imagine yourself in that person's default emotional state, and imagine that you always feel that way, by default, unless you're in a special situation of some kind. Then, imagine yourself having your thought-forming experiences as that person – physically and emotionally. It will help if you can recall a time in your own life when your situation was, physically or emotionally, similar to the situation of that person.

Doing this will let you see things in a different light from how you usually see them, and chances are that what you'll see is quite close to how the other person sees things. Drop a casual hint in conversation, and people will usually be eager to jump on anything you say that they strongly agree with, and use it as a shared bonding experience. If that doesn't happen,take that as a sign that you need to fix your simulation.

Something you'll discover doing this is that people are a lot less individual than they think they are. People are different, but people are mostly the same. Even where two people differ, each of them is mostly the same as a large amount of other people. Just like every unique snowflake is pretty much the same as all the other snowflakes.

Who's Really Oppressed Around Here?

October 23 2011

Like most of us, you probably think you are a responsible person, capable of making your own decisions. You probably think it's wrong for someone else to have the power to tell you what to do. But you probably also thought that when you were 16. And when you were 12. And when you were 8.

I certainly did. It pissed me off more than anything that I, through no apparent fault of my own, had been unfairly assigned to an underclass of people called "children", whose cruel fate it was to always be subjugated to the wishes of our master class, the "adults". At home, at school, anywhere you went, there was no escaping the oppression – always, an adult or several would be there, ordering you to do this and forbidding you to do that, infringing upon your natural human rights of independence and freedom. And all just because they were bigger and therefore able to push you around.

And to add insult to injury, most of them would treat you like some sort of inhuman pet – good enough to serve as a source of entertainment or to run and fetch an item, but never to be taken seriously or respected as an equal.

What the hell was wrong with these people? How could they be so heartless? What kind of cruel joke of a universe would be so mean-spirited as to give so tyrannical a group such totalitarian power over my group?

Unfathomably far away, several lifetimes in the future from my point of view, loomed a dim light at the end of the tunnel – the prospect of one day turning 18 and being released from the oppressed underclass of "children". It was so unfair.

I was a pretty smart kid and understood a lot of fairly complicated things, but there was no way you could have explained to me that my subservient position in relation to "adults" was anything but a grievous human rights violation. Sure, maybe I wasn't as smart and didn't know as much as an "adult", but as far as I was concerned that was no excuse to deprive me of the right to determine the course of my own life. There were lots of dumb adults, some of them certainly dumber than me, but no one was telling them what to do. The rules were obviously completely arbitrary. As a matter of principle, either everyone should take orders from the smartest person on Earth, or nobody should take orders from anyone. I wasn't granted any sort of power over younger children even if I was at least as much their intellectual superior as adults were mine. The way people were divided into these boss and subservient classes was arbitrary, unfair, and just plain mean. It was oppression, pure and simple.

People are used to thinking that the reason for this arrangement is that adults "know what's best" for children better than the children do themselves – and that makes it sound like the children are somehow voluntarily accepting adult rule in recognition of its greater wisdom. But that's far from reality. Although adults usually do indeed know better, that's the justification, not the cause. The cause is violence, pure and simple. Without the overwhelming power adults have to physically impose their will on children despite the children's objections, this arrangement would not be possible. As a child, when I asked my father why 18 had, seemingly out of the blue, been chosen as the magical age of adulthood, he told me that it was because 18-year-olds could generally be expected to already know enough to conduct themselves responsibly.

I doubt that's true, though. I think it far more likely that it has much more to do with the fact that 18-year-olds can generally be expected to already be strong enough to fight back.

Civilization – Whose Stupid Idea Was That Anyway?

October 25 2011

Here's what you probably know:
For 100,000 years or more, human beings lived in nomadic tribes as hunter-gatherers, picking fruit and spearing buffalo… that kind of thing. Then, about 10 or 20,000 years ago, somebody came upon the idea of growing food artificially in fields – agriculture – and now people could grow enough food in one place to be able to settle down indefinitely, no longer having to pick up and move whenever the buffalo started to grow scarce in a certain area.

And this, supposedly, was super duper awesome because it made civilization possible, as permanent villages and ever bigger towns could grow in the middle of the new farmlands, enabling commerce and the concentration of innovation, advancing the state of technology and culture higher and higher to eventually bring you the Big Mac and limitless internet porn.

But…

That's not why the hunter-gatherers became farmers.

They weren't thinking "hey, wouldn't it be cool if ten thousand years after our grandchildren are dead, people could have Big Macs and internets? Let's make it happen!". The common conception of history makes it sound almost like those people **wanted** civilization – something they had never seen and surely couldn't even begin to imagine – and set to work building it for future generations. That's ridiculous, of course, as smart people will point out and, with condescending patience, explain that hunter-gatherers started to farm for their own benefit, because farming is an easier way of producing food than hunting and gathering.

…except that it isn't.

For every calorie of energy spent doing it, hunting and gathering produces 5 calories of food. Farming only produces 2 calories for every calorie you expend on it. That is to say, farming is **4 times as hard** as hunting and gathering.

(For those of you who think 4 times 2 isn't 5: you have to remember that we're counting the surplus. To produce a surplus of 4 calories, you need to hunt and gather with 1 calorie – you get 5 calories of food, and you spent 1 hunting and gathering, so you have a surplus of 4. To farm a surplus of 4 calories, you need to spend 4 calories farming, which gives you 8 calories in total, and subtracting the 4 you spent, that's a surplus of 4. Q.E.D., farming is 4 times as hard as hunting and gathering.)

So… what kind of assface decided that we should produce all our food by farming? It doesn't seem to make a whole lot of sense.

Why would you want to plow and plant and harvest when you could just go out and spear a buffalo instead? You wouldn't.

It wasn't that ancient man created farming, and saw that it was good, and decided to prefer it over hunting and gathering. It was the other way around… that people multiplied too fast, crowded the land and killed all the buffalo until there was nothing left, created farming out of dire necessity, saw that it sucked but was the only way to extract enough sustenance from too small an area of land, and cursed the gods for their misery but did it anyway. And continued to multiply…

People talk about overpopulation now like it's a 21st century problem. The fact is, this planet's been overpopulated for 10,000 years. The more people there are, the harder it gets for those people to eat. Overpopulation isn't like "the planet can support X people, and if there are more people than that, they'll starve." Overpopulation is a sliding scale of misery, where X people can live comfortably, 2X people can still live but they have to work harder for it, 4X people can survive in a rather more

miserable state with the ever fewer good things in life coming at an ever higher price… I don't know if you've ever considered how hard life would have to be for you personally to decide it's not really worth living any more, but think about it when you get a chance.

Civilized people like to think life is better now than ever before, but maybe they've got it the wrong way around. Maybe life is worse now than it's ever been. It's hard to compare when you haven't lived through 10,000 years of change, but there's one thing we know for certain:

None of the ancient civilizations are here anymore. The Aztecs and all those guys whose abandoned cities archeologists find all over the world… they all went away somewhere, disappeared into the wind almost. History books like to say the old civilizations "decayed" or "fell apart" or something like that, they like to say the ancient ruins of cities tourists snap pictures of today "were destroyed", like it sort of happened by itself almost – but the question of who destroyed them is usually glossed over.

We like to think our civilization is special somehow, that it's "progress", some sort of one-way street that can only lead to further advancement and higher forms of civilization… but history doesn't support that hypothesis.

The common characteristic of all historical civilizations is that at some point, they stopped existing. Why? People throw around theories like "maybe there was a huge catastrophe" or "maybe barbarian hordes attacked and wiped them out", but…

…could be it wasn't an accident at all. We can never know for sure, but it seems to me a much more likely option that all the ancient civilizations vanished into the wind because they knew something that our civilization has forgotten… *(to be continued)*

The World That Was Built On Sex

October 26 2011

The people of ancient civilizations knew that theirs wasn't the only (or perhaps even the best) way to live. Fledgling civilizations were surrounded on all sides by people living the old, tribal way – hunting and gathering their food, living out their lives in a day-to-day manner and not building pyramids to vengeful sun gods.

Compared to the life of a farmer or pyramid-builder on the lower rungs of a civilization's hierarchy, that could certainly have an appeal.

While crowding of certain geographical areas necessitated the hard work of farming in order to extract enough food from the land, it also planted the seeds of its own destruction – the more crowded it got, the harder one had to work to survive, and the more tempting it became to wander off into the unknown in search of greener pastures.

Knowing that one could take off into the wild, provide a comfortable life for oneself there and serve no king, who would voluntarily choose a life of hard work and servitude for little if any reward? It almost seems a minor miracle that the ancient civilizations ever came to be at all.

The powers of tradition, fear of change and of the unknown, and of religious mind control demanding obedience could not keep a civilization's grunt laborers in line forever – with the alluring prospect of a nicer and easier life waiting in the jungle, the existence of civilization was always in a precarious balance, and if and when its hold on the minds of its people finally slipped for a moment, a civilizational breakdown could get going that became impossible to stop.

People would abandon their cities and go back to the old tribal ways as soon as they realized that they could. They felt no burning need to keep civilization going at all costs.

Not like we do.

Our civilization – which is in its current form, for the intents and purposes that matter, a global one based on the religion of consumerism as preached by the Church of Hollywood and Madison Ave. – is rather unique in its insistence that civilization must go on at any cost. Not many of today's consumers would volunteer to go back to living in nomadic hunter-gatherer tribes (even if it were possible for six billion people to do that, which it isn't). We are today so far removed from that life that it seems impossible to us. We need our TV and microwave meals and cell phones too much to picture ourselves being happy without them.

And that's not the only thing that's changed…

A prerequisite of civilization is that young men must be somehow motivated to do more work than is the bare minimum needed to survive. It's easy to forget in the age of office work and factory production that building a civilization with stone age technology, farming the food and constructing the stone cities tourists can still gawk at today, is hard physical work. Too hard for most people.

Neither children nor the elderly can do it. Nor can women, especially when saddled with children. Only young men have the surplus capacity for labor necessary to do something extra in addition to providing for their own survival. It is the labor of young men that keeps the women, children and old men alive in a hunter-gatherer tribe, and it is the surplus labor of young men that is required in order to build a civilization.

Those young men need some sort of motivation, and the best motivation is the one thing young men care more about than anything else.

Sex.

Without marriage, the age of global civilization would perhaps never have come. In a tribe, sexual

opportunities are not great. The high-status guys would get almost all the action. According to genetic studies, only 40% of tribal men would ever reproduce. In an age completely devoid of contraception, it's fair to say that means the other 60% were having pretty much no sex at all.

That deserves repeating: in a tribe, the average man would not be having sex at all.

Celibacy was the norm. Many early civilizations would not change this – the god-king at the top would have huge harems, the ruling classes under him would get some chicks as well, but the grunt workers would remain just as celibate as they had been in tribal times.

A civilization with universal marriage, however, could offer a young man something he might easily consider worth all the hard work he was able to do – a wife of his very own. Now that was something the masses of young men would work for.

Marriage is the tool by which labor can be extracted from young men, and those civilizations which could promise a young man a wife of his own would have the opportunity to grow, gain ground and people from the tribal way of life, and eventually combine into the worldwide McDonald's-civilization of today.

Marriage is at its core an incentive program – and the incentive is sex. You work hard, you earn what you need to be seen as a "respectable" enough man to marry, and you get it.

But it's been a long time since the stone age, and some ideas that perhaps should not have been forgotten have been lost.

We've gotten used to the idea that civilization is the right way to live and that tribal living is not cool… and lately, we're getting more and more used to the idea that sex is available for free, without marriage and without all that hard work. You don't need to be "respectable" to get laid any more.

And therein lies the seed of what could be the undoing of our civilization.

Knowing that one could work just a little bit at some low-level unskilled job, earn just enough to eat, and spend one's free time enjoying the sexual buffet that is the 21st century Western city, who would voluntarily choose a life of hard work and marriage for relatively little reward? It almost seems a minor miracle that our civilization keeps going at all.

That miracle is dependent on our keeping a quickly spreading secret…
(to be continued)

The Creepin' Danger

October 27 2011

The upkeep of civilization and all its customary accoutrements relies chiefly on the male drive to accomplishment – that is, the sex drive. In plain English, men work hard for sex. When they can get sex easily, they don't work hard.

Some will say that the drive to accomplish things is innate in a man and separate from the drive to have sex, but they miss the deeper connection – the connection is that the actual having of the sex destroys the drive to accomplishment. One moment you may feel motivated as fuck to do all manner of great things, but insert your penis in a beautiful girl and within minutes you won't feel at all like even getting out of bed anymore. There is nothing more demotivating to a man than satisfaction of the sexual instinct.

It's only when time passes and your sexual urges reignite that the passion for work and great achievements can come back also.

Now, what's going to happen in a society where the path to sex is always quick, easy and devoid of any societally constructive work? If you answered "societally constructive work is not going to get done", you get an A. The main thing keeping civilized society going at present is the portion of men from whom the path to sex is not so easy.

And those men are laboring under false pretenses…

Civilization can only keep going in its current way as long as the path to easy sex is kept secret from them. The poor unfortunate laboring fools who pay the bills for everyone else's dalliances.

"Game", as it's called, the art and science of pushing a woman's attraction buttons just right to make her open up her [hilariously clever metaphor] to your [even more brilliant metaphor] is not, as some of its verbally gifted adherents sometimes like to imply, the "easy path" to sex. Game is a difficult skill to master and its rewards are correspondingly spectacular, but it shall quite probably remain forever outside the reach of some 95% of men, who simply lack the required intellectual capacity and the calm tenacity to hone their skills to a fine point.

This distinction is always lost on some, and the occasional blogospheric dramafest is an inevitable result. (Yes, I am talking about the recent Paul Elam / Roissy / MRA / PUA debacle. In fact, now that I think about it, I've got half a mind to get in on the upcoming debate over the utility of Game, if the participants feel like they can take it. You guys know where to find me.)

If the path to easy sex were restricted to a mere 5% of the male population, there would be enough laborers left to keep things rolling along smoothly – but, this is not the way of things. Game is not the path to easy sex. Game is the path to *high-quality* sex, and *high-quality* female interaction in general. The path to easy sex is called *"creepin"*" – or at least that's what they call it on Jersey Shore, my favorite nature show about animals in the wild.

"Creepin'" is the poor man's Game (or should I say, the intellectually lazy man's game). A fresh t-shirt, a gallon of hair gel, a couple gallons of alcohol and an inexhaustible fountain of pent-up sexual energy to grind up against enough club sluts to strike a hole-in-one is all it takes. You don't have to read books. You don't have to study psychological concepts like self-esteem and validation. You don't have to understand women. What you do have to do is get'm drunk and press up against them, and keep doing that to enough of them until one bites. And that – unlike reading books – is something the 95% of men can do.

The easy path to sex is the path of the man who, a couple generations ago, would have been a

shipyard welder or a power plant coal-shoveler with a nice wife and a shiny picket fence, but who today is in college where he doesn't belong studying something he's not interested in and the curriculum for which has been dumbed down enough to let him get a degree even though he cares nothing for learning it, living on debt and dedicating his life to creepin' on the college girls who are studying to save the whales and do makeup artistry on the side.

That's the man who today is not doing the grunt work of civilization-building, and the real risk to the hard-working young male base is not that the welder types are going to pick up a pile of books and learn sophisticated game, but that they'll say "fuck it" to preparing for the possibility of a career and decide to major in creepin' instead. The risk of societal crumble lies not with the Casanovas but the Stiflers of the world.

How To Lose Your Platinum Slut Status

October 29 2011

Oh, no! You slept with seventeen dudes – you didn't mean to, it *just happened* – and now people think you're a slut! But you're not! Deep inside your heart in that place where your womanly nature-goddess power comes from, you just *know* you're not *really* a slut, so what's a girl to do to fix her reputation?

No worries, girl, I'll explain to you what you need to know:

See, sluttiness is a lot like an airline loyalty program…

The more destinations you visit, the more your slut status grows. At first, you may think no one notices that the miles are adding up, but don't be fooled – once you've passed 50,000 miles of cock, you reach Gold status, and on your subsequent journeys you will be treated according to the status you have earned:

Your fellow passengers will be informed by those in the know that we have a Gold-level slut traveling with us today, and each new man you're introduced to will already be aware of your special status – and rest assured, you will get the appropriate treatment.

You will always be shuffled into the express check-in lane, going right past the dinner dates and flower-buying and straight into the bedroom with no waiting, and at the end of that day's miles, you will also be granted the privilege of a quick exit while other girls might have to wait to deplane.

If you reach the milestone of 100,000 miles, you will be treated like a world-class consumer of cock wherever you go. You will be offered service anywhere anytime, and you will be given phone numbers to call 24/7 for immediate assistance.

If these slut status privileges do not appeal to you, then you probably shouldn't have collected all those miles, but there is still something you can do to lower your status:

Stop collecting miles.

Like airline status, your slutty reputation deprecates over time if it's not being replenished with new

miles of cock – your Executive Platinum status carries over to the year after you've collected 100,000 miles, but if you don't add a similar number of miles that year, you will be bumped down to Gold status for the following year… and Silver after that. In a few years after you've stopped slutting it up, you'll be just a regular consumer again who will hardly ever get shown to the express lane.

After getting used to all the extra attention you've been receiving with the Platinum card, it may not be easy to give up, but if you ever want to get out of the express lane, that is a sacrifice you must be willing to make.

Could Video Games Save The World?

November 1 2011

Some people say virtual reality can never replace real human contact. That would be a lot more convincing if our species wasn't quite so excited about telling jokes to our Iphones.

It seems that anywhere you turn these days, the future for humanity looks bad. Some worry that the global economy will collapse and leave us all fighting for scraps in a post-industrial wasteland – others worry that it won't collapse, and will poison us all to death with ever-increasing pollution. Some fear a police state, others fear anarchy. Men lament the disappearing femininity of women, women lament that men are abandoning them for video games.

…but in these times when the only thing everyone seems to be able to agree on is that the future looks very bad from all possible angles, maybe video games are the only thing that can save us.

What's driving the world towards disaster isn't that people can't survive – the world isn't quite that overpopulated yet – it's that a lot of people aren't satisfied with that, and they want more. Bigger houses, flashier cars, money cash hoes, etc.. All the things that they think make life worth living. It's those things that are depleting the planet's natural resources, poisoning its air and water, and driving bankers to manipulate the markets into recession in an effort to fleece extra millions for themselves.

The conflicts of the world are essentially conflicts for "entertainment" – if we apply that word loosely enough to include sports cars, adventure travel and sex with hot girls.

And we should, because video games compete with these things. Not very well, yet – but they do, and they are gaining ground year by year as the technology develops. Today's video games can't yet compete with the privileged life of a successful or lucky individual, but they can and do increasingly compete with the boring life of an average one. And they compete with environmental destruction as well.

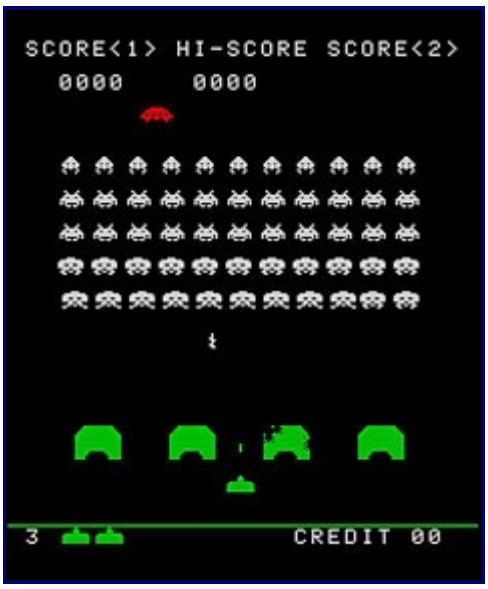
A video game is very easy on the environment. An entire evening of sitting at home playing a video game is provided for with nothing but a minimal amount of electricity. Compare this to the resources required for going out on the town for the evening:

- Petrol for your car, or for the bus or train or whatever.
- Shiny new clothes which you wouldn't need to buy if you spent your evenings at home.
- The bars and clubs which all need resources and labor in order to entertain the people who aren't sitting at home playing video games.

While it may carry something of a loser stigma, one thing we can credit to video gaming is that it's very environmentally conscious. That's not why people do it of course, they do it because they find it interesting.

And looking forward, it's only going to become a lot more interesting, and fast. If you look at the development of video games in the past, you can clearly see a trend…

1978: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In 20 more years, it'll be a wonder if anything in the real world can compete with the newest virtual experience – it'll be twice the wonder if anything available to the average person can. What kind of existential crisis will humanity face when it realizes that the most obviously meaningless things in the world have become the things people care about the most?

Today, the life people want looks like this:

or this:

But soon, it may well look a lot more like this:

Perpetually plugged into a virtual world where

nothing ever goes wrong, where you get to be the hero and do flying kicks on the roofs of skyscrapers, where you always get the beautiful girl and she never falsely accuses you of rape or forces you to meet her mother… given that choice, would you really want to live in grim, boring reality? Would other people? How many?

Even if you missed your real family and your real friends, would you bother walking your flesh and blood body through the boring non-technicolor streets to meet them at a dull old bar where nothing ever happens, or would you rather join them in Hogwarts and share a magical adventure to save the world from the evil lord Voldemort?

I'll take an educated guess that the more virtual reality develops and starts to seem a superior option to actual reality, the less things like houses and cars and Gucci purses will come to matter. If there's anything that can save the planet from death by pollution, it's not the prospect of people voluntarily deciding to cut down on their pleasures and live frugally in order to conserve resources – it's going to be the fact that they've got better things to do than squander resources. Things like plugging into the Playstation 3000 to enjoy a foursome with their favorite actresses and half-alien Star Trek characters.

It's very conceivable indeed that the physical planet Earth could become an abandoned waste land, with the only recognizable signs of human settlement being massive warehousing complexes containing rows and rows of people in storage tanks with wires hooked up to their brains, and whatever automated farms are required to supply the intravenous nutrient tubes. And really, considering all the other possible future scenarios people are throwing around, I'm not even sure that's a bad thing.

I Want The Finer Things In My Life, So I Hustle

November 2 2011

"I want the finer things in my life, so I hustle"
-50 Cent, "Hustler's Ambition"

I mentioned a few days back that I might have a couple of choice words to put out on the topic of Paul Elam's recent attack on Game, which comes down to basically this (direct quote):

MRA: Man, you don't need to do all that work to get laid.

PUA: But hell man, I get PUSSY!

MRA: I heard you. I am just saying that all the work isn't worth it.

PUA: What do you mean, not worth it? Man, I get PUSSY!

MRA: Well, yeah, sure, but what I meant to say was that you don't need to do all that chasing.

PUA: The more I chase, the more PUSSY I get!

MRA: Don't you think a one track mind on sex can be dangerous? I mean, given the times?

PUA: Man, you're never going to get any PUSSY talking like that!

I got some reader email asking about that, and here those choice words are:

While Elam is technically correct in saying that complex game is not required to enable a man to get sex, the cause of the whole brouhaha here is his failure to understand that that's not what it's primarily about. What Elam is saying is similar to saying "martial arts are stupid, all you need to know about fighting is hit first and hit hard". The question of quality escapes him.

The real knee-slapping irony of it is that if Elam's tribe of adherents took all the time they spend complaining about the low quality and unpleasant demeanor of modern women and invested it in learning game, they would have a lot less to complain about – but no, instead they have to vilify and ridicule the one thing that could actually solve the problem they're complaining about.

I've said before that if "getting pussy" is all you care about, then there is no better way to do it than get drunk at a club and creep on some bitches – going into PUA or Game is a waste of time and effort if that's what you want. Elam is quite correct about that. But just because water boils quicker in a microwave doesn't mean you get to laugh at people who cook on the stove.

Pussy is not that special. Most people have one, and a lot of them are excessively cheap to rent. That's not what game is about. Game is for men who want more than microwave pizza. Game is for the man of discerning tastes, the man who wants not just to satisfy his body's immediate craving, but to enjoy something special, something better than what can be made in a microwave.

Elam's MRA gang has a point in saying that the modern woman is generally not much to be had – fat, obnoxious and full of herself, the best she can often do is pretend to like a man long enough to get her hands on a divorce settlement or child support check. What they fail to see is that that is exactly why game is so important. To hunt for the rare delightful girls in a sea of bitches and to have

a shot at catching them, it's not enough to just get drunk and grind up on some club hoes. To drill into the deep recesses of a woman's mind and unleash her inborn sweet, submissive feminine nature from the shackles our twisted feminist culture uses to suppress it, and to disarm the traps of bitchiness and entitlement planted in every habit she's learned for interacting with people… to do that, it is not enough to just take a shower and put on a sharply pressed suit.

Yes, game is demanding. It takes time. It requires effort. But for a man who sees differences between women and the quality of their company, and who sees the difference between the quality of a woman under the influence of game and that same woman in her default state of entitled bitchiness, it is worth it.

It's not always easy, but if you want the finer things in your life, you've got to hustle.

You Are Me

November 4 2011

There's one way to really know people, and that is to know that they are the same as you.

Yes, we're different people in the sense that you can't get on a plane with my passport, but this thing we call "personality" that's supposed to separate us from one another is… well, it's somewhat fictional. If you start asking questions, you're going to have a hard time quantifying exactly what makes up your unique self.

After all, you're not the same person all the time.

You're different with your mother than you are with your friends. You even behave differently in the company of one friend than you do with another, and in a third and completely separate way when you are with both of them. You are the man of a thousand faces, putting on a special charade tailored specifically to each type of situation you find yourself in.

How do I know that about you? Because you're the same as me, and I do that. Everyone does that. It doesn't even have to be a conscious thing – people who are insecure about themselves (that is, 99% of people) do it consciously, trying to put on the front they want the people around them to see, but even from those who don't care about such things, different behaviors come out in different circumstances.

When you're at work, you behave in a way that facilitates your job. If you're a doctor, you're not going to be wildly flailing about and making jokes about embarrassing things that have happened to you. If you're a comedian, you are going to do exactly that. You choose the behavior that best suits the situation you're in and the results you're trying to get.

This is what everyone does all the time, and people think it's something intrinsic in a person, "personality", some self-directing force that just makes people behave in a characteristic way. "Oh, he's just a funny guy – he makes jokes about everything." No, he's not. He's by no means naturally any funnier than you, but he's developed a habit of reacting to things with humor. It's his go-to solution. That old saying "when all you have is a hammer, every problem looks like a nail" explains more about personality than a stack of psychology books. If that guy joined the Marines and went to boot camp where the drill sergeant slaps him in the face every time he goofs off or makes a joke, his "personality" would flip like a light switch. He'd come home for the weekend and his old buddies would think he'd been brainwashed or something.

"Dude, what happened to you out there… it's like you went to war for five years or something, but you've only been gone a few weeks! You used to be so funny and happy all the time, now you act like your house collapsed and killed your whole family and crushed your Playstation too. You're like a different person! It's so creepy!"

But if you're that guy who went to boot camp, you can barely believe how silly your friends are being. Like you really "changed" in any significant way… hah. You're still totally the same person, you just stopped making jokes because it got you in trouble with the drill sergeant. Yeah, maybe you used to joke a lot, it might've been a pretty strong habit with you, but it's not like *that* was what made you *you*.

But to other people, it was. That's who you were, "the funny guy". They thought that was like an intrinsic property of your being – stone is hard, water is wet, you are funny. Like that. How silly of them! You know better – you were just in the habit of making jokes about everything because that was a good way for you to get along with people. Now it's not, because jokes aren't appreciated at boot camp. You are whoever the situation requires you to be.

And yet, there's this other guy at boot camp… he stole the drill sergeant's donut one time, and got

away with it too – and then he marched back and forth between the bunks after lights out, munching on it, and he imitated the drill sergeant's Texas accent and barked orders so that donut crumbs flew all the way across to the next row of bunks. That was hilarious, oh man – that guy… *he's really a funny guy.*

Except, of course, he's not. He's just like you. We're all the same. At a glance, we seem to behave in a variety of ways, but if you look closely enough, you can't find any real "personality" differences between people – they melt away upon inspection. You are me. If we both go to boot camp and stay there long enough, we're going to come out as the same person – as far as the casual civilian observer is concerned, anyway.

If you're reading this website, you're probably also like me in the sense that you ask questions, you look for explanations, you try to figure things out and you think about stuff a lot… maybe "too much", at least according to some people. The people who just go about their lives and don't worry about making sense of things. The "blue pill" people. The people who aren't like you and me.

…but they are. They're exactly the same. Just as you are me, those people are just as much the same as both you and me, and their behavior is not caused by a "fundamental difference in personality" or anything like that. This, if anything, seems like it would be the kind of thing that came from some deep recess of individuality inside a person – like, either you have the *intrinsic thirst for knowledge* or you don't – you could do all kinds of grandstanding, say that "there are two kinds of people in this world…" and so forth, but no. There's one kind of people. We're hardly more different than a cow grazing in a field and the cow next to it.

You're never going to understand a "blue pill" person – or *any* person – starting from the assumption that they're different from you. Starting from the assumption that they *are* you, in every sense that matters personality-wise, you can – and suddenly, the explanation for the seemingly impossible and reason-defying fact that they don't feel the need to look deeper into things becomes so simple it seems utterly silly to ever have thought of those people as "different" at all…

[to be continued]

The Most Overused Metaphor Ever

November 5 2011

Yep, you know what I'm talking about:

This red pill blue pill thing seems to be popping up everywhere these days, and maybe that's due to a lack of selection in metaphors describing what it's used to connote: the first step of discovery that puts one on a path leading deeper and deeper into an alternate reality.

When people talk about "taking the red pill", it's usually implied that you can't go back – once you've discovered the first loose thread, you feel irresistibly compelled to pull on it until the entire fabric unravels.

But not everyone is. Some people are content to just let a loose end hang, to accept discrepancies and not ask questions, not to try to make sense of everything. To "take the blue pill".

Once you've become a "red pill" person, it's tempting to start viewing "blue pill" people as different, simpler even… but we were all once blue pill people, and given the right circumstances, we all have the capacity to go back to being such.

Everyone starts life on a steady blue pill diet – as children, we don't understand much of what goes on around us. It's all magic as far as we're concerned. To ask questions about everything would be impossible – children are famous for making a valiant attempt at asking about everything, but it's not enough. It takes years and years to figure out how even the basic everyday things work, and even then, most of the mysteries around us simply fade into the background, displaced by the routines that fill adult life.

On occasion, we might feel curious to find out more about something, and the results of the attempts we make shape our future behavior: our experience teaches us either that looking into things produces useful knowledge, or that each answer only contains more questions and to ask them is to plunge oneself into a sea of confusion.

People don't like to have their idea of reality fucked with. No one likes that, not "red pill" people and not "blue pill" people. What separates the two in the eye of the observer is simply how large the gap is between what's familiar and what's being offered. People are scared of the unknown, but also excited by it – the difference is a fine line.

Whether someone accepts the "red pill" being offered – whether it's about Game or Buddhism or

government conspiracies – is largely dependent on how far from their familiar reality it would take them. A little bit is exciting, but too far is scary. People aren't ready to accept things that would turn their entire world upside down, but they are willing to dip their toe in the pool if they can still stand firmly and safely on familiar ground while doing it.

It's not like some people just have an attitude of "see no evil, hear no evil" and are impossible to introduce to new ideas. They simply need something to bridge the gap, an intermediate idea that's close enough to their familiar reality that accepting it doesn't seem too scary.

That's why building a new worldview takes time. It takes a while to emotionally adjust to each new step, you can't rush through them all and still stay mentally stable. It's taken me years to adjust to the variety of ideas I've written about on this blog. As you read them, and as you read other ideas from elsewhere, some may seem acceptable to you and others may seem unacceptable, scary even – but realize that scariness is relative. An idea that seems too depressing or confusing now may in a while start to seem valuable and OK to live with.

Taking a "red pill" of knowledge is a finicky business, because you often don't know where the path will lead. You start off with one thing, and you have some sort of fuzzy idea of where you'll want to end up when you're done with it, but often you end up in a very different place than you thought. As new ideas bridge the gap between your familiar reality and a different one, you'll find yourself ending up much closer to positions you might never have thought you'd take.

If you're reading this blog, you're most likely on a path that involves discovering that society runs mostly on lies and stupidity, and trying to figure out what's beneath the glossed veneer of people's day to day doings… maybe you've been on this path as long as I have, but if you haven't, I think it's prudent that I should tell you a bit about where it's likely to take you – about where I've ended up as well…

[to be continued]

PS. I keep getting these emails now and then from people who don't like that I keep changing how the site looks - (I'm sure that for each reader who doesn't like frequent changes, there's someone else who enjoys the variety, but…) to borrow from one such email it apparently "makes me look like a hyperactive child playing with Legos" and makes me "impossible to take seriously". If you identify with these sentiments, I'm sorry for your suffering, but it's no use writing me to stop making new layouts. It's like a hobby for me and I quite enjoy it. In a sense, I am *playing with Legos – I think that's a pretty apt characterization, actually. But, if the fact that I enjoy designing new website layouts in my spare time makes me a person not to be taken seriously, then I suppose there isn't much I can do about that… because, I must confess, I do enjoy it. I also enjoy watching high school movies from the 1980s, and if you're going to hold anything against me, I really think it should be that.*

Iceland Bangs Roosh, Changes Mind After

November 6 2011

We interrupt your regularly scheduled programming to take a look at a rather funny current event.

If you're not familiar with Roosh, let me fill you in:

Boy meets girl. Boy uses PUA/game skills to have sex with girl as soon as possible. Boy gets bored in a few weeks when the novelty of the sex wears off, finds new girl. Rinse and repeat for ten years.

Meanwhile, also…

Boy writes a blog about aforementioned activities. Boy gets bored with socially acceptable science job and moves to third world, bangs loads more girls. Boy writes Game book about how to bang girls with minimal investment of time and effort. Boy writes a couple more books about his travels around poor countries that have nicer girls than the USA. Boy bangs more girls, writes more blog, writes another book about how to bang girls under different conditions. Rinse, repeat…

A dedicated experimental scientist in the field of Game, he travels around the world banging girls, writing (occasionally country-specific) guides on the topic of banging girls, and discovering unconventional ways of carrying shopping bags in the depths of rich foreign cultures.

Okay, so, where's the funny part?

Most recently, Roosh went to Iceland, banged a bunch of girls, and wrote and published a book on how to bang girls in Iceland. Pretty standard fare, right? Just another day at the office? Wrong. A small step for Roosh, a giant leap for Iceland…

Because Iceland isn't like a regular country. Iceland is more like a tribe. There are 300,000 people in Iceland – that's about as many as would hear your siren if you drove a police car one lap around New York's Central Park. It's not quite like everybody knows everybody, but everybody pretty much knows somebody who knows anybody else in Iceland.

Now, out of those 300,000 people, let's say about 10,000 are girls Roosh would bang – that seems

like a fair estimate to me. During his time there, I'm guessing he probably got his magic stick in at least 10 of them (or who knows, maybe several tens, I don't really know how long he was there). If he spent any time just doing quick approaches to research his Iceland book, he probably approached hundreds.

As we all know, hot girls of bangable age tend to hang out together in pretty small circles, and according to my math, probably several per cent of Iceland's hot girl population is now personally familiar with Roosh (some of them *very* familiar) – and as we all also know, gossip tends to get around among girls of bangable age, so it's no great miracle that Roosh should become something of a news item among the locals.

But that's not the best part.

The best part is Iceland's local quasi-celebrity white knights and newspapers (yes, newspapers!) crawling out of the woodwork to defend their country against Roosh's allegations of sluttiness. **It's like the whole country's got what PUAs refer to as "buyer's remorse"!**

Iceland slept with Roosh on the first date, and now that Roosh told his internet friends about it, Iceland is all like "*nooo, that never happened!*" I see countries act like children in a sandbox all the time, but I don't think I've *ever* seen one take on the role of a regretful slut before. Oh, man… you just can't make this shit up.

The most awe-inspiring part of Iceland's denial is that the math virtually guarantees that *nearly every Icelander personally knows someone who (at least knows someone who) slept with Roosh*, but we're not hearing a peep out of those girls! Some lifestyle coach dude or whoever that guy in the newspaper is (Google Translate seems to think he's some sort of local self-help writer) can deny it all he wants, but meanwhile that guy's cousin or colleague or high school classmate is hiding in embarrassment recalling how she took Roosh's meat injection for the cheap price of two vodka shots.

So funny… sometimes truth really is stranger than fiction. This whole sequence of events seems like its rightful place is in a South Park episode.

We'll return to yesterday's interrupted topic in the next post…

Places You Don't Know You're Going

November 7 2011

It starts out simple enough – with just one thing.

You lose faith in something. Maybe it's selfless love, maybe it's your favorite political party, maybe it's career status or the educational system or happily ever after. It doesn't matter what it is. The important thing is that you lose faith in some part of your life that you used to take for granted. Something that was part of your mental map of "this is how things work", along with things like gravity and the tendency of people to get mad when you insinuate that their mothers are indiscriminately promiscuous.

One day, you wake up and see right through one of these unquestioned rules that you used to think were unquestionable – you see that it was just a delusion, made up of nothing more than willingly manufactured belief, and you wonder how you could be so dumb as to never question until now.

And that shakes you up a bit, because… well, if *that* wasn't true, then what *else* isn't? You become a little more skeptical, you start looking a little closer at your other beliefs, and you discover more and more holes. At first, you're proud of yourself, like "yeah, *I* figured *this shit* out, and those other people have no idea! *I* know what's really going on and *they don't*!" But then you discover something else you've been stupid about… and again, you think that makes you awesome – *now* you know what's *really* going on! But then you find that another thing you thought was true is just a fairy tale…

It takes years to get to the point where you're ready to admit to yourself at all times that you're probably wrong about way more things than you are right about. It did for me anyway. The consolation prize is that by the time you get to that point, you're still right about things so much more than other people that they'll start to think you're always right.

But you look back at things you dismissed as stupid, which now start to make a lot of sense to you… and you wish you'd taken the opportunities to learn about them when they presented themselves.

So that's what I'm going to tell you about next: things I thought were stupid, things you might think are stupid too – but which I now find that I should maybe have given some credit to earlier so I could've saved myself a few years of banging my head against the wall.

The first thing is something I already touched upon: thinking you know things. There's a saying that goes something like "the fool thinks he knows everything but the wise man knows that he knows nothing". That saying doesn't get the appreciation it deserves because people like to think of themselves as smart and knowledgeable and in control of their lives, but they aren't.

Come on, look at your life honestly. What are you doing? What are any of us doing? You've seen those movies where some dude goes back in time to some primitive era and completely plays everyone's superstitions and becomes king of the world or something. Well, that's what our lives would be like if we were really on the ball, but we aren't. 99% of the time we're just fooling around with some superstitious nonsense and don't even know it. If you think about it, it's a wonder we manage to exercise any control over our lives at all.

Something you're going to run into eventually, if you haven't already, is that you'll stop being proud of how wise and knowledgeable you are. I know I liked to show off whatever smarts I had when I was younger, but now I can't take that kind of thing seriously anymore. It seems to me like… well, you know the feeling you get when you see a four-year-old showing off in front of a

two-year-old with some super impressive skill like opening a locked door with a key? That's what it's starting to feel like for me to show off.

…which is not to say I don't still do it sometimes, I'm not quite above enjoying the opportunity for a few admiring looks if there's a crowd and I'm in a jovial mood, but the voice in my head – you know the one, whenever you do something that impresses people, there's a little voice in your head too that says "Yeah, I'm awesome! I showed those guys!" – well, that voice gets immediately followed by another voice that goes "Whoopdy fucking doo, clap clap, aren't you proud this fella in diapers thinks you're the Door God. Why did you even do that, are you five years old? Dumbass. Should've just sat down and had a real conversation with somebody instead of swinging your dick like it meant something."

So that's one thing that changes. You might start off learning things in order to impress people, and end up feeling less and less impressive the more you learn. And the really ironic thing is, if you want people to listen to you, you still have to brag about how awesome you are twice as hard as anyone else – it doesn't matter if you know more than them, if you're not letting people know that. You can't go into a situation saying "well, I don't really know much about this…" because someone else who knows even less will be all ready to shout "I do!" and then you get to have things done the stupid way. That's the curse: you have to do the bragging and the showing off, and you have to feel like a silly five-year-old for doing it, and that's the only way people are going to listen to you over someone else who doesn't even know enough to know that he doesn't know enough.

But that's just small fry compared to the things you can really bang your head against the wall with – things you can spend years and years chasing just to eventually find that they really don't matter at all, and things you can spend just as long ignoring only to find those are the things you should have been concentrating on all along… [to be continued]

Your Heroes Are Second-Tier (1/2)

November 8 2011

This multi-part story is about one of the first "red pill" type realizations I had – and one of the rarest. In the whole collection of revelations scraped together by what pride themselves on being delusion-busting blogs, I don't think I've seen this one even once. It often seems to me reading said blogs that the guys who write them probably don't even know about it. I'd bet a lot that the overwhelming majority of my readers don't. So in hindsight, I probably should have written this a long time ago…

It's 2006 and Jonathan is the coolest guy in the world.

You're… how old in 2006?… and you've most likely never heard of Jonathan. You probably think the coolest guy in the world is someone like Brad Pitt or some pro athlete, or maybe it's Hugh Hefner or Ozzy Osbourne or Bill Gates, if you're into money and computers.

If you're a healthy and ambitious young man (which you quite possibly are in 2006, if you're reading this in 2011) you want to be someone like that, or preferably just a little bit cooler still, if it's even possible. Anyway, it's pretty obvious to you that it's not really humanly possible to be any cooler than those guys, so that's where you set your sights. You're going to be rich and famous and girls will flock to you, and you'll ride around in a private jet smoking cigars and congratulating yourself on reaching the very peak of human awesomeness potential.

Except that your aim is wrong.

Movie stars are cool, but they're not super cool. Being a movie star is definitely better than being File Clerk 15 at the DMV, but it's still probably more luck than skill. I mean, is Brad Pitt *really* that much better at acting than everyone else, and do they pay him millions per movie because his performance will actually enhance the movie's quality by that much, or because that means they get to print "Brad Pitt" on the movie posters and girls will remember him as "that hot guy from that other movie" and fork over their cash to see him? Aside from being *Brad Pitt (TM),* he's not really that much cooler than a regular cool dude who isn't famous.

Billionaires are cool too, but again, Bill Gates was probably at least as much lucky as good. He was good, sure, but he was also first to come up with a visually based operating system and find a way to put it on the market and package it with major manufacturers' hardware. There were probably lots of guys who could and would have done that if he hadn't been first, and it's not like he's that much more of a genius than all the other geniuses that he could start a new Microsoft and make another $50 billion off a new great idea every other year. He's pretty cool, that's a given, but his coolness is still within conceivable limits. He's not a superhero. If a particularly ill-tempered wizard magically switched him with a broke redneck farmer in Iowa, he probably couldn't become a billionaire again through his own efforts.

That's not to say you wouldn't kill to be these people or that they aren't cool – they're the coolest people who exist, as far as you know. And that, as far as you're concerned, means they're as cool as it's possible to get. You can be a genius or gifted with extraordinary sex appeal, but you still have to be lucky to make it to the top. That's what you're led to conclude when you look around at the people society admires – nobody's cool enough to be able to completely screw the rules and beat the odds consistently, to rise to the top without ever catching a lucky break. Even the best need that NBA scout to notice them or that optimistic venture capitalist to take a risk on their business. No man alive is awesome enough to become king of the world on his own merits alone.

But Jonathan is.

Jonathan doesn't need luck or favors or a chance meeting with a record executive at a local bar.

Jonathan makes his own luck, and he does it time and time again, starting from square one each time, each time beating the competition and taking the prize from under the noses of million-dollar companies. Jonathan is a whole different level of awesome than movie stars or billionaires, he's practically a superhero, and you don't even know he exists. A year earlier, I didn't either.

Jonathan is only 24 years old…

[to be continued...]

Your Heroes Are Second-Tier (2/2)

November 9 2011

Jonathan is only 24 years old. Jonathan makes 500 dollars a day, and he barely even works. Jonathan travels the world at his leisure. Jonathan has a special talent: Jonathan can sell ice to Eskimos – and he doesn't even need to be there to do it.

You know those online ads you keep running into that say "Make $2000 a week working from your home computer!" – that's what Jonathan does. No, not the ads. Jonathan does *the actual job that those ads are talking about*. That's right. You know how you always see those ads and think "God, who's stupid enough to actually fall for this scam?" Well, it's not a scam. That is to say… what the ad says is technically basically not a lie, but… it's like the NBA putting out an ad saying "Make seven figures annually throwing a ball around!" It's technically possible, but it kind of presupposes that you're better at it than everyone else.

Jonathan is better than everyone else.

What Jonathan does is that he looks for online retailers that are looking for people to advertise their products in exchange for a sales commission. These companies have people buying advertising space to promote their products for them all over the internet, and Jonathan makes a deal with the company to be one of those people. Then he looks for the places where other people are advertising that same product, and he clicks on the ad and reads the web pages that people are using to sell the product. Then Jonathan writes a *better* sales page that sells *more* copies of the product relative to the number of people who see the ad and makes a bigger profit for each ad than the other guys, and that allows Jonathan to *outbid the other guys for that same advertising space*, put them out of business and get all the money from that whole market for himself.

Then Jonathan leaves that web page on autopilot to make him money night and day while he does absolutely nothing except just let it sit there by itself, and goes looking for another product to sell.

Jonathan beats the best guys in the game for their ad space, he even beats *the companies that make the products* for theirs, and he does this consistently, starting from zero each time, with no established material advantage over anybody else in the business – he isn't lucky, he isn't first, he isn't the biggest company around and he doesn't have any personal connections to powerful people who'd pull strings in his favor – *he's just better.* Again and again.

It's 2006 when I find out about Jonathan and that's when I realize that the people I've admired up until now are second-tier heroes. There are people out there who are cooler than movie stars. People who don't need anything from anybody. People who make their own rules and laugh at everybody else's. People who know that even if it's better to be lucky than good, you'll probably only be lucky once, if that, but if you're really good, you can be really good every day of your life and that's worth even more.

That's when I know that I want to be one of those people. I want to make my own luck so failure is an impossibility. I want to be *that good – good enough that I don't need to be lucky.* That's my new dream. Fuck movies. Fuck billions. Fame's a fickle bitch and money is an anchor around the neck. I want to be like Jonathan.

…too awesome for the world to even know about. Too awesome for the public eye. Because imagine what would happen if the world found out about Jonathan? Brad Pitt gets stalked more than enough just for being in movies, but Brad Pitt isn't like Jonathan – Brad Pitt can't teach you to be the next Brad Pitt…

It's around this time that I find out about Game and the "pick-up artists". My first thought is **"OH MY GOD WHY ISN'T EVERYONE TALKING ABOUT THIS EVERY SECOND OF THE**

DAY?!?!?!?!?!" (given that it's 2006 or 7 and I'm a somewhat younger and significantly more normal man than today, the amount of exclamation points there probably isn't even enough.)

And then I realize – it's because people don't get it. They don't know. *They think it's a scam*. Smoke and mirrors and a money sink for gullible fools – just like with the "make $2000″ ads. They don't know. They haven't seen. *Oh my God, they don't know about Jonathan*. *People don't know you can do things that are too awesome to even want to be famous for, so they write anything they haven't seen on TV off as a scam.*

And that's what lets me believe in Game where others can't, to keep an open enough mind to see how deep the rabbit hole goes. To the casual observer, it seems like if Game worked like they say it does, the PUA gurus would be world celebrities already, but since almost no-one in the mainstream has heard of them, that must mean they can't deliver the goods. At a quick glance, that kind of reasoning makes sense to most people. But not to someone who's seen something like Jonathan. Not when you know that there's another perfectly sensible explanation for how Game can be every bit as powerful as the wildest sales letters claim and still remain virtually undiscovered by society at large – that there's even a perfectly valid reason for the people who are the *very best* at it to *keep it a secret*…

[to be continued...]

Too Cool For The Public Eye

November 10 2011

Let's simplify a bit and say that the price of fame is mainly determined by two factors:

1. how many people know about you
and
2. how much reason you give those people to get in touch with you.

The more either of these factors rises, the more likely you are to have to climb to a mountaintop in the Himalayas to get a moment's peace and quiet.

The people who are high on 1 are usually pretty low on 2 – movie stars, singers, etc. You might feel like spending an evening with them would be nice, but probably not much more so than spending an evening with that cute girl at the office whom you have a tendency to "accidentally" run into at the watercooler. Given the sheer number of people who know about an actor or singer, they're still bound to receive tons of mail and be stalked by photographers and a few desperately lovelorn fans.

The people who are high on 2, conversely, tend to be pretty low on 1. Case in point: the cute girl at the watercooler. Yes, *you* would want to read a tabloid interview with her about what she likes and dislikes and what kind of bad boys she falls for much more than you'd want to read an interview with a movie star, but there's just not enough people interested in her to make her worth interviewing.

What stops the really famous from becoming really sought-after is that they're usually not terribly useful people to know – they're probably famous for something like having their face beamed out of people's TVs in millions of homes across the country, or for being a failed Vice-Presidential candidate, or something that doesn't make them any better company than the watercooler girl.

What stops the really sought-after from becoming really famous is that their utility tends to be specific to a narrow audience – if you're a skateboarder you might easily be willing to run out on a date with the watercooler girl for a chance to skateboard with Tony Hawk, but most people aren't skateboarders and wouldn't give a shit if Tony Hawk invited them to join his entourage.

As such, even the people we consider famous and constantly hounded by press and fans aren't really hounded nearly as much as they could be… if they were *both* extremely well-known and extremely useful to meet.

If everyone in the world skateboarded and dreamed of one day becoming the world's greatest skateboarded, Tony Hawk would be something that we'd have to invent a whole new word for because "famous" wouldn't even cut it anymore. Elvis and Marilyn Monroe and Princess Diana would roll over in their graves and be like "oh, I thought I had it bad, but now I see that was nothing."

Or, for a more generally obvious example – imagine if Jesus suddenly descended from the heavens and landed on a farm in Nebraska wanting to lead a quiet life of farming and solitude. He's maybe only ten times more famous than Elvis, if that, measured by the number of people who know of him, but the number of people stampeding to Nebraska to see him would be thousands of times more than ever pounded on the gates of Graceland – because those people would think meeting Jesus to be much more useful than meeting Elvis.

Jesus would be the key to the main content of those people's lives – their religion – and whereas Elvis might also be the main content of some people's lives, for most people he's just a singer. The Religion of Elvis is small compared to the Religion of Jesus, but even that, honestly, is something of a backroom racket compared to the biggest games in town – the Religion of Money and the Religion of Sex. Those are the things most people really care about, and were someone to publicly

reveal himself as a prophet holding the keys to these things, there would be global pandemonium.

If Jacques the Pussy God descended from the heavens onto a farm in Nebraska, wanting to lead a quiet life but being unfortunately possessed of the divine power to make any man sexually irresistible for life by shaking his hand, men would flock to Nebraska with a force that would make Jesus' Nebraska look barely inhabited.

Similarly, if Tyler the Pickup Artist were revealed to be in possession of the power to make any man if not quite "irresistible", then at least significantly more able to seduce hotter women than before, just in three days of PUA bootcamp for the price of a couple thousand bucks… well, maybe it would ironically be in his own best interests that most people just scoff at the idea and write it off as a silly scam without even looking for evidence. Maybe that would be very good for him indeed.

Game Wars: Who's The Best?

November 11 2011

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the McMicroPepsiSoftDeltaAlliance Superdome for the 2020 Ultimate Game Showdown! If you bought the cheap seats in the 200th row, remember that you are required by the terms and conditions to enthusiastically shout advertising slogans every 5 minutes to earn your discounted admission price… but for now, please turn your attention to the main stage where a representative of the Federal Pickup Administration is about to use the time machine app on his iBrain 500 to take you back to 2011, to a time when scientifically minded rational men still disagreed on which style of Game is best…

Although there are as many variations on Game as there are players, one of the main lines dividing the Game community into two camps is that of "direct" vs. "indirect" game. It's really not a "line" as much as a sliding scale with all sorts of half-direct and sorta-kinda-roundabout games in between, but for the sake of comparison let's stick with a clear example from each end of the spectrum.

A clean direct game without too many bells and whistles is well exemplified by Krauser's style, which works something like this:

1. You stop a girl walking in the street and start talking to her.
2. You let her know in no uncertain terms that you find her attractive.
3. With equal confidence, you let her know that she finds you attractive too.
4. Krauser doesn't write too much about the mid-late part of his game, but I surmise it goes something like you pull out your fire hydrant and slap her face with it until she falls in love with you.
5. After you're done having sex with her, you let her know that your friends find her attractive too, and let them take it from there…

In stark contrast, Roosh is a good example of someone dealing in a diametrically opposed, indirect style of game that goes something like this:

1. You find a girl in a bookstore or coffee shop and coincidentally happen to hang around.
2. You strike up a conversation with innocuous questions about some irrelevant item she's got on her, acting like you're interested in the item rather than her.
3. While she's distracted thinking about whether her laptop has a dual core processor, you duck under her radar with a Matrix-like ninja move and sneak your way into her vagina.
4. After you're done having sex with her, you leave the country and write a book explaining in detail what an easy slut she is.

Both types of game have their strengths and weaknesses, and while most writing on this topic tends to focus on butting heads about which is "better", that's something that can be argued until the cows come home, and it's always seemed to me a lot like arguing whether a hammer or a saw is "better". *It kinda depends on who's asking…*

Direct game is generally quick and dirty – you get a lot of rejection but each approach goes so fast and it's so easy to find the next one that you can bury a high rejection rate and still get a bite before long. Obviously, it's best suited for non-social venues (like the street) where the girls who rejected you aren't going to hang around to salt your game for the rest of the day and the new girls you meet aren't going to have witnessed your previous attempts. It's a lot like dragging a fishing net around in the water until something gets caught.

Indirect game is more like carefully fishing from the pier with bait and hook without getting yourself wet. It takes time to complete an approach that still might lead nowhere, and although the success rate is bound to be significantly higher than with direct game, that advantage might get

buried in the smaller number of approaches you'll have time for. Indirect game is well suited for social venues, because if you play it right, even failure doesn't blow up in your face as overt rejection, and you can continue to game more girls in the same venue – even the same social group – without looking like you've just been shot down.

My preference is toward indirect game for its noncommittal nature – maybe it's a personal thing. I can understand how the advocates of direct game like the "I take what I want and I wanted you, so I took you" frame that their style sets with the girls they succeed with, but for me, the "I didn't really care one way or the other, but now you're chasing me and I'm okay with you being here provided you behave" frame that grows from a well played indirect game feels like a better fit.

It's worth considering whether you're more of a "wanting" person or a "not caring" person, and aligning your game with your general way of being will probably make it flow more naturally together with all the other parts of your life.

I will say this for indirect game: it extends to a great variety of possible applications. When you're at the ticket counter trying to finagle a discount, it *might* be helpful to confess your attraction to the ticket girl, but it might also backfire and cause the opposite of the intended effect. "Accidentally" making her like you under the cover of plausible deniability is not going to get security called on you – there's nothing to lose with an indirect play, and everything to win. Direct game is always going to be restricted to situations where "gaming" is socially acceptable, but with a subtle and well-polished indirect game, you can hit on your sister's hot friends at her birthday party while she's standing right there and take no risk at all. If it works, you and your target girl will later find a way to get some privacy, and if it doesn't, well, you weren't doing anything – just making conversation, fulfilling your social obligation to pretend to have something to talk about with your sister's boring friends.

Indirect game will always have a place close to my heart for its ninja-like qualities and its finesse as a subtle art where every double meaning of every word counts, but that's not to knock direct game – sometimes you want to be Arnold Schwarzenegger, crashing through obstacles, spraying carnage in every direction and dragging a wench back to your cave, and that's fun too.

Why Investing Is Both The Best And The Worst Way To Make Money

November 12 2011

A priest and a stockbroker meet at the Pearly Gates. Saint Peter gives the broker a golden harp and silk robes and lets him into Heaven. Then he gives the priest a rusty trumpet and some old rags. The priest says, "Hey, how come the stockbroker gets the harp and robes?" And Saint Peter says, "Because while you preached, people slept—but his clients, now, they prayed."

As someone who doesn't own any stocks, it's easy to feel a little envious of investors who make money simply for what seems like a whole lot of sitting around doing nothing – but in reality, they aren't usually doing nothing. They're worrying, and worrying can be worse than actually working. You go to work and you know that at the end of the day you'll have contributed something to a paycheck you will later receive, but if you're an investor, your money is all up in the air all the time. Today you have a lot, tomorrow you might not. You can't feel safe buying houses and cars because you might suddenly find yourself without the means to pay the mortgage. Markets go up and down, and with them, so do the moods of investors. Even if it's a beautiful day and you have no obligations except to lay in the sun with a good book and enjoy it… if the graph slopes the wrong way that day, you can't be happy.

Fear of the unknown and fear of uncertainty are deeply ingrained parts of the human psyche, and investing is not kind to those parts. Hanging your future in the balance every day is not something humans are mentally designed to do – if you play unnatural physical sports, you will probably get knee injuries, and if you play unnatural mental sports on the stock market, you will probably get an ulcer and a sleeping disorder.

I used to gamble in a professional-ish capacity some years back, and it was not fun in the long run. The wild ups and downs take a lot out of you. Easy money isn't easy when it's hard on your mental well-being. Investing is much the same thing. It can feel like the best career choice on the good days, and the worst on the bad ones… or so I hear from people who do it.

Why Chicks Will Always Dig Jerks

November 13 2011

Most will flat-out deny it, some will try to weasel-word around it by claiming it's the jerk's "confidence" they're attracted to, and even wet-eared Game initiates who haven't yet stared into the abyss long enough for the abyss to stare back into them will make excuses or try to come up with some sort of sugar-coating about masculine behavior patterns and knowing what you want and projecting confident alpha-infused manly vibes…

…but the truth that remains after all the pretty wrappings have been burned away in the furnace of experience and reluctant acceptance of facts is simple: chicks dig jerks **because they're jerks**.

Being a jerk is for humans what a cumbersome and flashy predator-attracting tail is for peacocks – something that screams to every living thing in the environment: "yo, fuck me up! come on, I dare ya, I fuckin' double-dare ya, put me in the fuckin' ground if ya can!"

Going about your life being a jerk makes one significant difference compared to not being a jerk: you're a lot more liable to get fucked up. And if a woman finds you to be, despite your jerkiness, still in good health and prancing around waving your jerkiness in everyone's face like you don't have a care in the world, that tells her subconscious vagina-brain one thing: you are an awesome survivor and she must have your genes for her offspring.

Yes, confidence is attractive. So is masculinity, knowing what you want and projecting alpha vibes. This is all true – and it has exactly no bearing on the fact that a jerk is attractive to women just for being a jerk.

Parking Lots: The Secret Formula For American Fat

November 14 2011

Location: Unspecified mid-sized city in the American Midwest, less than 10 miles from city center
Time: Early 2011

I'm walking alone through the streets of this by all accounts extremely average American city – so unremarkable, in fact, as to almost be specifically remarkable for its unremarkability. This is one of those places that only gets mentioned on TV in a throwaway line about how a character grew up in boring old [this place] before moving to [big trendy coastal city where the TV show takes place]. A man on his way home to this town with whom I got to talking while waiting for our delayed connecting flight at DFW together literally asked me "why would you come here?"

This is America, the real America, where the fat people who watch TV all day live. This isn't N.Y. or L.A. or D.C., this isn't the land of stars or statues or flashy fashions or important decisions. This is the land of parking lots and obesity statistics… and what I'm figuring out looking around here is that there's probably a connection.

When I say I walk alone, I mean *I am literally the only person walking*. Cars go by every few seconds – these are busy streets and it's the middle of the day, traffic is heavy. But… I walk for three hours and the only other pedestrian I run into is one friendly fellow in need of a cigarette – he's wearing the tell-tale beard, coat and worn-down at-least-half-depressed demeanor of a homeless man. One homeless pedestrian, and probably several thousand cars pass by me between 9 a.m. and noon. There's fresh snow on the ground and when I return to the place I'm staying at, situated on one of the city's major thoroughfares, there's still just one lonely trail of footprints snaking its way along the sidewalk: mine, from when I left 3 hours earlier. When I walk into the burger joint next door for lunch, the girl behind the counter gives me a look like I'm some sort of crazy person – she can tell by my serious-ass winter coat and by the red of cold and exercise on my face that I've *actually spent time outside, using the muscles of my own body to propel me forward. What kind of civilized man does that?!*

It doesn't take me more than a day and a half to figure out two things about this town: it's mostly parking lots, and getting anywhere around here by walking takes a long time. It takes a long time because everything is separated from everything else by desert-like expanses of parking lots. There are perfectly good, useable sidewalks everywhere, but nobody's using them. I wasn't kidding about the three hours and the snow and the footprints. That happened.

The commercial buildings here are low, mostly just one floor, maybe two. Each building is surrounded on all sides by a buffer zone of parking lot, beyond which is the next building's parking lot, beyond which is the next building itself. Each store needs a huge parking lot because everybody – *everybody* – arrives by car. Everybody arrives by car because it's too far to walk - *too far because of all the parking lots.*

For someone who's grown up in a place like this, I suppose it all seems perfectly normal and exactly the way things should be, but to me it feels like insanity. It feels like… like if you had a completely dark shopping mall with no lights in the ceiling, and the reason the mall had no lights was that all the shoppers wore miner's helmets with a flashlight attached to the forehead, and the reason they all wore them was because the mall had no lights. I can't get over the stupidity of it.

If these stores didn't have such huge parking lots, people wouldn't need cars to get to the store. If people didn't need to take their car everywhere, every store wouldn't need a huge parking lot. They could build the stores all right next to each other and that would make actually walking from one store to the next possible even for the rotund citizens of this town. If stores could cluster together within walking distance of each other, that would increase foot traffic and subsequently property

values enough to make building multiple floors commercially viable. Higher buildings would mean even more stores within even shorter distances of each other – a local shopping hub. A shopping hub would be a popular destination, enabling bus service from various directions and further reducing the need for parking lots even at the far edges of the area. People wouldn't need to spend a major chunk of their hard-earned salaries on buying, maintaining and fueling a car. Instead of sitting in a car getting fat, losing both health and money, they could walk places, save money and get some exercise. **You know, like in all the non-insane cities in the rest of the world.**

It's no wonder middle America is so fat. After a couple of days in this place, I understand the "obesity epidemic" perfectly. It's not laziness. It's not sedentary desk jobs. It's not comfortable couches and TV. It's not high fructose corn syrup and a fast food diet.

It's the fucking parking lots.

Epilogue

Location: Similar-sized and equally boring European city, less than 10 miles from city center
Time: Later that same week

I'm walking alone through the streets of this by all accounts extremely average European city – alone in the sense that I'm not walking *with* anyone, but not alone in the sense that there are people all around. I turn left and I'm in the parking lot of a commercial building. It's a relatively small parking lot – smaller than the building itself, a real dwarf of a parking lot by American standards. 30 seconds from now I could be in a grocery store, a pet shop, a clothing store, a movie rental store, a pizza place or a sandwich shop. It's less than a 10-minute walk to the place I'm staying at.

By the time I get back and sit down in front of the TV, the pizza is still warm.

A Typical Weekend For An Alpha, a Life Ruined For A Beta

November 15 2011

from Reddit:

Me and my GF are both 30. We have good jobs and make a reasonable amount of money. We have been together for 5 years.

I love her very much. She is to be frank the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She could easily be a model. She is many guys ideal woman and a certain 10/10. Whenever she goes out she gets hit on CONSTANTLY. Whether i'm there or not actually.

Me, not so much although I have no problem attracting women. I am above average (7/10) and take care of myself, but I couldn't be a male model or anything.

Generally our relationship has been fantastic. Neither of us has been unfaithful and we are very much in love. I certainly love her very very much.

The last six or so months have been stressful however. Work has been into overdrive for both of us, and although we've made a reasonable amount of money towards buying our first house either of us getting home before 10pm has been very rare. Basically we've been exhausted and have neglected both sex and our relationship, although not for any other reason than time and being exhausted. My feelings haven't altered one iota and neither have hers.

Fast forward to around 2.5 months ago when we were both invited to separate reunions with old friends across the country (neither of us are originally from the area we're living in now). It was a great opportunity for both of us to blow off steam after working so hard and neglecting life for a few months, although we were both disappointed it wasn't going to be with each other.

So we kissed, told each other how much we loved and will miss each other, and I went across the country to my hotel and she went to hers.

Lets just say, we had VERY different weekends.

Hers involved going to a party where in her words, the most good looking guy she has ever seen approached her. Apparently he was a friend of a friend of someone else at the party. She basically said every woman was getting wet just looking at him and she was just on a high that this guy approached her. She didn't plan on anything, but everyone was drinking heavily and she ended up in bed with him……. FOR MOST OF THE WEEKEND.

When she came back she was the most loving attentive girlfriend you have ever seen. I was still too tired/exhausted for sex, but literally she was like a stepford wife in the weeks that followed. I stupidly just put it down to her missing me and loved that she loved me so much.

Fast forward again, she broke down and said she couldn't cope with the lie anymore and told me everything. Prompted I'm sure by her finding out that morning that she's

pregnant. There is ZERO possibility of it being mine.

She is the most sorry and frightened woman you have ever seen. She even asked me to physically assault her because she is so angry and upset that she cheated on me. She will do ANYTHING I want to make things ok. It's a bit scary actually. She is frightened and literally shaking at the prospect of me leaving her.

If i'm honest with myself I think most of the fear is about the baby. She is crying saying she can't get rid of it and she is terrified of keeping it and raising it alone.

I was completely and utterly numb and heartbroken.

I said to her that before I go any further, I need the truth. Literally every second of what happened that weekend or I'm out the door. I knew this was a double edged sword and that the reality and cold facts could destroy me, but I'm one of these people who can't not know.

The facts were horrifying and made me physically sick. I actually threw up. Basically my girlfriend was this guys personal porn star for the weekend. Some highlights:-

- It was the roughest most aggressive sex she has ever experienced, and she fucking loved every minute of it. It was the best sex she has ever experienced.
- She had several powerful and intense orgasms during their weekend in bed. She has never ever cum like this before with anyone or solo.
- His dick was the best she has ever taken. 9″ (he made her fucking measure it during one of their sex games) which rubbed all the right areas and he could keep going for hours
- They didn't use protection (obviously) and he came in her mouth (she swallowed) all over her face, her tits and inside her several times during their weekend together. (How big were this guys balls?) Fun fact, after he came on her tits he pushed her back on the bed and scooped up his cum with his finger and FED it to her.
- He smacked her during sex (not too hard), her ass and her face and before she had time to even feel the pain or react he would whisper something or do something passionate that made her just let him "keep going" so she said. So he basically taught my girlfriend to enjoy some BDSM that weekend. Awesome.
- He caught some of the above on his camera phone. So there is a video somewhere of my girlfriend basically acting like a pornstar in a cheap hotel room.

So, Reddit. I can't say I didn't consider the implications of asking, but fucking hell I have had my heart firmly ripped from me.

Currently therefore I have a girlfriend who is pregnant by a male model BDSM hero with a magic cock, who is going to have his baby, and who is so sorry she will do whatever the fuck I want so that I can somehow get over this and stay with her. Basically I can treat her however I please as long as I don't leave. It's fine if I hate her for the rest of my life even as long as I stay with her.

We have been talking about marriage and kids this last year and she is desperate for me to commit to that still. She keeps promising to spend the rest of her life making this up to me and will be the perfect wife I could possibly want.

I don’t even know what to think right now. I feel like every sense I have has been shorted out and I am now totally numb.

My first instinct is to just wait for her to work in the morning, then pack up all my stuff and just leave. I am not the type of guy to raise another guys baby. Especially now I know the full circumstances of how it was conceived. We have just 2 months left on our lease and I can easily switch to a different end of the country with my job very quickly. I feel so grateful for that right now.

So I can literally leave and never speak to or hear from her again.

The only problem is that I am so in love with her. I don’t feel like I’ll ever get over her. Fuck. I’m hesitating. I’m second guessing myself.

What do you think reddit? Is it possible to overcome a situation like this? I can’t think how. I simply cannot raise this guys kid. I can’t. Fuck.

My heads all over the place. Rational thoughts would be awesome about now.

Reading this, I’m reminded of a line from a song I heard once: *“This shit happens to me all the tiiii-iiiii-ii-iiiime….”*

I bet it wasn’t even anything special for the alpha dude. Most likely, this is what a perfectly normal weekend looks like for him, and he won’t even remember the girl’s name by next Friday – but for the beta, the images of his girlfriend doing things with the alpha that she never did with him will forever haunt his dreams, and for the girl, no man she’s likely to run into during the rest of her life will probably ever be good enough again.

The funny thing is, the dude probably wasn’t even that good-looking. A woman can be so beautiful that all heads turn when she enters a room, because men are visual creatures, but for a man’s good looks to command similar attention… I’d say it’s more likely he commanded the attention of the group with his charismatic alpha presence and the girl subsequently rationalized it to herself as being because of his physical appearance. The descriptions of the sex certainly support the theory that this man had a very strong alpha frame and used it with finesse to direct the situation in his favor. In certain parts, it almost sounds like he may even have been a student of Game, but he doesn’t have to be. He could just be a natural alpha. This shit happens all the time…

Living The Dream

November 16 2011

…no, not like that.

In “The Matrix”, Morpheus asks Neo “have you ever had a dream that you were so sure was real? What if you were unable to wake from that dream – how could you tell the difference between the dream world and the real world?” There’s a whole metaphor there about reality and delusion et cetera and it’s been done to death by everyone who thinks they’re a smart guy on the internets, but almost nobody understands the flipside of this coin and asks the counterpart question, which is what I’m going to ask you now:

Have you ever had a dream where you realized you were dreaming *while* you were still dreaming?

Some people never have, some people have on occasion, and to some people (like the undersigned) it happens all the time. This post will probably be easier for you and give you more if you have some experience of what I’m talking about, but if you don’t I’m going to walk you through it and you can probably follow just fine. It’s not a contest or an achievement to lord over anybody.

Imagine (or remember) that you’re dreaming, and things are happening in the dream, and you suddenly find yourself becoming aware of the fact that you are dreaming. How does that make you feel? What’s your reaction? What do you “do” in the dream once your *know* it’s a dream?

The first and most obvious realization you have at that point should be that nothing in the dream *means* anything or is of any *consequence* – it’s all just stuff your unconscious brain made up and as soon as you wake up it’ll be like it never was. Nothing in the dream can really hurt you, and there’s nothing to really achieve. Nothing can be won or lost through your actions because it’s just a dream. The only reason you could possibly have to take any action at all is to have a more pleasant dreaming experience. Nothing “matters” in the slightest, because the dream consists of nothing at all except your experience of the dream.

To realize this in a dream is awesome. There’s nothing to fear and everything to play with. You’re free to run around and find exciting things to drive or fight or have sex with – it’s better than any video game. It’s pretty much better than anything 99% of people ever get to do while they’re awake. There is basically nothing about the realization that it’s all meaningless and nothing matters that isn’t 100% pure awesome.

But when people have the same realization while awake… oh boy, do they take it hard and become whiny bitches. “Boo hoo, my life has no purpose, my work means nothing, no one will remember me when I’m dead and I’m pretty sure no one even cares now!” Well, hello from customer service,

excuse me sir but where's the fucking problem? You just had the most liberating experience it's possible for a human being to have in this dreamstate we call "life", and instead of enjoying your new-found freedom to the fullest and experiencing this "life" dream for everything it has to offer, you are sitting there crying like your Playstation just broke.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Conspiracy Theorists Are The Most Gullible Of Us All

November 17 2011

Hello, conspiracy theorists. Here's what's on the menu today: you of course already know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that only leaves the inevitable conclusion that I've been planted here by *them* to discredit you. So, let's get on with it then:

A general tendency among people who subscribe to conspiracy theories is to view themselves as better than the rest of the people who believe the lie – the "sheep". It probably wouldn't be far off the mark to venture that at least 96% of the reason these people like their conspiracy stuff so much is that it gives them an excuse to feel superior to everyone else without actually having to accomplish anything or provide anything of practical value to anyone (always a hallmark of a wise and mature person worth listening to…)

Since it will by this point be clearly obvious to some readers that I am an agent of misinformation sent by the Big Bad Shadowy Dudes, working to control all of you guys and suppress your suspicions by discrediting conspiracy theories, I should make one thing perfectly obvious right from the get-go:

I'm not saying that aliens *aren't* among us. I'm not saying that Jews *didn't* do 9/11. I'm not saying that there *aren't* psychoactive substances in your tap water. What I am saying is that if you *believe* in these things, you are exactly the same as your "sheep" who believe in the "official" stories. Look in the mirror: "*Baaaaaa!"*

Yes, the TV lies. The government lies too, when it can get away with it (which is a lot of the time). But, lucky you, you found Mr. Tinfoil Guru on the internet who has it all figured out, who knows about all the secret documents and cover-ups, and who brings you God's Honest Truth (TM) on a silver platter. He would never lie to you… never ever.

The 9/11 commission said something in their report that conflicted with some other evidence somebody else found and looks like a discrepancy that suggests somebody tried to cover something up? The people who were supposed to investigate said discrepancy didn't investigate thoroughly enough in your opinion? Well, golly!

Who investigated Mr. Tinfoil Internet Guru's conspiracy claims? Was there a commission for that?

You think you know something about what goes on in the world. You think you know anything about 9/11 – "They found evidence of explosives! They found traces of X and Y and Z and the fire department got calls about A and B and Israelis were arrested in a van carrying explosives and the military response network was down and an eyewitness on the news said something he couldn't have known in obscure military lingo!" Oh yeah? *Says who?*

Says fucking who?

A "documentary" filmmaker looking for fame and fortune? A blogger on the internet? An "unnamed inside source"? You wouldn't buy a used car from these people, but you're buying their stories hook line and sinker. Again, I'm not suggesting that they can't be right. I'm not suggesting they can't be wrong either. I am suggesting that to believe whatever the official story is and to believe some alternative unofficial story from somebody else are the exact same thing. You're taking what they're telling you and swallowing it. If that guy on the internet *said* they found this and that kind of evidence and covered it up, then it *must* be true! If the government lies and this guy isn't the government, then that must mean he's telling the truth! *"Baaaa!"*

The *real* truth, the one that immediately comes to light if you switch on your own brain for a second instead of just absorbing whatever other people are saying, is that nobody outside of the people actually involved in 9/11 knows anything about what happened on 9/11. We don't know, we can't

know, we have no way to know and we will never know. All we know is that different sources are telling us different stories for their different private reasons, and we have exactly zero basis for evaluating any of those reasons or any of the claims made. We don't know what evidence was found, and we don't know who covered up what. Unless we were there, we don't even know that there ever was a World Trade Center in the first place, let alone that anything remarkable happened to it. We can conclude with a reasonable degree of certainty that there was a World Trade Center and since September 11th 2001 there now isn't, and during that morning a couple of planes probably flew into it – but that's as far as we have any justifiable reason to go in drawing our conclusions. Whatever some explosives expert said about melting steel and smoke patterns and collapsible frames is *not within our ability to judge unless we are also explosives experts*. Whatever somebody said about some evidence that was allegedly found is *not within our ability to judge unless we found that evidence ourselves* – otherwise it's just hearsay, just as likely to be untrue as anything the TV and the government said.

The modern media culture does a great job lulling us into the illusion that we know, or even have the ability to know, about things that go on in the world, but the reality is that we know close to nothing at all about world events. How do you know there's a war in Iraq? The TV said so? Okay…

How do you know that "Iraq" is even a real place? Unless you've been there, you don't. If you've been there, how do you know there's a war? Because you were there as a soldier and fired your gun at other people shooting back at you? If you're part of a unit that sits in the back of a truck for an hour until the truck stops and your commanding officer tells you to take the building that you've stopped in front of, and you burst into the building pointing your gun everywhere and brown rag-headed dudes jump out from behind hallway corners and shoot at you with AK47s, and you kill them all and secure the area, do you think that's evidence enough to draw the conclusion that you are engaged in fighting a war against terrorist insurgents?

Think about it… where is the evidence to justify jumping to that conclusion? All you really know is that you ran into people's homes waving your guns around and you got in a firefight. You don't know anything about these people except that they had guns and didn't like you invading their homes. Somebody up the chain of command tells you that they were insurgents, and somebody on TV tells you that you're keeping America safe for strip malls and apple pie, and maybe you buy that.

Maybe you think you know what you're doing. But you don't. What you're doing is taking somebody else's word for truth, and it doesn't matter who that person is – taking somebody's word for truth is always a failure of thought, and the more strongly you believe in what somebody else says, the greater the magnitude of that failure. The "sheep" in front of the TV might sort of buy into the official stories, but their belief approaches nothing close to the fanatical fervor with which conspiracy theorists froth at the mouth to defend the divine word of somebody who said something about hidden evidence. So who's really the gullible one here?

Un-Gloriously Fucking “Someone Else’s Women”

November 18 2011

…from a reader response to this post:

If you’ve got game, you can get whatever girls you want for the most part, so why fuck with someone elses women? It just seems unnecessarily scandalous and if nothing else you’re complicating your life. I really dont dig the glorification of fucking other dude’s girls. Maybe its just me, but it’s off putting.

There’s no such thing as “someone else’s women” in my worldview. There’s just women, they belong to nobody but themselves and are free to make their own choices as to cheating on their boyfriends or not. What are you going to do anyway, put every woman who throws herself at you through a polygraph to find out if she’s been making promises to some dude who might get offended? Because if she wants you, she’s not going to volunteer that information.

There’s a certain honor code between friends that you don’t compete for the same woman your friend wants or already has, just like you wouldn’t apply for the same job opening you already know your friend is applying for, but other than that it’s a free market. The idea that a woman could be “someone’s” woman and therefore somehow magically not available is completely ridiculous to me, coming from a perspective of understanding how the sexual market works.

It’s like trying to claim that a particular park bench is YOUR park bench and getting mad at anybody else who sits there – the bench obviously accepts others just as happily as it accepts you, and you have no title or deed granting you legal ownership of the bench, so what the fuck? You see what I’m saying? The idea of somebody being sexually “off the market” is a fictional cultural meme that everybody who believes lives by and everybody who doesn’t pays lip service to in order to mollycoddle those who do – just like Santa Claus or “good people go to Heaven” or something like that. A pretty lie to cover up the fact that reality is unpredictable and scary.

It’s funny how a lot of the same people who wish for a return to a more patriarchal “ownership of women” type society where marriage is for life etc., also claim libertarian leanings in their political views and profess their love of the free market. Does anybody see the conflict here? I see a few hands going up in the back row… good, good. If you think that free competition is the way to solve society’s problems and provide the highest standard of living and the best products and services to everybody, then why should that not apply to sexual products and services just like it’s supposed to apply to everything else? I mean, in economic terms, if I’m providing a better service to a girl than you are and she chooses to shop in my pants instead of yours, then your trying to claim that she’s “your” girl and enforce a monopoly through violence or legal restrictions is just wrong – it’s oppression, fascism, communism, anti-Americanism… *you hate freedom*! Reconcile *that* with your self-professed libertarianism.

This “*my* woman” sort of thinking comes from fear – fear of not being able to get an equally valuable woman again, or fear of not being able to fairly keep the one you have – and that fear is usually based on a knowledge of one’s own weakness in the sexual competition. Advocating equal distribution or market restrictions on women is *exactly* the same as advocating equal distribution or market restrictions on money and the economy. Anybody who thinks they have a *right* to *their* girlfriend and gets mad at another man for *infringing* on that when the “girlfriend” is obviously willingly choosing this other man is a sexual socialist. You can’t claim that the financially successful have no moral obligation to support the financially weak, and then turn around and claim that the sexually successful have a moral obligation to support the sexually weak by

magnanimously staying away from “their” girls. *It’s the same thing.* It’s welfare: “The male community recognizes your inability to support yourself sexually, so we donate to you this food stamp that entitles you to this female, henceforth known as ‘your girl’, and those of us who could fairly outbid you in the market for her vagina will out of the goodness of our hearts refuse to do so, because we take pity on your weakness.”

An alpha isn’t scared of “his” girl “cheating on him” with someone else. The very idea of being scared of that is ridiculous, it doesn’t compute. It’s like Bill Gates staying up at night biting his nails like “oh no, what if a customer leaves me for Apple?!” It’s not something that’s worth caring about.

I also think it’s interesting that this commenter refers to my earlier post as “glorification of fucking other dude’s girls”. From where I’m standing, I’m not glorifying anything, just telling things as they are. The sexual market is such that the rich get richer and the poor don’t get a fucking thing, and I don’t see that there’s any glory in that. If anything, the reader’s choice to assign some sort of glory to the guy in the story who apparently gets any woman he wants regardless of whether she has a boyfriend seems to suggest that he does in fact think it’s glorious to fuck lots of girls, but that the fact that he perceives them as “other dude’s girls” corrupts that glory.

The way I see it, there’s no glory in any of it to start with, and there’s no more or less glory regardless of whether those girls have been making promises to other dudes that they are now breaking. I don’t consider game and alphaness and the ability to attract women, even away from their boyfriends, to be glorious. Glory is not something that exists in my reality, it too is a fictional concept people use to feel better about themselves. The benefit of being highly skilled at attracting women is that you get to have lots of sex with high quality girls, and the benefit of being highly skilled at a really good video game is that you get to see the cool-looking final levels and enjoy hours of high-quality entertainment. Neither is more glorious than the other to me. I’m not collecting “cool points” from anybody. Although someone else might admire my skill with women more than my skill with Zelda, that’s not why I’m doing it. Women are just another video game and there is no glory in any of it. Just the payoff of getting to play the final levels, and as it happens, the final levels with women are pretty entertaining. If you’re doing it for any other reason, you’re doing it for the wrong reason.

Fat Chicks Hastening The End Of Humanity?

November 19 2011

There is a line you do not cross.

This line is drawn where a female is not just unattractive in comparison to others, but repulsive in an absolute sense – the sense that you wouldn't touch her with a long pole if she was the last woman on Earth. If the survival of the human race depended on you and this girl, humanity would promptly come to an end. By my sober judgment, this uncrossable line lies somewhere between 4 and 5 on the internationally recognized 1 to 10 scale, but your mileage will vary depending on how drunk or hormonal you are.

For a woman, there exists a similar line, located somewhere between alpha and beta in the hierarchy of men. Not very good at settling for what they can get, even the fat chicks with no chance steer clear of the Dungeons and Dragons nerds, holding out in vain hope of getting lucky with a worthier partner… as already the ancient Shakespeare remarked upon in his lesser-known work *"The Sad Tale Of The Lonely Cunt Whose Hamster Her A Princess Thunk"*:

alas, 'ere maiden's bulbous bulk always repuls'd the men of whom she dream'd
yet with the same disgust herself she turned her face from desp'rate betas' seed

as wildly spinning hamster toil'd with all its might from truth to shield her eyes
at night with off-turn'd lights, 'fore darkened looking glass, could she believe its lies

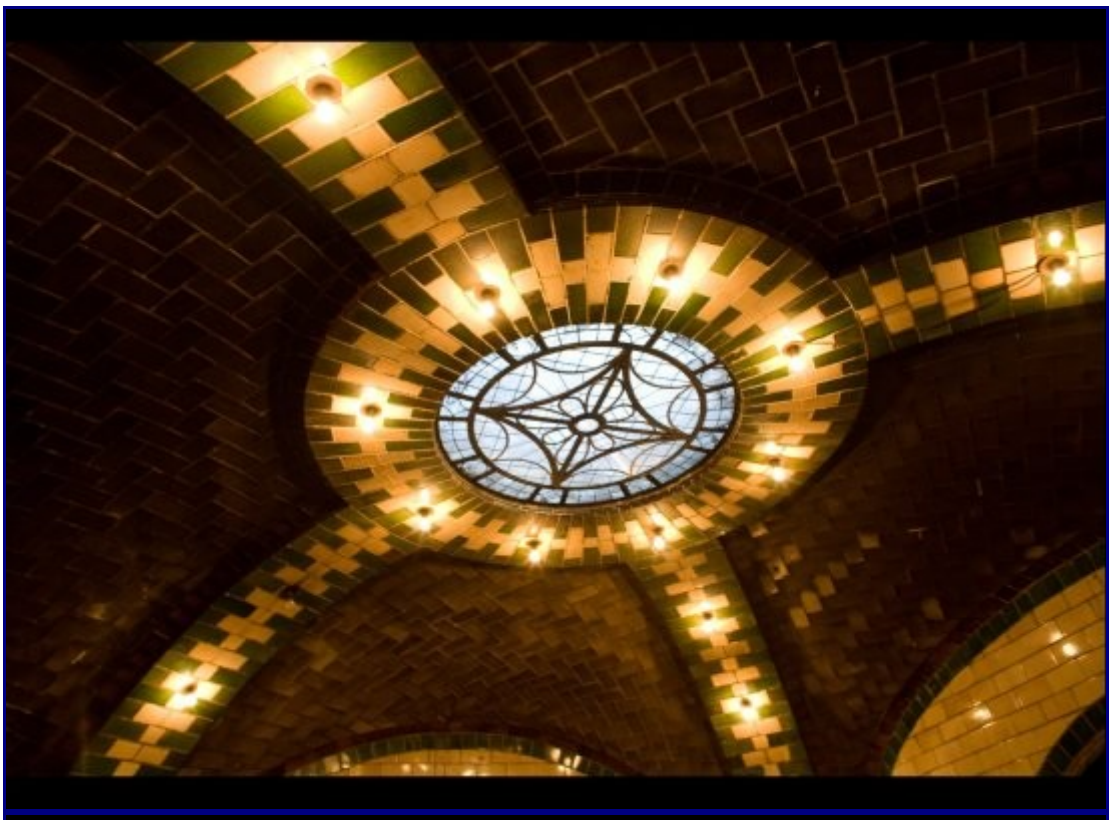
Non-transactional, voluntary sex pretty much only happens when the man's status is above the woman's alpha-minimum line, and the woman's appearance is above the man's beauty-minimum line (or perhaps more appropriately *below* his *weight-maximum line*…)

In the last 50 or so years, as the number (and girth) of fat chicks has increased, birth rates have decreased… coincidence? Or, a result of the mental lines no longer being able to cross? The class of men alpha enough to be desirable to women, traditionally able and willing to supply the Western world with pregnancies well over the population replacement rate, are now finding themselves having to reject hordes of fatties… and the fatties in turn are turning down betas like they've got options even though they haven't. The result? A society of overweight women failing to reproduce at the rate which would be natural in a society of people who can fit into an economy class seat. It's a theory worth looking into, but I doubt the PC "scientists" are going to be jumping at this one any time soon…

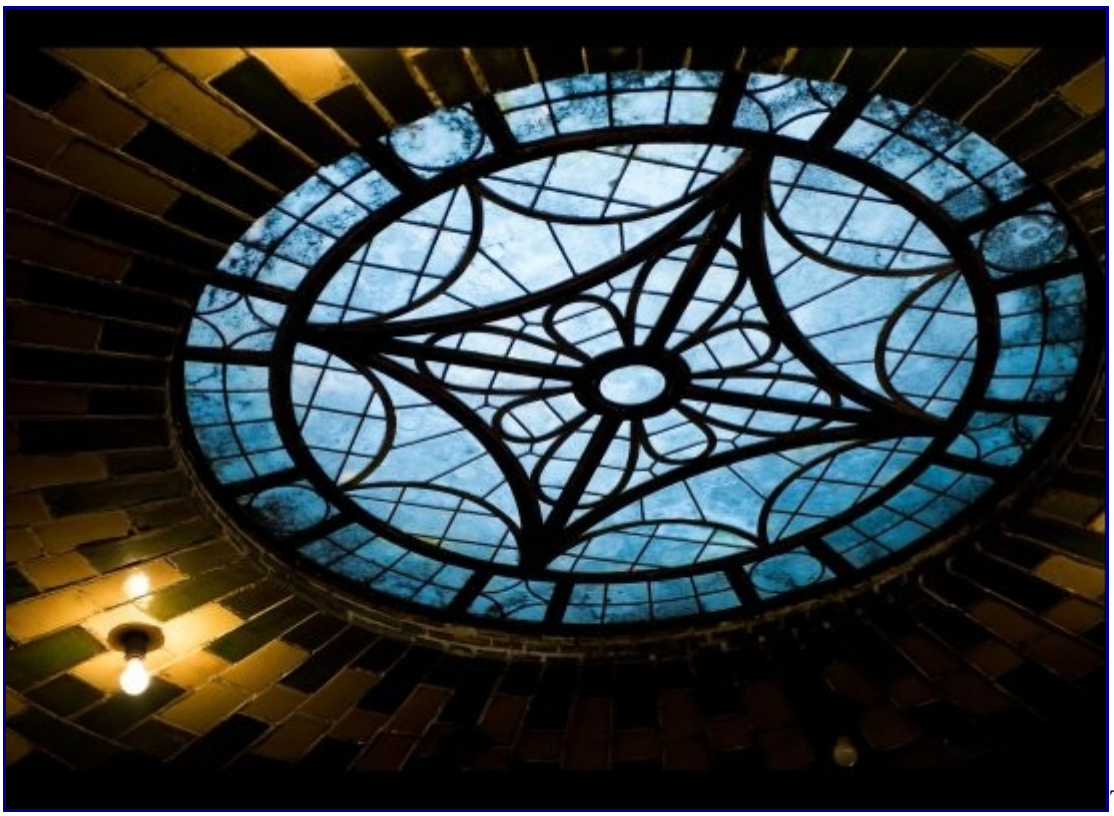
And On The Seventh Day…

November 20 2011

You look tired, I think you need a rest. It's Sunday and it's a good time to remember that we can't just be in complicated-thinking-mode all the time. We need to switch off our brains now and then and just experience things without analyzing them. If you don't take care to do this, you will become stressed and cause yourself a bunch of unnecessary problems. So… I will provide you with no opportunities for thinking today – only experiencing.



CITY HALL

 These are from the abandoned City Hall subway station in New York City. That's right, *abandoned*. We could think about the implications of that all day, but we're not doing that today. Instead, watch this awesomely skilled stunt bicycle dude:

…wow, that was special.

Moving on… cupcakes inside eggshells:

Don’t even try to think about it. It’s probably no more crazy than a house that’s a garage:

Have you managed to shut off your brain yet, to stop automatically judging and figuring out what you see and to just take it in for what it is, nothing more and nothing less? If you have, then you're ready for the grand finale…

…where beauty really is in the eye of the beholder:

The Real Reason Politics And Society Are So Screwed Up

November 21 2011

Oh, everybody's a politician now. From "Occupy Wall Street" to all the bloggers on the internet to countless college students exchanging opinions over a brunch of half-gallon lattes and pretension, they all think they've got something to say on how to run a country and what the future of the world should look like, or even worse, what they in their shining genius are convinced the future of the world is inevitably going to look like given whatever isolated social phenomenon they've decided to pretend to understand.

Here's what I'd like to offer up as a carefully considered counter-argument to all of them: *I don't think you have anything of value to say, and I base this judgment on the plainly obvious fact that you don't know shit about how people really work.*

Politics, social science, projecting utopian or dystopian future scenarios based on perceived social trends – whatever you want to call this type of activity, it all basically boils down to one thing: understanding people. If you do not understand people on an individual level, what makes you think you understand people in large groups? If you can't socially lead your girlfriend or your coworkers, what makes you think you're qualified to speak on how to lead entire nations or the world?

My line of reasoning here is real simple:

1. Bobby wants to change the world.
2. this means Bobby isn't happy with the world as it is.
3. this means Bobby fails to achieve the happiness he wants in his current circumstances – the game is too hard for him so he wants to change the rules.
4. this means Bobby doesn't understand his current circumstances well enough to manipulate them to his advantage – the game is too hard for him because his understanding of it is severely lacking.
5. this means Bobby is even less qualified than the average person to say anything about the state of the current circumstances or what kind of future they're leading to or how they should be changed.
6. why would you listen to Bobby? It's like taking driving lessons from somebody who can't even drive his own car without crashing it into the nearest telephone pole. Doesn't make sense.
7. the more "passionately" (read: desperately) committed Bobby is to his cause, the harder it means he's failing in his current life, and the less it means he understands people, and the less it means he deserves to be listened to on the topic of people and the society they form.

When you want advice on something, you go to people who are already successful in the area that you need advice to stop failing in. And for the most part, people who fail in a certain area have the good sense not to try to give advice on it. But, there are a few notable exception areas, and politics is one of them. It almost seems like the inverse of the natural and reasonable success-advice correlation holds here: it's like the individuals whose personal failures in understanding the workings of the people around them are the most abject are the very same individuals who are the most vocal with their opinions on the workings of society – which is a big group of people just like the people they're consistently failing to understand in their personal lives, as evidenced by their lack of personal success in anything but being angry on the internet.

As a rule, I'm not terribly interested in listening to anybody's theories about politics. This isn't because I'm the smartest man in the world and everyone else is wrong – it's because politics is about understanding people: because individuals who don't even understand people well enough to get what they want in their personal lives have nothing of value to say in this area, and individuals who do understand people well enough to get what they want in their personal lives are busy

playing the game and clocking high scores instead of trying to change the rules. Put yourself in that person's shoes – when you actually understand people well enough to have something of value to say on the topic of politics, it seems rather stupid to care about politics at all, because you are already able to thrive on your own abilities under whatever the political circumstances currently are. The result is that the only people talking about politics are the people who don't understand their subject, and the people who do understand have no reason to talk about it.

…and that's why politics is the farce it is, and that's the reason society is in the shitty state it's in. Because the process I've just explained ensures that the people who understand the least are the ones most motivated to get involved in making the important decisions.

I'm not complaining about this. Yeah, it's completely fucked up and makes the game of "life in society" ten times harder to play than it really needs to be. So what? I have the skills, and it doesn't bother me. If you also have the skills, then it doesn't bother you either. If it bothers you, then you don't have the skills, and my advice to you is that you learn to win at the game you're in right now rather than go out in the streets waving picket signs, complaining that you want the rules changed.

Game Denial: “La La La I Can’t Hear You!”

November 22 2011

I took a gander through the “manosphere” recently, and was quite fascinated to discover a subset of blogs that seem to be primarily dedicated to the denial of Game. Honestly, it seems like these people’s main reason for writing a blog is to claim that Game doesn’t exist and/or isn’t effective and/or is a scam invented by corporations to sell expensive DVD seminars.

Far be it from me to pass judgment on anybody’s hobbies, but I do find it to be both funny and sad that there really are people out there who get their nightly jollies from defending a blind faith belief that something they’ve never tried isn’t possible. It can’t be that they’re actually interested in finding out more about Game and exploring its possibilities, because they’re not even trying to learn. They seem to just want to stand there telling all of us practitioners of Game: “hey, you know that thing you do every day? Well, you’re not doing it! And it doesn’t work! You know all that success you’ve gotten from doing it? Well, you didn’t!”

I don’t really know whether to laugh or pity… the one thing these bloggers remind me of more than anything is the fundamentalist Christians who keep going “la la la I can’t hear you!” whenever scientists find new dinosaur bones. I can completely accept that somebody who hasn’t personally seen Game doesn’t believe in its existence or efficiency, but the reasonable sort of response I’d expect from that person would be to try to learn – not to decide a priori that Game is not possible and then close their eyes and ears and start yelling about how Game is not possible. I just don’t think that’s the kind of thing sane people generally do.

The best part, in my opinion, is how these guys will look for evidence in all the wrong places and spend hours debating the impossibility of Game on the internet, instead of availing themselves of the one incontrovertible piece of evidence that’s the most easily available – *learning Game themselves and seeing that it works.* When you learn Game and use it every day, its effectiveness is so plainly obvious that for someone to claim the opposite is as ridiculous as if someone were to try to convince you that flipping the light switch in the morning when you get out of bed isn’t actually what causes the lights to turn on. The single most funny thing about these Game denialists is that the only reason they don’t get to see Game working just like a light switch is that they absolutely refuse to learn and practice it themselves, and the only reason they refuse to do that is that they’ve already decided that it cannot possibly work. They are literally sitting there in front of the fucking light switch and refusing to touch it because they are so 100% convinced that the light isn’t going to turn on.

You can lead a horse to water and all that…

Here’s my message to Game denialists everywhere: It’s okay with me if you want to believe whatever you want to believe, you deserve your freedom of religion same as everybody else as far as I’m concerned. It’s okay with me if you refuse to look at the obvious evidence that everyone else takes as much for granted as the fact that shit rolls downhill. It’s okay with me if what you like to do in the evening instead of watching Grey’s Anatomy is to get online and rant about how this thing you refuse to try is impossible and everyone teaching it is a charlatan and everyone who’s tried it and experienced success is deluding themselves and their success was really caused by some unrelated coincidence that they just falsely attributed to this thing that can’t possibly work… I’m fine with all that, it doesn’t matter. Do what you like. But I thought I should do you the favor of letting you know, just as a “heads up”, that nobody takes you seriously. Anybody who reads your stuff and isn’t the fundamentalist “la la la I can’t hear you” type is just going to go and find out for themselves – and when they learn Game, they’re going to see for themselves that it works, and then they’ll just think you’re silly, same as those people in Alabama saying that dinosaur bones don’t really exist.

George Clooney Game

November 23 2011

Occasionally I'll get an email along the lines of "I just turned 40, am I too old for Game?" I've answered that in a previous post (with a "no"), but that's not all there is to it. Mystery famously said that "picking up a 10 is not harder than picking up a 7, it's just different" (which is a great insight into an aspect of the nature of Game that I don't think a lot of people get), and I'd say the same about age: running Game at 40 is not harder than running Game at 25, but you've got to do it differently.

Now of course, a man doesn't reach his peak sex appeal until his 30s – it's easy to project and think that since we know women start going downhill after 22 that applies to us too, but it doesn't. At 40 you're actually better off than you were at 26.

The salient point to consider is that you need to play to your strengths. You can't be doing the carefree life-starting thing that 26-year-old guys are doing and compete with them on their home turf so to speak, but you can compete with them if you do 40 right – you're a "real grown-up" now, you're financially and otherwise "established", you're classier and (hopefully) wiser and all that. 40 doesn't mean you need to start playing in the senior league, but it does mean it's time to switch tactics. You want to start thinking George Clooney instead of Brad Pitt.

The rambunctious cave man stuff is a young man's game, and you need to keep that in mind if you're used to using a style of Game that relies to any degree on physical intimidation. It doesn't matter if you're ex special forces and can kill fifteen people inside of a minute while handcuffed to a mini-fridge, the social reality is still going to be that not a lot of people are, on that subconscious level where feelings of attraction come from, going to believe that you'd have much of a chance going up against drunken rowdy college guys at the corner bar.

Social reality doesn't work like actual reality. The most dangerous men I know (and I don't mean dangerous as in a menace to society, but in the sense of "the men most likely to be able to kill fifteen people inside of a minute while handcuffed to a mini-fridge") are actually all between 35-50 now that I think about it, but our primitive brains, and especially the brains of our female counterparts who've probably never even seen actual violence up close in their entire lives, still want to believe that a younger man is automatically tougher than an older one. This means that once you start getting into your 40s, it's time to let go of your physical intimidation game and start focusing on your smart-and-sophisticated game – your George Clooney game.

Here, the stereotypes work in your favor. It's pretty hard for a broke 24-year-old college student to convince a girl that he's worldly and intelligent, but for a 40-year-old man with his shit together it's almost a foregone conclusion. You've been around, you've seen stuff, you know things and you can teach her… that's the frame you should be going for (because as a 40-year-old man, you will obviously be going for women significantly younger than yourself – if not, what the hell's wrong with you? Are you blind?)

To think that you need to somehow fix the weaknesses brought by your age is a trap – you can't compete with a 26-year-old at being 26, and you don't need to. Focus on your strengths instead, because a 26-year-old can't compete with you at those either. A glorious strength that you can show off is always better than an un-glorious lack of weaknesses that just goes unnoticed anyway. New York has a million things about it that are way shittier than a lot of other cities, but it has a couple things about it that are way more awesome than anyplace else, and that's what makes it special. It doesn't matter that there's trash on the streets and it's a fucking oven from June to August and you can't drive a car more than three blocks an hour, because it's New York and it's the only New York in the world, and there's nowhere else like it. Having strengths beats having a lack of weaknesses every time.

Husbands, Wives and Contract Killers (1/2)

November 25 2011

I just ran across this interesting suggestion by Frost of Freedom Twenty-Five, offered as a solution to the often grim-seeming future of marriage, family and the sexual marketplace:

My proposal for a stable, just and desirable solution to the sexual marketplace is thus: *Absolute freedom of contract between the sexes in matters of sex and marriage.*

The gist of his suggestion is that instead of the current one-size-fits-all marriage law, people would be free to design their own Christian or Muslim or polygamous or undivorceable custom-made marriage contracts to suit their liking.

It sounds like a great idea if you see people as primarily rational actors, but for someone like me who sees people basically as children who left to their own devices choose candy for breakfast, candy for lunch and candy for dinner, it sounds like a disaster.

We could waffle about this for thousands of words and have a six-part debate, but I think what it comes down to is that to support Frost's suggestion one would have to view people on average as able to take care of themselves in a rational manner or when not, then at least as able to screw up their own lives without wreaking too much havoc on the rest of us – whereas I view people on average more like our society today views children and the mentally handicapped: as unable to take care of themselves, a danger to the public if allowed to run wild, and as charity cases in the sense that it would be downright cruel to leave them to try to fend for themselves when they obviously lack the capacity to do it in a manner consistent with basic human needs and a quality of life that's worth living.

Just in case anybody's confused, I think I probably need to point out that I include myself as well as all the Einsteins and Shakespeares of the world in this very same category. The fact is that almost none of our accomplishments are to our own credit – without the collected wisdom of countless generations past, even the smartest man on earth would be sitting in a tree banging two coconuts together. The only reason we can do anything we do today is because we copied what those who came before us were doing and made tiny incremental improvements mainly through trial and error, with a little bit of help from our woefully inadequate reasoning faculties.

Anybody who thinks they can improve on something like a traditional marriage contract that's stood the test of time for a string of generations stretching into the fog of unrecorded history is probably wrong (Exhibit A: the state of the world after feminist marriage reforms). Anybody going into it with the culturally ubiquitous collection of delusions about love, attraction and the sexual market that permeates our society today is headed toward a disaster of epic proportions – a disaster that, even if you don't give a rat's ass about the people involved, is likely to be bad for society in general and not something any of us would like to have happening in our neighborhoods.

One thing you don't want to see in your neighborhood (not that this is the most directly obvious or even the most relevant example, but it's definitely the most fun one for me to write about) is a professional hit man. Another that you want to see even less is an amateur hit man. Something most people probably don't know but that I can tell you from my… ahem, research for a primary school science project… is that the majority of contract killings involving people who are not in the mafia are sex-related and a lot of them are commissioned by the victim's spouse. And this is in a society where divorce is easy and the social limits of marriage clearly understood and shared by all.

Now, if we give people unrestricted freedom to write up inescapable til-death-do-us-part contracts while zonked out of their heads on the new lovers' hormone cocktail, that may or may not have an

effect on family stability and the environment where children grow up, but the one rather obvious consequence it's definitely going to have is a drastic increase in the frequency of deaths that part people. For a husband or wife experiencing the inevitable end of romance after the genetically programmed 4-year pair bonding period is over, bound to be the exclusive sexual property of someone they're growing day by day to gradually despise until that person's death *as explicitly stated in the contract*, there is only one obvious way to make their life worth living again: to expedite that death.

This happens all the time – *all the time* – even in today's society where the alternative is a relatively painless divorce. Kids don't even have to be in the picture, often it's about nothing more than just money. There's a reason the police always consider the spouse their first suspect, and that reason is that the spouse usually did it – or hired someone else to do it.

Now, you may ask, would people really be dumb enough to do the whole "til death do us part, no excuses" thing? Hell yes they would. You know what it's like to try to get a pre-nuptial agreement these days? Not fun. Unless you're Bill Gates and it's considered socially reasonable for you to take precautions, you're not going to want to tell the girl who's madly in love with you "hey, I need you to sign this paper that details how we're going to proceed when one of use stabs the other in the back."

"What? Are you planning on leaving me?"

"Do you think *I* would leave *you*?!"

"Don't you love me?!"

"If *that's* what you're thinking about before our *wedding*, then we shouldn't get married at all!"

(to be continued…)

Husbands, Wives and Contract Killers (2/2)

November 26 2011

People get married foolishly believing they'll be in love forever (if they didn't, why would they get married? think about it), and to draft up a contract reflecting anything else but that is emotionally the same as betraying that love. Maybe a few smart individuals could manage to agree that preparing for the possibility of one or both of them eventually changing their minds is not the funeral of romance, but that's far, far beyond the capacity of the average bride and groom. Given the freedom to draft their own marriage contracts, society would end up with a great number of greatly unhappy people trapped in iron-clad lifelong marriages, suicide or murder their only ways out.

The lifelong marriage survived for a long time in a society where a universal incentive system was in place to support it. Being married was seen as the "natural" state of an adult human being rather than a personal choice and as such, it was understood that everyone should get married and stay that way, and if and when sexual indiscretions inevitably occurred, it was best to sweep them under the carpet in order to protect the larger goal of the support structure that marriage was a part of: the labor-divided family unit.

Traditional marriage worked when the man provided and the woman cared – each depended on the other and neither was likely to gain anything from the other's misfortune. Each had their responsibilities, and it was understood that marriage was more of an economic contract necessitated by the circumstances of life in those days than anything to do with love or companionship. Love, if even present at all at the start of the marriage, wasn't expected to last forever. The best a married couple could hope for was to be able to tolerate each other to the degree required to run the labor-divided household which they both depended on.

Today, that form of household is gone – that labor is now divided among the various corporations which produce everything we use and the lot of any individual, male or female, is to earn the money required to exchange for those products. Living without a husband or a wife in the old days cannot be fairly compared to living without one today – a more apt comparison would, in many ways, be to living without money. It's more or less universally accepted as fact that a woman couldn't expect to support a desirable lifestyle for herself without a husband, and that a man without a wife would need someone else (his mother, perhaps, or paid servants if he was rich) to do the cooking, cleaning, sewing and possible raising of children that he couldn't do himself – there were no microwave pizzas or electric vacuum cleaners, this shit was hard work.

Having a husband or wife was, even in the absence of any romantic feelings, a net positive due to the economic aspects of the marriage contract, which were in fact its main point. This is clearly reflected in the whole "forbidden lovers" theme that permeates everything that's left for us to read from those days – it was patently obvious to everyone (except the hormonal teenagers) in that society that marrying for love was a damn stupid idea. The love would soon be gone, and the economic benefits of a partner chosen rationally based on their suitability for the duties of a husband or wife – the *real* point of marriage – would have been forsaken.

With staying married regardless of feelings remaining an economic necessity for life, and with the prospect of love-based partnerships (aside from the hush-hush ones implicitly tolerated on the side in recognition of sexual market realities) pretty much societally off the table anyway, there were plenty of reasons not to kill one's spouse.

Now, none of those reasons remain.

Remember your first girlfriend and how you were so absolutely sure you would stay madly in love and be together forever? Imagine if you'd had the opportunity to write your own marriage contract,

reflective of your state of mind at the time, and sign on the dotted line. What would that contract have looked like?

Remember how much you hate that girl now? Imagine how utterly miserable your existence would be if you were forced by your contract to actually have the sort of relationship with her that you thought you would back then – and for as long as you thought you would back then.

Imagine that you'd met your next girlfriend and had all those wonderful feelings again – for her – while still being no-excuses no-refunds married for eternity to that previous girl whose guts you now hate. Imagine being unable to do anything about it…

…except the one thing that could make your shrew of a wife disappear and set you free to experience all the best things in life with the person you really love…

…then tell me you wouldn't kill for that.

I don't believe you.

Don’t Have Sex, You’ll Ruin It!

November 27 2011

Most of the time, if you’re attracted to a woman and enjoy her company, you’ll enjoy it even more if you have sex with her. But not always.

A sexual relationship inevitably runs its course – as the old PUA saying goes, “for every hot girl, there’s a guy who’s tired of fucking her”. There comes a point where the thrill is gone, and the more options you have, the faster that point comes. It’s unavoidable. The nature of attraction is cyclical – your brain allows you to become obsessed with a particular girl while she’s an elusive prize to be conquered, and it’ll reward you with all kinds of nice feelings for just being near her, and this can go on indefinitely, but as soon as you have sex with her the hourglass starts running out and you’ll soon lose that special feeling her presence gives you. That’s nature’s way of telling you it’s time to go sow your wild oats in a new girl.

Sometimes the build-up is better than the show. The tension is what makes it exciting – privately held but never verbally acknowledged, the seeds of love can grow, watered with just the right mix of hope and doubt, into something above and beyond the assembly-line stuff of romantic comedies. Something so delicate that to openly acknowledge it would crush it.

If you remember Mulder and Scully in “The X-Files”, you’ll know what I’m talking about. A major part of that show’s great success was the beautiful dynamic between the two main characters, and the beauty of that dynamic arose from the way they grew to care deeply for each other while remaining, on the surface, completely professional in their behavior. You’ll also remember that when they finally did get together after some seven years, the quality of the show took such a nose dive that it became almost painful to watch. The magic is in the tension, once it’s resolved the story is over. Watch any romantic movie, and it’s all about the battle for the lovers to be together, and once they overcome their challenges and get each other, the movie ends. The excitement is gone and whatever the rest of the story might be, it’s not interesting enough to put in the movie.

Sometimes having your cake is better than eating it – you can only eat it once and then it’s gone, but you can have it for an indefinite amount of time. Romance is exactly like cake – or candy. One summer as a teenager, I was forced to spend a couple of weeks at church camp. None of my friends went there, all the other kids I had to be around were complete jackasses (at least that’s what my teenage self thought of them), I hated all the religious activities that I was forced to spend every day participating in – it was just a completely depressing time, I felt like I was in prison, I missed home and my family and friends and I had nothing there that I could have found even temporary pleasure in.

Except for one small box of candy my dad had bought for me to take to camp with me. That box of candy was the only good thing in my life during those two weeks, and I didn’t even eat it until the last day – I knew that if I did, I would have nothing left and the whole ordeal would feel even more depressing than it already was. Sure the candy tasted good when I finally did eat it, but it was still just candy – it gave me much more value before, when it was a mythical object to be cherished, a beacon of hope in the darkness. I could just as easily have thrown it away at the end of camp, because the major part of its value was just *having* it, knowing day after day that it was there, waiting at the bottom of my backpack, untouched but always making its silent promise – that I could have it some day, and it would be great. I knew that eating it wouldn’t be a smart thing to do, because that enduring promise was psychologically worth much more to me than the fleeting pleasure of eating it would have been.

This Mulder and Scully type romance is the same thing – you watch the X-Files and you enjoy the unresolved tension, the silent promise of its eventual fulfillment, and when they finally do get together, you’re like “YES!” – for about half a second – and then you realize it’s over, think “AWW,

FUCK!" and wish the tension had never been released. Then you have to stop watching the show because the magic is gone.

In this respect, your life works just like a TV show. The real thing is never what you think it will be – recall how women want so desperately to get married, how they're over the moon on their wedding day (the "happiest day of their life") and how they inevitably start sinking into bitter misery as soon as the promise is fulfilled and the reality of marriage turns out to be worth much less than the expectation of it.

Nature is always trying to make us "take the next step", to move through the cycle of a sexual relationship, and that's what we tend to do. We aren't good at waiting for things, usually we jump into bed as soon as our feelings have grown to that point. Not a lot of people get a chance to have this Mulder and Scully type of thing – to refrain from doing anything about their feelings, to let the pressure build without going through the natural cycle that inevitably leads to the loss of interest. If you do get such a chance, don't ruin it by having sex – because if you do sleep with her, the story is over and the magic will disappear. You can fuck any number of other girls any time you want, so if you do find yourself experiencing the kind of unresolved tension where you really feel the magic – save this one, because it's one of those cases where having your cake (or your box of candy) is better than eating it.

God I hope Castle and Beckett never have sex.

Women of a Certain Age

November 28 2011

This comes from a reader email (personal details not included, but for the sake of context you need to know that this reader is about 40 years old):

> So have you noticed a difference between younger women and older women? Over the past year, the majority of the women who have visited my online profile, for example, have been mid- to late-30-somethings. I've done the work and have messaged all of them, with somewhat disappointing results. But, no play, no lay, right?
>
> My sweet spot, I'd say, is somewhere between 26-35. I don't have the patience, at my age, to put up with the bullshit that comes with under-25s. I just can't deal with most of them. With women that are closer to my own age, many of them are just unattractive physically. Personality-wise, they also seem rather jaded with the whole "dating thing," and it comes out in my dealings with them. Ditto with the games that they play with not returning calls, etc. The only bright side to most of them is that some can be no-nonsense and not apt to play some of the more annoying games that the younger ones can, as well as more direct and more in-tune with what they want.
>
> There are many opinions out there I've read (e.g., Roissy) who comment on the types of game to use on younger women vs. older women. What's your take and do you say that there's a big difference between the average 20-something and the average 30-something?

Something interesting that caught my eye in the email was that this reader had noticed a "sweet spot" – a certain age range of women that seemed to be the best compromise between getting what he wants and not getting what he doesn't want. This is a universal phenomenon – it doesn't mean you can't go outside that range, but depending on your own personality, what qualities you value and what type of game comes most naturally to you, there's always going to be a "sweet spot" game-wise where things seem to flow more smoothly with women of a certain age, and as you yourself change, that spot will change too.

The answer to whether to tailor one's game differently depending on the woman's age is both yes and no:

Game basically adjusts to the girl's self-image, not directly to her age, but self-image tends to correlate strongly with age – girls in their 20s tend to think they're God's gift to man so they need it impressed more strongly upon them that they don't mean shit to you, whereas in their 30s a lot of them have realized that the sun's about to set on their… day in the sun, so you can actually be nice to them without coming off as desperate. I can confirm this reader's observations on personality and behavior changes from 20 to 30+, those are typical. Some of them are self-image related, some are related to the mental toll of riding the alpha carousel for fifteen years, and some arise from other causes, but the end result is a fairly predictable pattern in how women change from 20 to 35:

- Bitchiness and other types of deliberate testing and game-playing start at a pretty low level among teens, increase steadily until at least the age of 25 (possibly 30 or even 35 if the woman keeps her looks well and/or has a particularly great capacity for self-delusion), and then decrease as she realizes that she's lucky to even beg for scraps at her age.
- Flakiness and similar indirect or less deliberate testing behaviors that are more the result of natural instincts than actual planning on her part start at a high level among teens, might even slightly increase from there until about 22, and then decrease from there to almost

completely disappear by 35. This follows the natural progression of a woman's sexual market value, i.e. her looks, because these behaviors come from instincts which know how hot she *really* is and not from how hot she *thinks* she is, like the previous category.

- The transition from bubbly, cute and feminine behavior to heartless, robotic District Attorney behavior progresses further with each new ride she hops upon on the carousel. Women are not built to have assembly-line sex with an endless succession of non-committed partners, and it slowly but surely breaks that part of their souls that makes them loveable.

The Internet Freedom Billionaire

November 29 2011

The internet has introduced us to many world-changing possibilities, several of which have made the first person to successfully execute them incredibly rich. Just a few well-known examples:

Google, first to develop a relatively manipulation-resistant search ranking algorithm for websites (which, for the non-technically minded, basically means "they made it hard for people to deliberately manipulate a high ranking for their website"), is now worth billions of dollars and used by billions of people.

Facebook, first to achieve a critical mass of users for a virtual social network mimicking the properties of real-life social networks closely enough (which, for the non-technically minded, basically means "they made it possible to copy your real-life social connections online, and they got enough people to do it that Facebook is now the de facto option because 'everyone else is using it'"), is now worth billions or dollars and used by billions of people.

YouTube, first to build a critical-mass community around a user-friendly video sharing platform (which, for the non-technically minded, basically means "they made it easy to record and share videos, and got enough people on Youtube that now 'everyone else is using it'"), is now worth billions or dollars and used by billions of people.

BitTorrent, first to develop a non-sequential transfer protocol for peer-to-peer file sharing (which, for the non-technically minded, basically means "they made file sharing a lot faster"), is now used by millions of people despite the financial infeasibility it's been condemned to by copyright enforcement organizations.

The people who founded those companies (with the exception of BitTorrent) are now all rich enough that they could build their own World Trade Center towers and buy their own airliners and hire suicide crews to fly the planes into the towers, and still have enough money left to live in luxury for the rest of their lives.

There's no telling who the next internet billionaire will be or what invention is going to make it happen, but I'll tell you one thing that might be it (whether it's a good or bad thing remains to be seen):

The first easy-access, high-security data haven.

Whoever is the first to pull that off is quite possibly going to become the richest person in the world. And it could happen any day now – the technology to do it pretty much already exists.

So, for the non-technically minded, what the hell am I talking about?

Like a "tax haven" is a country where people put their money or corporation in order to escape governments trying to tax them, a "data haven" is a place – physical or virtual – where people put their virtual data in order to escape government interference. For example, countries with weak copyright laws qualify as data havens for pirate websites distributing copyrighted material. Countries with strong free speech laws qualify as data havens for political dissidents from other countries.

For some others, such as child pornographers or terrorist organizations, finding a data haven for their activities in a physical location, protected by the laws of an existing country, is more difficult, so they use virtual data havens – anonymous networks like FreeNet or TOR which make policing difficult through the use of encryption technologies. You can't stop illegal internet activity if you can't find out who's doing it or where the physical equipment used to do it resides. Current encrypted networks cannot offer perfect untraceability, only increasing costs – in practice, the police

aren't likely to spend a million dollars decrypting and tracing stuff through a virtual labyrinth just to find out who shared a picture of a naked child.

Besides providing child porn, drug markets and freedom of speech for political dissidents, such delocalized, unpoliceable networks have also given rise to privately issued virtual currencies like BitCoin, used to buy and sell stuff, both legal and illegal, anonymously online – without taxes and outside the reach of governments, of course.

A true data haven, made user-friendly and easy for the layperson to access, is quite possibly the biggest untapped business opportunity in the world today.

Perhaps not too many people are interested in seeing kids play with their equipment or plotting terrorist attacks, but a whole lot of people are interested in watching movies for free, saying whatever they want anonymously without fear of being exposed, and earning and spending money without having to report it or pay taxes. A lot of people are interested in freeing their online activities from government interference – even people who aren't doing anything illegal, who, just out of principle, would feel better with Big Brother not watching them so much.

Today, the options that exist are prohibitively difficult for most people with no special pressing reason to want to use them, and are therefore not reaching critical mass – the public, government-controlled "regular internet" is still "what everyone else is using", and it's likely to remain that way for a while – unless the world's governments are dumb enough to censor it enough to push the great masses of regular people into looking for alternatives.

However, as soon as somebody provides a freer alternative and more opportunities for a reasonable price and makes it reasonably easy to use… the internet, and the world with it, is going to change again, and that somebody is going to be a very, very rich anonymous person.

Trial And Error And Error (And Error)

December 1 2011

We – as a species, and also as individuals – like to think we're pretty smart and able to figure things out using our amazing brains, but we're not. It's by and large fair to say that in all of human history, no one has ever gotten anything right the first time.

People are always saying how it took Edison 1000 failed attempts to invent the light bulb, but they're missing the larger picture – that it always takes 1000 failed attempts for anybody to invent anything that works in a way that even remotely resembles a useful function.

The way we learn – as individuals, and also as a species – is through a process of trial and error… and error, and error, and error, and eventually maybe running across a solution that's better than what we had before.

Even the most brilliant minds in the world have no more than a 0.1% success rate. That's why we test things in the real world before we commit to using them. Any new machine, medicine, computer program, etc. goes through countless stages of testing, measuring, results-analyzing and gradual improvement through lots of trials and lots of errors before it's released from the laboratory. Even the highest-paid scientists with the fanciest credentials and the most expert knowledge on their subject need to be allowed those 999 failures before they can make something work the way it's supposed to.

The evolution of our species itself is a trial and error process, as is social and cultural evolution. What we call "culture" or "tradition" or "civilization" is basically a collection of the 10,000 things that actually worked from the pool of the last 10,000,000 things that people tried to do. Those 10,000 things were stored in social memory for their value, and the other 9,990,000 useless things were discarded and eventually forgotten.

This is why, when you try to fuck with things that have been proven to work, you absolutely, positively need to test them before committing to them. Because 99.9% of the time, the change you make to the established model will cause it to suck more and function less. Invention is only a worthwhile pursuit when you can run 1000 tests and make sure that you've found an actual improvement before having to commit to doing things a new way. If you commit to using something before you've tested it at all, while it's still 999 errors away from working, you're in for a heap of trouble.

You, as an astute reader, might point out that I just made this very same point in my post on replacing traditional, proven marriage contracts with custom ones, but if there's anything I've learned from writing a blog it's that you can always trust people to not understand you, jump to the conclusion that they did understand your point but your point is stupid, and high-horse it from there… and of course the internet does not disappoint, as you can see in the comments on Frost's reply to that post.

I have to give credit to Frost himself for just doing the not understanding part and stopping short of the high-horsing part with that post, such restraint really shows to his credit especially contrasted against the comments section. Frost is a good guy, he even sent me a review copy of his new book which launches today, and since I'm apparently not a good enough guy to have taken the time to write a proper long review, I'll just link to the book here and say that it's not bad – of course, it's his first try at a book and not his 999th, but even so, I learned something – which is more than I can say for a lot of other books.

Learning a new skill, any skill, is much the same way as inventing, except that the improvement comes on a smoother curve. Take Game, for example. Your first approach will be a disaster. Your tenth approach will still suck. Your 100th approach will be pretty good. Your 1000th approach will

be great. After 10,000 approaches, you can sell your own $500 DVD seminar. But first, you need all those trials and errors because your brain is not built to learn any other way than the natural way – the way of evolution.

People try to learn something and give up after 10 tries – “aw, I can’t do it!” Like you’re supposed to learn to do something just from somebody teaching you. No, it doesn’t work that way. Teaching is not magical skill transfer from one person to another. A teacher doesn’t let you bypass the trial and error process, that’s not possible. What a teacher does is point out your errors and direct your attention to the difference between what you’re doing and what you should be doing – the function of teaching is to make sure that you know *where* your error is and to make sure that each new trial gets you a little bit more in the right direction. A teacher’s job is to make it possible for you to eliminate 1000 errors in 1000 tries, whereas on your own it’d take 1000 times longer still because you wouldn’t even know what the error is that’s holding you back, so you’d be going around in circles and changing all the wrong variables – you’d essentially have to *invent* each step of your skill before being able to *learn* it, so you’d have to try and err 1000*1000 times just to get to the same skill level as you would in 1000 tries with a good teacher.

Bringing The Manosphere Closer To You

December 2 2011

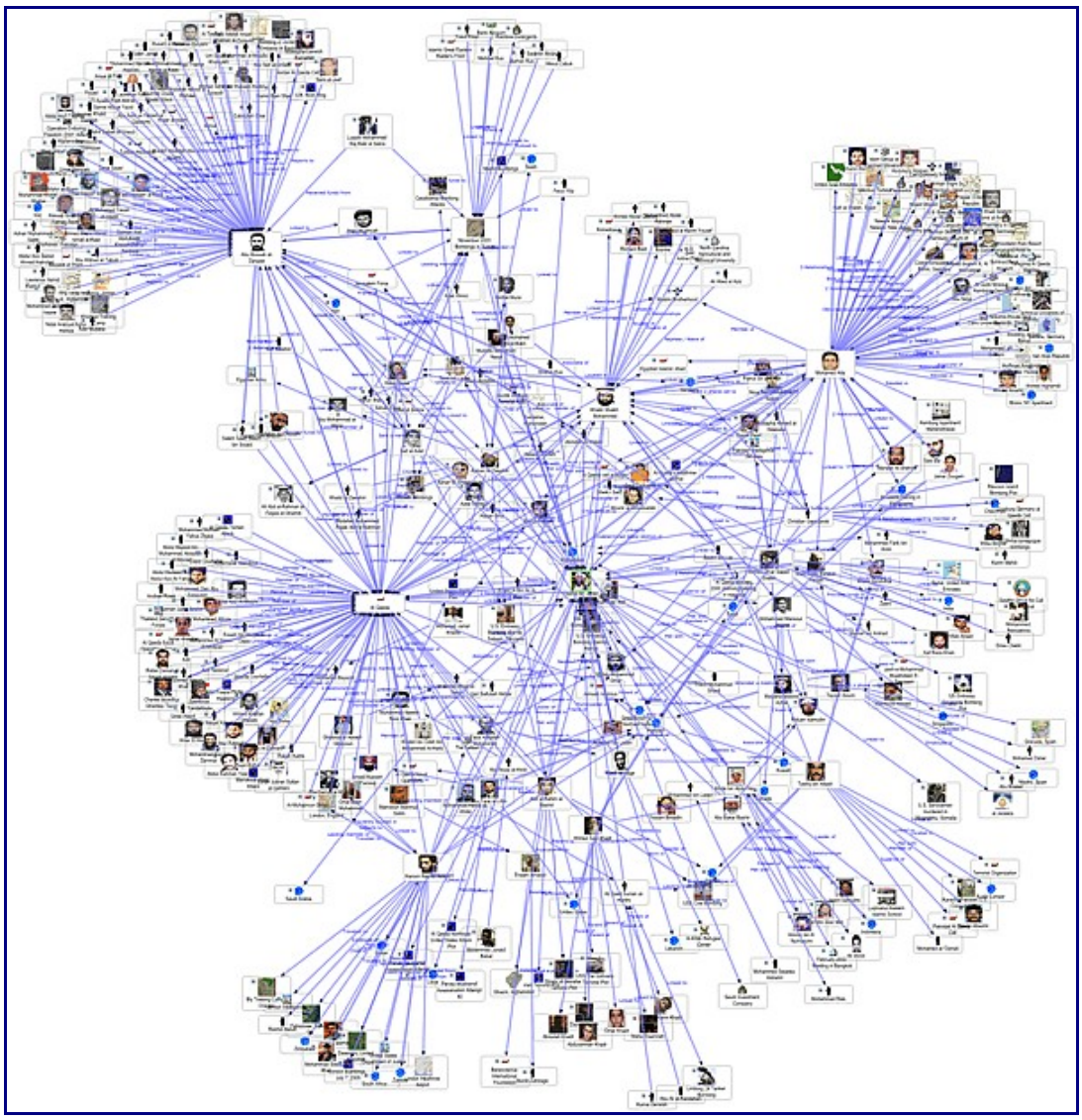
What exactly is the "manosphere"?

We all know the stock answer: it's "a loosely connected web of blogs dealing with men's issues"… but that failed to satisfy me, so in an effort to find a more scientific answer to this question, I just spent something like 4 hours plowing through some 200 or more blogs – starting with the blogs I (at least occasionally) read, then looking at everyone those blogs link to, then everyone *those* blogs link to…

I bottomed out about two and a half hours into it, seemingly free-falling into an ever-expanding ocean of blogs, but then… somehow, the threads I was following started coming together again. You'd expect that if there is such a thing as "the manosphere" then going through the blogs you'd eventually find most of the ever-increasing number of links pointing back to each other in a somewhat circular fashion – and that is indeed what happened. The final quarter hour of my adventure on the open seas of blog was the strangest part – I would run across a new blog I'd never seen or even heard of before, and every link in its sidebar (save one or two of the blogger's personal picks) would already show the purple "previously visited link" color. And this happened a lot, even with blogrolls several tens of blogs long.

So there you go, the active "manosphere" is, according to my calculations, comprised of around 120-140 blogs, with several tens of old, abandoned blogs still lying around as well. It's somewhat divided into smaller and quite heavily overlapping spheres (centered around Game, marriage issues, legal issues and MRA, antifeminism, whining, MGTOW, cultural commentary, self-improvement, etc.) and bleeds rather profusely into a distinct alt-right blogosphere through both spheres' shared interest in the ongoing cultural decay of the Western world and how to live with that.

It basically looks a lot like one of these:



A realization I had in the process that, although not really logically surprising, still *felt* counter-intuitive was that a lot of the uncharted blogs I usually never ventured anywhere close to were *not bad at all*. I suppose we all imagine that we've personally *picked the good ones* to follow, but the truth seems much more likely to be that we simply picked those which seemed *the closest,* judging by whatever virtual social connections brought us into the "manosphere" in the first place. It's the "friend of a friend" phenomenon transferring from real life onto our blog reading habits. Depending on which blogs they've found first, bloggers and readers both cluster into smaller groups even within one manospheric subgroup – I found at least two, or depending on how you count, possibly three distinct "Game" subgroups of blogs, all writing about the exact same stuff, but mostly separately from each other, not linking to or discussing posts from the other groups. Probably not even reading them. Maybe not even knowing they exist.

Fascinating stuff… so what do I intend to do with this information? The only thing a man possessed of his natural male instincts and drives can do in a situation like this: **build the biggest auto-updating manosphere blogroll ever**.

… now it's two weeks later and I've done it. It was no easy task in either the labor or the technical sense, and I crashed the server at least twice, but I finally found a way to make it work: updates from over 140 blogs are now being linked to in real time from this site. I threw in a few personal picks as well, blogs that may not necessarily have anything to do with "the manosphere" but which I think you'll find valuable regardless. Also, I'm sure a lot of good manosphere blogs are still missing from the list, too. Certain types of blogs I left out on purpose:

- Blogs with excessively high posting frequency – Nobody can write 5 good quality posts per day, and I'd rather not clutter up the list with stuff that the writer didn't put much effort into.
- Blogs with excessively low posting frequency – To save resources, I decided not to have the system constantly checking a bunch of blogs that are only posted on once a month.
- Duplicate Linking Blogs – I have nothing in principle against blogs that mainly just post links to other blogs, that's a perfectly fine and valuable thing to do, but given that this list already covers almost the entire manosphere, most of what those blogs would link to is already here and including the link blogs would just result in a bunch of unnecessary duplicate links.
- Blogs which don't even try – I appreciate blogs with differing viewpoints, but there's a line between "differing" and "trolling", and some blogs cross that line.

I'm fairly confident that all the "major" manosphere blogs are covered, but that said, if some obscure blog isn't on the list that doesn't mean I decided not to include it. The more likely explanation is that I've never heard of it and didn't find it even when I went three layers of links deep from the blogs that I usually read. That's exactly what inspired the point of this whole exercise – to gather together the currently pretty loose web of the "manosphere" and let readers find all those good writers they don't even know are out there, and let those writers find new readers. This is what needs to happen if the manosphere is to grow and flourish.

I'm donating the most valuable piece of internet real-estate I have – the home page of this blog – to this cause, and that's where you can now find between 50-100 new links to freshly pressed blog posts every day. I'm betting quite a few of those will be stuff you'll want to read.

Having been a bit out of the loop lately, I'm going to be using it myself to better stay on top of what's going on in the 'sphere, and to discover the valuable offerings of blogs that I haven't much been exposed to before. I hope you have a great time doing the same.

Happy reading!

(P.S. Note to those bloggers who are going to be receiving significant unexplainable traffic spikes from this: because of the shortened links I have here not passing a referrer URL, it'll show up as "no referring link" or equivalent in your stats)

Can You Hate Blacks And Jews At The Same Time?

I don't have anything in principle against racism – making generalizations about people based on the color of their skin is fundamentally no different from making generalizations about people based on anything else. If you can say "lawyers are slimy dickheads" then you can just as well say "East Asians are slimy dickheads". If you can say "New Yorkers are angry and unpleasant", then you can just as well say "Africans are angry and unpleasant". It's all the same thing: you're making a connection between two traits which, in your experience, correlate.

But…

I do think that if you're going to be a racist and make a big deal out of it, then you should at least be consistent in your principles. If you want to wave around IQ charts as proof that some races are better than others, then it would be hypocritical of you to suddenly put the charts away when they don't suit your purposes…

For example, if you want to expel blacks and Mexicans from your country on the grounds that they drag down the level of your civilization with their lower average IQs, then you, as a white American, should also expect to be refused entry into the higher-IQ (and therefore by extension much more awesome) civilizations of China and Israel.

If you think it's only natural and just for blacks to be poor and at the bottom of society's ladder, then you're hardly entitled to complain that the Jews occupy such a disproportionate amount of society's top positions and own most of everything. After all, their race is an equal amount of IQ points smarter than yours as yours is compared to the blacks, so isn't it perfectly right that they should be on top?

Or if you're what I believe is called a "White Nationalist", then I guess you'd rather that they go back to their own country too and leave you with only your same-race peers to advance your civilization. I see the sense in the "each with his own kind" type of thinking, too. It's true that there are vast cultural differences between the different races, sometimes maybe too vast to be comfortably bridged. I wouldn't want to up and move to Ethiopia or Japan, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't like it there. I wouldn't like it if Ethiopia or Japan moved in en masse and took over my neighborhood, either. I can understand why you might want to just live with your own kind – for right now, anyway…

…but how great will that seem in a few decades when the Chinese and the Israelis are flying around in their water-powered spaceships, being catered to by robotic servants throughout their 362 vacation days of the year, while your white children are still shuffling papers at the cubicle farm from Monday to Friday, watching their lives slowly but surely slip by? How smart will the idea of kicking out the most intelligent people from your country seem then?

It just seems a bit short-sighted to me, if not downright hypocritical… I mean, if you think that the blacks and browns are mooching off you, then surely you must see that you are similarly mooching off the Asians and the Jews. Their superior accomplishments are responsible for much of what you today recognize as "civilization". Just look at the names on any piece of research coming out of any university right now.

I occasionally get emails asking me to take some sort of stance on race and racism, so here it is: I'm not really for or against racism as an ideology or any specific race of people in particular. I make assumptions about people based on things like what they wear or where they work or what color their skin is, just like everyone else does (whether they admit it or not). I don't really buy the theory that this or that race is responsible for everything that's wrong with the world, so I guess that's why I don't see the whole race thing as that important. If I really felt that the blacks or Jews are responsible for all the unpleasant things in my life, then I suppose I would.

Alienation

December 4 2011

Learning to understand more about life and the world isn't all glory and conquest. You lose a lot of things too. You lose people.

You come to care about things that people don't care about, and you stop caring about the things they do. It alienates you from the people you love. You start living in a different reality and it becomes increasingly difficult to communicate or even share experiences with others.

It's like… you know how it is when you're visiting some super-religious cousins and all they can talk about is Jesus this and the Lord that and how they're blessed with something and how they're praying for something else, and it makes you feel like they're not even living on the same planet as you, and it makes it impossible to have a real conversation with them because their world is all Jesus all the time and your world is no Jesus any of the time.

That's what it's like to be spiritually alienated, and the more your worldview changes away from that of your peers, the more you start to feel it. You learn something like Game, and your friends' conversation about women starts to sound like Jesus talk. You learn about the MRM and evolutionary biology and tribalism and such, and people's ideals of diversity and equality start to sound like Bible quotes and incantations. You learn to be internally motivated and stop seeking self-esteem in the approval of others, and the actions of the people around you start to look like money-worship and prayers for social status. The more you learn, the more you find that everybody's part of a religion that you no longer share, and it becomes impossible to have a real conversation with them.

At this point, it's not bad yet. You probably still have a smaller community, some internet group or maybe a small circle of friends where you can feel like you belong, like people understand your world. A lot of guys get caught up in that, the whole "*we* have the *truth* and *they're* all *sheep"* thing, because what they really want is to feel like they belong.

If you want to understand more than you want to belong, you have to leave the smallest groups behind as well. You'll come to see that they, too, are just practicing their own slightly different religion, and you'll start to feel like an alien again. You will eventually have to accept that you'll never fit in anywhere again. You'll probably never meet even one person who understands your world, and you have to be okay with that.

They say each man is an island, and that's what you become if you go looking for things that the people around you aren't looking for. Like a soldier returning from war can't ever really fit into civilian life again, you, too, will forever be changed by your private battle for knowledge – even when it's over, you bear the scars for life.

Game Without Game

December 5 2011

Hearken ye well, laddies, for here be buried treasure of immeasurable worth – but you might not realize it right away, because this talk is not "about game". This is Tyler from RSD speaking at a corporate event for Cisco Systems, and not once does he use any "PUA words" or even make a casual reference to picking up women at all. This is "inner game" on such a deep level that it doesn't even look like game anymore.

When you go deep enough into martial arts and really dissect what's going on, it stops being about how to hit people and starts being about understanding the interplay of different forces in the body. When you go deep enough into game and really dissect what's going on, it stops being about how to pick up chicks and starts being about understanding the interplay of different forces in the mind.

And that's how a "pick-up artist" gets invited to train a group of project managers for a major corporation in how to communicate with their customers.

A lot of what he says here is word for word the exact same stuff that he's also said in his pickup seminar DVDs, and it applies equally well to dealing with corporate clients as it does to any communication in any area of life. Definitely worth watching.

Racing From the Wrong Start Line

December 6 2011

Learning things isn't hard because "the secrets" are hiding from you. The truth rarely hides from people – mostly it's ourselves who hide from the truth. "The secrets" have been there all along, but you won't understand them before you're at the right phase to do so. You can't see two steps ahead. Just like a math equation means nothing to you before you know numbers and numbers mean nothing to you before you've understood the concepts of amounts and counting, so too the secrets of other areas of knowledge remain obscured until you've built the foundation necessary to understand them. That's what the old saying "when the student is ready, the teacher will appear" means. If your "teacher" is a math book explaining quadratic equations, for example, it can be there lying in front of you from day one, but it won't really "appear" to you as a teacher until you've learned about variables and indices and such.

This means you can't tell people things that are two steps ahead of where they are. You can say the words, but real communication will not be taking place, because the bridge between what you're saying and what they're using to try to understand it is missing. They will think you're crazy or stupid or trying to fool them.

The problem is even worse from the perspective of someone trying to learn something, because you can never see more than one step ahead and everything beyond that appears without meaning or merit. Often times there's a journey of understanding that you have to take before you can even arrive at the beginning of the "real" journey, the one that's going to get you where you wanted to go.

As a teenager, when I first wanted to become a good fighter, I set about making that happen by going to the gym three times a week to build my muscles. I reasoned that strength would make me physically superior and able to best others in a fight. I put a lot of effort into building my muscles before the next step on the journey of understanding opened up to me – I became familiar with martial arts and saw that technique would always beat strength. Now, I had to abandon my muscle-building journey that I'd already put a lot of effort into and start a new journey in studying a martial art. In a way, all that effort had been wasted because I'd been thinking I was on the path to becoming a good fighter even though I hadn't in actuality even gotten to the correct starting point for that journey. My journey of understanding what I was doing was incomplete.

And so, I went right ahead and started on another wrong path. I chose a martial art that contained a lot of different types of techniques, kicks and punches and throws and joint locks and ground fighting were all covered. It made sense to me at the time that the best fighter would be accomplished in all these varied sub-areas of fighting, and I thought I was being smart by choosing the most varied and all-encompassing martial art I could find.

But again, the next step of understanding was obscured to me, and I wouldn't reach it for another few years. Eventually, I came to understand that certain types of techniques were simply more effective than others, that some relatively simple defenses could protect one from a wide array of different attacks, and that it wasn't best to study everything equally, but rather to study the smallest number of actions that covered the widest array of possibilities – like a multitool that replaces an entire toolbox. That way, I could devote more time to each of the fewer things I studied and become relatively more skilled compared to an opponent who had to study a larger number of "tools".

And again, it felt like much of my previous efforts had been wasted – how much farther along would I have been if I'd just started on the right path right away? This is where a lot of people get stuck, because it's hard to admit that you've been fooling around with something stupid when you thought you were making progress. It's easy to go into denial and develop all sorts of rationalizations to save yourself from feeling like an idiot. But that only prolongs the time it'll take

you to get to where you want to go.

When we want something and decide to go after it, we're often in a hurry to get to where we want to go, so we just start running blindly, eager to finish the race, but the race is often in a completely different place and we're just running around in a cornfield somewhere. Going after things you want is good, but it's even better to first make sure you're at the right starting point. Ideally, the journey of understanding should be completed before you start the journey of getting where you're going. That's not always possible in real life, in fact it almost never is, so if you really want to get where you're going it's best to adopt an attitude of always looking out for signs that you're going in the wrong direction. If you get too caught up in following your current course, you'll just end up further and further afield.

It may sound depressing to start thinking of the things you do in this way – that you're always mostly just running in circles and not going where you want to go – but it gets a lot less depressing when you focus on finding the right starting points for your efforts and begin to see how everyone else is even more hopelessly lost and accomplishing even less with their marathon races through cornfields than you are just by finding the right start line and running a little bit in the right direction from there.

…and with the martial arts thing, even after all of those steps of new understanding, I was still starting from the wrong place. I might be starting from the wrong place my whole life, but I'll keep getting closer and closer to the right place and still getting better results than those who start in a much wronger place and keep a steady course from there.

Male Sexual Priorities

December 7 2011

You already know that men and women have different and often conflicting priorities when it comes to sexual relationships, and you've probably heard the simple version a million times:

- Men want to spread their seed into as many women as possible without having to commit their resources to the women.
- Women want to extract resources from as many men as possible without having to commit their womb to those men, and accept only the seed of the (one or a few) men with the best genes and/or social position of power.

And you've probably heard the slightly less simple version too, with the competitive element included:

- Male sexual priorities include:

- Impregnating lots of women
- Preventing other men from impregnating those same women
- If in possession of a surplus of resources, helping as many of one's offspring survive as the surplus allows

- Female sexual priorities include:

- Being impregnated only by the men with the best genes and/or the best social position (to be inherited by her children)
- Extracting resources from as many men as possible to help her offspring survive
- Preventing other women from being impregnated by and extracting resources from those same men

These are sort of like the "basic equations" from which the well-known variations of "alpha" and "beta" reproductive strategies can be calculated. but, have you ever actually done that calculating? Have you ever thought of what a man's or woman's priorities look like in real life, if you rank them from "first choice" to "last choice"? Or do you just have a sort of fuzzy picture of what sexual success or failure for either sex looks like?

Being clear about what the various options look like in practice and being able to instantly recognize them in the people around you will tell you a lot about a particular person's sexual market value, and more than likely, their general level of happiness and attitude to life, and to you – in other words, how you can expect to treat them and how you can expect them to treat you.

It's hard to try to apply theoretical concepts to real people in front of you, so let's make it easier by drawing a clear picture of the levels of sexual success as they appear in practice…

Male levels, organized by priority from greatest success to least – meaning that a man is always naturally inclined to choose the highest option on the list that he can achieve. (The names I made up, just to make it easier.) I've also included a comparative rank on the conventional alpha-beta scale:

1. **The king** – This man monopolizes a multitude of women (preferring ones with less previous sexual experience, of course). The defining elements of the "king" role are that he has sexual access to a multitude of women and prevents other men from having sexual access to these women. This is, biologically speaking, the ultimate peak of male sexual success. An obvious example of "the king" would be one of those ancient emperors who'd have guarded harems all around his kingdom – houses stocked with virgins for his private use only. A modern-world example would be the "office heartbreaker" type of guy (think George Clooney in any

movie), the man who has tons of women pining after him and effectively denying themselves to all other men as he rotates them through his bedroom on a metaphorical conveyor belt. Rank: super alpha.

2. **The secret agent** – This man, while he has practically unlimited opportunities for sex with a multitude of women, lacks the ability to guard them against other men. Much of his sex happens "on the low", through "other men's women" stepping out on their boyfriends and husbands with him (which is why I think the "secret agent" label is so suitable). His sexual success, biologically speaking, is still great, but not as great as the king's, because he has to share the reproductive capacity of those women with other men. Classic example: James Bond. A more everyday example: that thug who sells weed on your local college campus. Rank: super alpha.
3. **The politician** – This man's sexual opportunities, while not unlimited, are still in a league above average. He's likely to have a wife and primary "official" children for whom he provides resources, while carrying on whatever amount of affairs with interns and secretaries he finds opportunity for. His sexual success isn't as great as the secret agent's who can bed new women constantly without having to hide from a wife, but it's still well above average. Classic example: whatever congressman was caught in a sex scandal last week (there seems to be a never-ending stream of them). Friendly neighborhood example: that guy in your subdivision whom everybody's wife smiles at when they pass him on the street. Yeah, he's getting around. Rank: alpha.
4. **The bachelor** – This is the average man before he gets married. He's gone through a string of girlfriends, maybe a few one-night-stands, and he could keep doing this if he wasn't dumb enough to fall into the next category… Classic example: every main character in a college movie ever. Everyday example: most of your college buddies. Rank: beta.
5. **The faithful husband** – He's got his one woman, possibly all to himself (but also likely, she might be cheating on him with one of the higher-ups). Nobody wants to have an affair with this guy. He discovers to his dismay that his sexual prospects in marriage are even worse than they were before. Classic *and* real example: your dad. Rank: beta.
6. **The beggar** – This man is lucky to even be able to catch himself an (ugly) girlfriend or a (drunken) one night stand. He goes through dry spells longer than an Arizona interstate, and is the originator of the expression "getting lucky", because that's what sex is for him. Classic example: the main character's fat friend in every college movie ever. Real-world example: a World of Warcraft player. Rank: sad beta.
7. **The eunuch** – To women, this man is not a man in the sense that counts. Consequently, he has no sex (unless he pays for a hooker, or kidnaps some chick and locks her up in the basement). Likely, he's developed a deep hatred for women for this reason. Classic example: high-school shooter. Common example: a competitive World of Warcraft player. Rank: omega.

Next, let's look at the women's levels, and what you can do with this information for great fun and profit… *[to be continued]*

Female Sexual Priorities

December 8 2011

Yesterday, we learned to identify sexual success in men – what the life of an "alpha" or "beta" actually looks like. Now, let's do the same with women.

Female levels, organized by priority from greatest success to least – meaning that a woman is always naturally inclined to choose the highest option on the list that she can achieve. (The names I made up, again, just to make it easier.)

1. **The queen** – The ultimate female fantasy is to snag the apex alpha male, the metaphorical king of the metaphorical hill (in practice, the highest-status male in her social circle) and get this man to commit exclusively to her. This is the plot of pretty much every romance novel for a reason. In real life, this pretty much never happens. You may be fooled into *thinking* this happens by women married to CEOs, political honchos or Tiger Woods, but usually it's just that the women don't know (or refuse to admit) how many interns the husband is screwing behind their back. Classic example: the queen in a Disney fairy tale where married couples stay faithful to each other. Extremely rare real-life example: the wife of the extremely rare type of man who through some strange stroke of luck managed to land a high-status career/social position despite being such an incredible beta that nobody wants to have an affair with him.
2. **The Hillary Clinton** – This is what happens in real life to women who try to be The Queen: they face the all but impossible task of keeping their husband's interest against younger, hotter and more enthusiastic competition. The next best thing to having an alpha husband all to herself, she still gets to enjoy having an alpha husband as long as she looks the other way when he pounds the office intern(s). Classic example: guess. Everyday example: Your boss's wife.
3. **The cheating wife** – Unable to catch herself an alpha husband, this woman is forced to settle for the commitment of a beta – but that doesn't mean she isn't going to be compelled by her instincts to collect the seed of an alpha on the sly and have her unworthy-to-reproduce husband foot the bill for its college tuition. Awesome example: the girl in this post, (except she couldn't keep her mouth shut about it in the end). Regular example: your friends' hot wives or girlfriends.
4. **The faithful wife** – Terrifyingly aware that a beta husband is the best she can do and that she's lucky to have even that, and not attractive enough for an alpha to bother even fucking her on the side, she's stuck with having to actually have her beta husband's kid, but at least she's got him to help raise it. Classic example: the women in those "Eat Pray Love" type movies about disappointing marriages. Everyday example: your friends' less than attractive wives or girlfriends.
5. **The slutty spinster** – Unable to finagle any decently sort-of-okay man to commit to her, this woman goes into full denial mode, riding the cock carousel at maximum blast and pretending that it makes her happy. Cries herself to sleep at night (whether she's alone at the time or not). Classic example: Carrie Bradshaw. Real-life example: any DC lawyer chick.
6. **The cat lady** – Unable to finagle any decently sort-of-okay man to commit to her and not even pretty enough to fill the hole in her heart with tons of anonymous cock, she accepts her fate and gets a cat… and then another… and then another… Classic example: the main girl's fat best friend in any romantic comedy (come to think of it, those movies are kind of mean). Real-life example: that woman you've seen at the office every day for three years and never even contemplated talking to.

Modern feminist culture is doing a number on a lot of women, convincing them that being the slutty spinster is actually going to make them happier than finding a husband, and robbing them of their

short window of opportunity to do that… and by the time they realize they were lied to, it's too late. A sad, sad fate, to be sure. On the plus side, this means a lot of the hotter girls who, in times past, would have been married off and unavailable somewhat less available are free to wander around looking for a carousel to ride – and that could be you!

Now, let's look at how these scenarios play out in a woman's head when you're gaming her and how you can use this knowledge to your advantage… *[to be continued]*

Games People Play

December 9 2011

Armed with a working model of male and female sexual market positions – the roles people play according to their options in the sexual market – we can begin to form a picture of the stories they tell themselves and how we might, if we so desire, fit into those stories.

From the perspective of a man intending to have sex with a woman (which, if you're 90% of the readers of this website, is *your* perspective) the important thing is to identify the role that your target female sees herself in, because that will tell you what kind of role she's ready to welcome a man to play in her little story.

Everybody has a story – not their real life story, mind you, but the story they tell themselves to make themselves feel like they aren't just completely fucking irrelevant. Depending on that story, there's room for certain kinds of characters and not for others.

Let's go through the female sexual market levels starting from the top and find the role you'll want to play opposite each type of girl:

- With **The Queen**, you're either the singularly greatest man on Earth, or you're no one. If she's married or "in a relationship" (a made-up phrase that Facebook has tricked us into thinking actually has a real world meaning), forget her. She thinks her husband is all that and whether that's denial or just ignorance makes no difference – her self-image is so deeply caught up in this fantasy that she can't sleep with you without committing spiritual suicide. The good news is that true queens are extremely rare in nature.
- With **The Hillary Clinton**, things are much easier because she's a pragmatist. She pretty much knows how it is with her man, so she's unlikely to have any qualms about cheating with you and calling it what it is. The bad news is that by the time women reach this level of self-acceptance, they're usually past their expiry date.
- Moving on to **The Cheating Wife**, the first type in this list that you're likely to actually run into in real life *and* find attractive enough to pursue, the important thing to know about her is that she's *not* a pragmatist. She's never going to admit wanting to have an affair with you, she wants it to "just happen". You'll need to create an opportunity, because she's not going to help you – that would be admitting her intentions to herself. A corporate conference out of town is fantastic, a "spontaneous" drink after a yoga class is good, but anything that lets her cheat without actually making her think "gosh, I'm about to go cheat on my husband now" will fit the bill. (Also, I know somebody's going to want to email me about how horribly immoral I am to covet another man's wife… save it. I don't believe that marriage means anything, and neither does your cheating wife.)
- With **The Faithful Wife**, your chances are again on the slimmer side – not that she's impossible to seduce, but she's scared of getting caught and it'll quite possibly be more work than it's worth, seeing as how this type of woman isn't likely to be more than barely attractive, if that. From an investment standpoint, not recommended.
- **The Slutty Spinster** is fast becoming the most common type of female (in the bangable age bracket, anyway), thanks to feminist culture, so this is where the major part of your efforts are probably going to be directed. Like Wal-Mart, these women tend to be low-cost, low-quality, and utterly interchangeable. The bread and butter of PUAs the world over, they are (lamentably) the "normal" girl of our time. Their prime driving delusion is thinking that they actually enjoy casual sex, so play it straight and simple as I'm sure you already know how.
- If you find yourself in pursuit of **The Cat Lady**, it's time to reevaluate your standards.

But where, in this admittedly dismal view, does the pretty and good "girl next door" fit in? You know, that girl you'd actually want for more than a disposable cum dumpster?

She's a bit difficult to find (in this model as in real life), and this leads many upstart players first exposed to the depraved side of female nature to conclude in sadness that she doesn't exist. But she does – she's rare in the wild, but she's around.

The good girl is someone who *wants* to be a queen, *thinks* she's on her way to becoming a queen (but actually probably isn't), and is trying (often unsuccessfully) to resist the tempting slide into societally approved slutty spinsterhood.

She believes in the Disney stuff so she's definitely not a pragmatist, which (in a rather mean twist of fate) is exactly what makes her so sweet and lovely. The great challenge is to enjoy your time with her without hurting her at the end, when her fantasy inevitably has to give way to reality. You need her to care enough, but not too much. It's a balancing act between managing her expectations enough that she doesn't expect you to marry her and ride off into the sunset forever after, but not so much that it ruins her experience of the time she does get to share with you. Or you can just lie, but personally I don't really like hurting people (it makes me feel bad, damn it) so I'm going to show you the honest path.

This is a markedly difficult part of game, but also one with great rewards (for both you and the girl), and it deserves to be explained in detail – which is the subject of the next chapter… *[to be continued]*

Invite Her Onto The Titanic

December 10 2011

People are funny creatures. They don't care about real things nearly as much as they care about imaginary things.

Hope, fear, expectation, anticipation, certainty and uncertainty… these are the kinds of things that fill people's heads and determine whether they're happy or unhappy. What's actually happening to them in physical reality doesn't even matter nearly as much.

For instance…

Let's say you're on a bus going to work in the morning. You're probably bored and more than a little tired, and it's a thoroughly un-special moment. In fact, if you had a magical remote that could fast-forward through parts of your day, you'd probably elect to skip this. But, if you suddenly get a phone call informing you that you've won 70 million in the lottery, now you're suddenly happy and full of energy. You're still on the same bus, it's still the same dreary morning, the homeless guy next to you still smells like stale vomit, but now you're excited, full of energy, unable to stop smiling and you just love the feeling of being alive. It's all in your head, nothing in the real world has changed. You haven't even gotten any money, because that was just your brother's drunk friend prank calling you – but the happiness you feel is undeniably real.

The story you're telling yourself is more important than what's happening. If what's happening is that you're having sex with three supermodels while your favorite WWE wrestler is off to the side beating up the guys who used to bully you in high school, but the story you're telling yourself is that in half an hour the mafioso you owe money to is going to come in through the door and shoot you in the head, you're probably not going to be able to enjoy yourself very much – at least, most people couldn't. Learning that is incidentally one of the majorly important things in life, but for now let's just agree that most people can't do it.

The way this ties into the area of interpersonal relationships is that your girl needs a story that'll let her enjoy herself – and she's liable to invent one if you don't provide it. What's worse, she's not likely to be very inventive, so the story she's going to come up with is probably the same one she's seen on TV a million times since she was 5. The story where she meets her prince charming and falls in love and lives happily ever after.

That's a real fucked up story because it always disappoints. And because the universe hates you, specifically, above all other people (as I'm sure you know from extensive experience) you're always the one who somehow gets blamed for it, like it's your fault that she only has fifty hours of interesting company stored up in her and once that's gone she turns completely generic and boring.

If you don't want to be left having to smash her story into sharp and wounding pieces at the end of your shared time in the sun, you will have to preemptively remove her story and substitute your own – a version that's more in line with the reality that you're only going to be really excited about each other's company for a time considerably shorter than "ever after".

A lot of people think women are naturally inclined toward long-term relationships and can't or won't even entertain the notion of having sex with you unless they think they're going to get that (or else, if they're drunken club sluts who ride everything that moves). But that's not *completely* true. "Happily ever after" isn't the only kind of romantic storyline that appeals – in fact, a case could be made that it's not even the best one – if you look at what kind of story a lot of the most successful romantic movies are selling, the very core of the intrigue is often that there's a time limit on the romance: some sort of external circumstance that means the woman and her impossibly perfect alpha lover can't be together forever but have only a short while to make a memory that lasts a lifetime (a lifetime of subsequent marriage to a boring beta husband).

"Titanic" is an awesome (and awesomely well-known) example of this. It's awesome because it works on two levels. Firstly, the characters know that they're supposed to be on the boat for four days and then never see each other again. Second (and this is the really cool part) the *audience* knows what happened to the Titanic and that's why when watching the movie, all through the first looks and first kisses and whatever, you're *constantly expecting the iceberg to hit and fuck it up.* The fact that the audience gets to share that sense of urgency and fleetingness of pleasure with the characters is probably one of the major reasons why that movie became such a huge success, because this effect pulls you into the story in a completely different way than most movies do.

If you've seen any decent number of romantic movies, it shouldn't be hard for you to think of a whole bunch of storylines where sort of the whole point is the fleetingness of the romance – the knowledge that there can be no ever after, there's only now, and now must be made to count.

That's what you'll need in order to have something special for as long as it naturally lasts with the kind of girl who isn't an indiscriminate slut without being forced into the unpleasant position of breaking her heart once the experience has run its course. You need to make it clear from the start that the story she's going to tell herself is going to be one of those brief but therefore all the more poignant ones. You need to build your own Titanic.

There's a number of ways you can go about it – sometimes it falls right into your lap (e.g. if you're a tourist, only in her country for this week and the next, never to return) and other times it'll require a bit more construction on your part, but there's one overreaching rule that you can use under any circumstances to make it a lot easier for her to slip into the right mindset for a short-and-therefore-all-the-more-sweet story… *[to be continued]*

A “One Day At A Time” Type Of Situation

December 11 2011

Any relationship is a “one day at a time” type of situation. No one can promise to love you forever, or even next month or tomorrow for that matter. All we have is how we feel today and the knowledge that feelings tend to change without much of a warning.

That’s the truth, and most girls kind of sort of know it in some hidden partition of their brain even while their conscious mind is absorbing forever-after fantasies from Disney movies. That’s why they’ll usually understand it if you explain it to them from square one, but if you fail to underscore the point before they’ve had time to imagine three kids and a white picket fence, it gets a lot harder. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

There are things you cannot choose – how you feel about someone, for example. To make promises about things that are not within your power to influence is dishonest. Unfortunately, society has hijacked your girl’s mind and inserted the idea that it’s not dishonest but instead romantic and awesome, so you’ll need to employ a classic reframe:

Her frame (which she’s hoovered straight up from pop culture) says that commitment is good and mature, and non-commitment is immature and a result of “a fear of commitment”.

Your frame says the opposite: that non-commitment is good and mature in its recognition of how reality works, and commitment is immature in its denial of the facts of life, and actually a result of a fear of loss – the immature person is scared of losing the special relationship he has so he tries to cling to it through unrealistic promises, which is what children do (“honey, mommy has to go to work soon, so we can only play for a little while” – “no! promise you’ll play with me all day! promise!”).

When it comes to making her accept your frame, timing is the most important factor because you must appear congruent, and unfortunately, silence is going to be perceived as acceptance of her frame, even if it’s only implicit. It’s going to be a challenge if you’ve let her make you her “Facebook official” boyfriend for five months and then pull a 180 and try to reframe the situation, but if you do it right off the bat it’s easy as pie. Congruence is everything in the frame game, if she feels that you really believe in what you’re saying and you’ve always believed it and it’s the most natural thing in the world to you, it will seem quite natural to her too.

(Super bonus challenge: doing this when a long-term girlfriend starts pestering you to marry her. Be warned – may result in injury.)

The Universe Does My Bidding & Pretty Girls Are The Key To Education

December 12 2011

Yesterday, I wrote about reframing the traditional "committed relationship", and mere hours later, Sasha posted this video of a street pick-up where you can see that very concept in action. His version is a bit different from mine, but it accomplishes the same thing.

It's the part from 08:00 to 09:30 in the video:

Glorious success! The girl accepts his frame and responds with an indicator of interest – an unsolicited personal question about him. Remember what I said about the importance of reframing the relationship early on, before she gets any ideas about your Disney-scripted future together? Having known this girl for just eight minutes before finding a way to introduce the reframe, Sasha's timing is right on the money. That's how it should be done.

The front page mega-blogroll has really been good to me today, helping me discover not only Sasha's video but also Human Stupidity's showcase of pretty girls on Youtube talking about stuff like race not being a social construct:

Wow, how about that.

There's no better way to learn about stuff than to watch a pretty girl explain it – your animal brain rewards you for paying attention to a pretty girl and tricks you into being interested, even if you'd be bored reading the exact same stuff on paper.

For educational purposes, I should really stop publishing text and instead have a pretty girl read out my blog posts on camera. If you are a pretty girl and want to contribute to the noble cause of combating delusion as well as sound smart on the internet and be admired by men the world over both physically and intellectually, send in your application today!

While we're on the topic of girls being educational on Youtube… my all-time favorite since 2007 is Jessica – here she is talking about dating advice and Neil Strauss' book "The Game" (and using PUA acronyms like a pro):

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H_NNWwyDEQM

"…the first thing you'll learn about talking to girls is that you should never take advice on the matter from girls…"
"…what girls say they want and what they actually respond to are completely different things…"

That right there is information that everyone should be exposed to. (The lighting in that video is really bad, but she's actually quite pretty too: Exhibit A, Exhibit B)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go sacrifice a goat in order to ensure that practical examples, learning aides and scientific evidence of everything I write in the future keeps just falling into my lap.

Meanwhile, At The Chateau Of Shared Girlfriends…

December 13 2011

Of course, we all know that the forming of exclusive one-man-one-woman sexual relationships is the most natural expression of human mating instincts, that such unions are automatically characterized by possessiveness, obsession and fierce jealously, and that we're all hard-wired to respond to infidelity with a murderous rage…

…except that it's not like that at all.

That's just the capitalist's version of a male-female relationship, where one partner's sexual and emotional affection are seen as the private property of the other partner. That's the way we look at everything else in our money-driven world, so it's no surprise that we would see sex as private property as well – but it isn't *natural* in any way, shape or form.

The capitalist understands his girlfriend to be his property and it seems only natural to him to feel possessive of her, but the tribal hunter-gatherer who lives in the jungle without TV or McDonald's sees sexual access, naturally, the same way he sees every other resource – as something to be shared among the tribe. This is not strange to him.

You wouldn't believe the kinds of traditions even the surviving tribal peoples of the world have, still to this present day. They make San Francisco look like Saudi Arabia…

Among the Mosuo people (who live around a lake in China), each family of mothers and daughters lives in a house where each woman has her own bedroom with two doors – one into the common courtyard in the middle, and another, private door into the street to discreetly accommodate nightly visitors. And where do the men of the family sleep? *Take one fucking guess.* There's no "marriage" or even anything similar to what we Westerners would term a "relationship". Each man and woman is free to make their own choices every evening, and once the sun rises, whatever happened in Vegas stays in Vegas… and each resulting child's uncles take on the role of "father" for their sisters' children.

When two unfamiliar Aboriginal tribes would occasionally meet in the Australian wilderness (before they were "civilized" into Australia's miserable, alcoholic underclass), what happened? Bloody warfare? Guess again – their habit was to cut off any possible hostility right from the start by resolving the tension with a massive orgy where the men of each tribe would happily let the strangers from the other tribe sleep with their own lovers (as well as their mothers, sisters, and daughters). How does that fit in with the idea of overpowering jealousy being hardwired into the human brain? Rather than a murderous rage, the ritual would result in amicable feelings on everyone's part (I heard the ritual pronouncement at the end of the proceedings was "We don't need to spear you – because we already have!" True story.)

If you're thinking "well those savages, they're so different from us…", think again. Or instead, just go look at modern tribes – football teams, motorcycle clubs, groups of PUAs sharing a flat in London… anywhere a group of men has a chance to become close enough friends that they view each other's benefit as almost equivalent to their own, they pass women around like a baton in a relay race. The term "sloppy seconds" wasn't just invented as an abstract concept for something that wasn't happening in the real world all the time.

In a certain French erotic movie from the 1970s from which a certain blogger you may be familiar with draws his inspiration *(Hint: much of the movie takes place in a "Chateau" (=type of French mansion) in a geographical area identified as "Roissy")* the protagonist goes on at length about how much it turns her on to have her boyfriend lend her out to another dude, and how her consenting to have all manner of unconventional sex with said dude is a great expression of her love for the first guy… does that sound to anybody like a female behavior that aligns perfectly with the

complementary male behavior explained above? Yep, you got it. Ten points to Gryffindor.

It may not strike you as terribly Alpha to allow “your” girl to sleep with other men, but if it doesn’t, try to let go of the scarcity mindset for a minute – if the other man is your best friend, and you have lots of girls and he has none… sharing is caring.

Grandma Owns The Nanny State

December 14 2011

Senior women age 50 and older control net worth of $19 trillion and own more than three-fourths of the nation's financial wealth.

…

Over the next decade, women will control two thirds of consumer wealth in the United States and be the beneficiaries of the largest transference of wealth in our country's history. Estimates range from $12 to $40 trillion. Many Boomer women will experience a double inheritance windfall, from both parents and husband.

…

Wealthy boomer women are the marquee players in our country's culture and commerce. They are educated, have a high income, and make 95 percent of the purchase decisions for their households.

…

Women account for 85% of all consumer purchases including everything from autos to health care:

- 91% of New Homes
- 66% PCs
- 92% Vacations
- 80% Healthcare
- 65% New Cars
- 89% Bank Accounts
- 93% Food
- 93 % OTC Pharmaceuticals

(Source: http://she-conomy.com/report/facts-on-women/)

In a consumer culture, whoever has the money to consume makes the culture. Why does our culture devalue men and make fun of the stereotypically male things that appeal to us? Why does it want so desperately to make us feel like desiring youthful female beauty is wrong? Why is it so ridiculously concerned with things like PC etiquette and protecting impressionable children from the risk of seeing a flash of boob on TV (while news footage of people blown to pieces in the streets of Baghdad is A-OK)?

When you start by acknowledging that our culture's consumer god is a 50+ woman, the dots pretty much connect themselves.

The Purpose Is To Hide The Purpose

December 15 2011

There are many things in the world whose functions revolve chiefly around hiding their true purpose, which is often something much less complicated and somewhat tangential to the bulk of the activity taking place. The point of hiding the true purpose is often that the true purpose is something which becomes easier to perform or more pleasant to partake in when it is obscured from the participants.

A couple of examples (once you understand the pattern, you can probably think of several more):

1. Dating is prostitution.

Getting to know someone and/or starting a sexual relationship with them does not in any way shape or form require you to ever agree to meet at a specific place on a specific evening for dinner and a movie. In fact, anybody who knows anything about game would advise against it. Dating is for men who want sex and are willing to pay for a fancy dinner in order to get it, and for women who want a fancy dinner and are willing to have sex to get it. It has zero utility for persons outside these categories.

As it happens, though, a lot of people belong to the aforementioned categories, and they like dating – but they don't like to be reminded of what it really is, so they make it convoluted in order to obfuscate the trail between the money and the sex, like bankers packaging sub-prime mortgages into triple-A rated funds, hiding the real action under a coat of glossy paint.

2. School is just babysitting.

The problem with children is that they take so long to grow up, and they can't take care of themselves until they do. How are mommy and daddy supposed to be making money at the cubicle farm all day to buy that new Playstation (that's supposed to make up for the fact that our kids' parents never have time for them) if they've got a child at home? Well, they can't! So, the kid needs to be put somewhere for the duration of the workday… and that place has to be set up in a way where a small number of adult staff can keep a large number of children under control and safe from (accidentally or purposefully) killing themselves or each other.

With toddlers it's easy, just put them in a fenced area and they'll toddle around all day admiring the magical sounds that gravel makes under their feet or trying to translate the style of Jackson Pollock to the medium of crayon, or whatever it is toddlers find important. Teens, though, are a different story. They're bigger, stronger, smarter, more easily bored and gifted with an almost supernatural penchant for getting into trouble. You need something much more clever than crayons and gravel to keep them docile between the time their parents go to work and the time they get off work… you need The Matrix, "a prison for the mind". That prison is school – an artificial social construct where the kids' gullibility is exploited to convince them that what the teacher is saying is important, and that their future happiness in life somehow depends on their sitting down quietly and listening to it.

There is no other imaginable way you could warehouse dozens of teens in a small room for the entire day without seventeen shades of hell breaking loose – but this way, the hormonal delinquents police themselves.

You didn't actually believe anyone thinks it's important for the future career prospects of our children that they know who defeated whom at the Battle of Gettysburg and what year that happened, did you?

One Graph To Rule Them All (Explains Marriage, Hollywood, Aging Bitch Syndrome, Teachers Sleeping With Students, etc…)

December 18 2011

The march of stupidity continues unhindered with a ridiculous survey that says women are most beautiful at 31. The mental three-card monte necessary for that kind of conclusion is not well hidden:

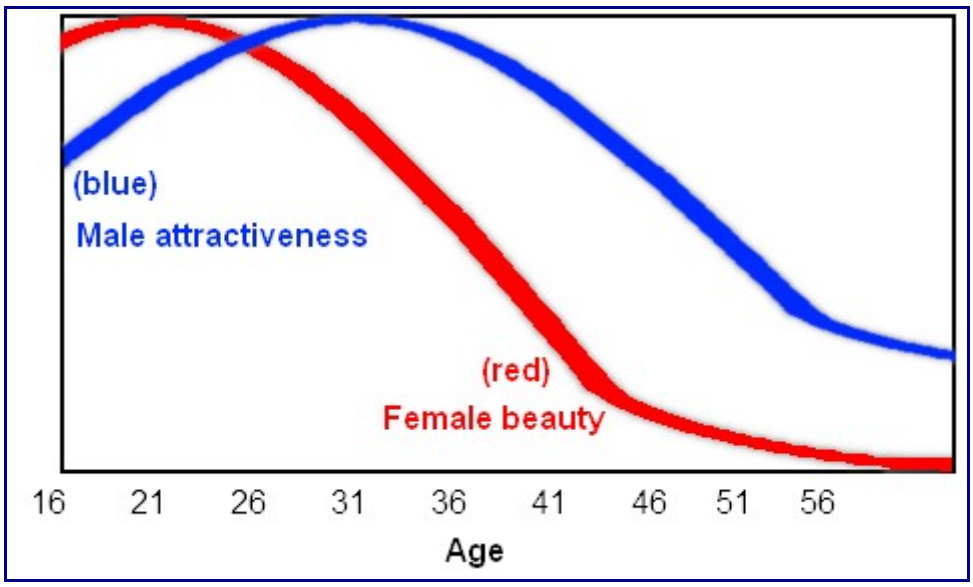
> The research concluded that beauty is as much about personality as appearance.
>
> It was defined as being confident by 70 per cent, having good looks by 67 per cent and being stylish by 47 per cent.
>
> Almost two thirds of women surveyed – 63 per cent – agreed that "with age, comes beauty".

That's funny. What follows is considerably less funny:

> The same number said that as they get older, they care less about what others think of the way they look.
>
> And 51 per cent said as they age they shed their insecurities and feel prettier.

So if you're wondering where all those sex-and-the-city bitches with their inflated egos and deflated physical assets are coming from… there you go. They think that "confidence" equals "beauty". This is what happens in a society that teaches people to think that men and women have no innate mental differences: each sex is going to assume that the other desires the same properties in them as they do in the other, when in reality nothing could be further from the truth.

Apparently we're all allowed to make up our own definition of beauty now. If I were to define it as, say, the degree to which a woman's physical appearance arouses in a normal and healthy man the desire to have sex with her (a strange and unnatural definition to many, it seems) it would peak at 21, not 31. In fact, let me open up Paint and draw a helpful graph:



As you can see, I've superimposed a graph of corresponding male attractiveness, which in fact does peak around 31 years of age (disallowing for the effect of wealth accumulation, game or other circumstantial factors). There's a word for what those women are doing who think their attractiveness follows the same curve as that of the men they're attracted to: projection.

Incidentally… now that I have this graph here, I can point out a couple of things I always wanted to tell you…

You know how those high school movies always involve a storyline about one or more of the horny protagonists hooking up with a hot teacher or the mom of some other character (usually a really young mom who obviously must've had her high-schooler son while she was still in high school herself)? Well, that happens. It's a classic storyline because it happens quite a lot. You know how the newspapers are full of stories about female teachers hooking up with their male teen students like they just categorically can't resist the temptation? That happens a lot too, and for the same reason… You see the levels of attractiveness for a high-school-age male and an early thirties female – they match. That's why that happens.

You know how the stereotypical hot teacher or mom is really sexually aggressive and comes on real strong, an easy lay for the desperate high-schooler virgin? They're not usually in their early thirties, though, are they? These characters (in film as in the newspapers and everyday life) tend to be late thirties to early forties – and look at the lines again: the female level of attractiveness at that age is about two thirds of the high-school male's. That's what causes the disparity and allows these kids who otherwise don't have a snowball's chance in hell of getting laid to have an easy score throw herself at them.

Another thing about Hollywood… have you ever paid attention to the ages of actors and actresses hired for new TV shows? At the start of the show, what age are they? I'm talking about shows that involve unresolved male-female chemistry as a major plot device (Friends, etc…) The kind of shows that revolve around a group of same-age males and females. What age are those actors and actresses almost always at the start of the show? 26. Or *very* close to 26. It's uncanny, really – there is no way that's a statistical anomaly. If there are major age differences among the group, the average tends to be around 26.

Why always 26? Look at the graph… that's right. Because that's the only age range where men and women of the same age are equally attractive. That's the only age where you can feasibly pull off that kind of sexual-tension TV show without the audience instinctively feeling like it's unrealistic, even though most of the audience knows jack shit about these attractiveness curves. Their *hindbrains* know, and they'll feel deceived if the show goes against their instincts.

In shows and movies where people are not 26, you'll still usually see the lead actor match the lead actress on the above graph. Mulder is 33, Scully is 25 – same level. Castle is in his early forties, Beckett is in her early thirties – same level. Leonard and Sheldon are in their early thirties, Penny is 22 – same level. Buffy is 20, Angel is 28 – same level. Actually, Buffy is supposed to be 16 or something but whatever, the actress who plays her is 20 and that's what we see. In a final tour de force for the graph, check out what happens later in the series when the actress playing Buffy has gotten older and less pretty – her romantic interest changes to fit the graph again! In the final season, Buffy is 26 and Spike is 41. Of course, he has to be a little bit lower than her so that she can "make mistakes" with him but keep rejecting him on most days… the plot demands it.

The exception is when a male actor has become iconically famous to the point where that makes him a superstar, a guy who despite his age is lusted after because of his unusual status. Then they're probably going to pair him with a younger actress who's prettier than what a non-A-list actor his age could get. Like 46-year-old Sylvester Stallone with 29-year-old Sandra Bullock in Demolition Man.

And let's finish with the most telling and the most everyday of all examples – at what age do people usually get married? Late twenties, right? (27.5 according to Wikipedia). And how long are they usually engaged before that? 12 to 15 months, thereabouts. So what's the age at which a man and a woman, both of the same age, *make the decision* to get married? **26.**

They say a picture is worth a thousand words, and this post is already a thousand words long. I could write a hundred posts about everything that has anything to do with male-female interaction in this society or any other, and still not say as much as this graph says. I ought to put it on the front page of the blog… I ought to put it on *every* page of the blog. I ought to put it on a billboard in Times Square. If you want to put it on your blog, forum, facebook or the wall of your college dorm to unleash its brain-hemorrhaging, delusion-murdering, hamster-enraging educational power on as many people as possible, feel free (although I'd appreciate a link if you do, otherwise somebody's going to accuse *me* of plagiarizing *you*, and that would suck).

Once I get around to redesigning the blog layout again, I'm putting this graph *everywhere*.

I'll leave you with one last thing for the mathletes in the audience… you know how they say that the youngest woman it's supposedly "okay" for you to date is half your age plus seven years? Well, calculate half the man's age plus seven years for *any age in the graph* and the woman's attractiveness level will be remarkably close to the man's. Calculate it for any male age between 30 and 55 (the second or third marriage territory where the "half plus seven" rule is most commonly understood to be valid) and they'll match almost exactly.

I Know You Better Than You Think…

December 19 2011

You are a person prone to bouts of self-examination. This is in sharp contrast to a striking ability you have developed to appear very socially engaged, even the life and soul of the party; but in a way that only convinces others. You are all too aware of it being a façade.

This means that you will often be at a gathering and find yourself playing a part. While on the one hand you'll be talkative and funny, you'll be detaching yourself to the point where you will find yourself watching everything going on around you and feeling utterly unable to engage. You'll play conversations back to yourself in your head and wonder what that person really meant when he said such-and-such — conversations that other people wouldn't give a second thought to.

How have you learned to deal with this conflict? Through exercising control. You like to show a calm, self-assured fluid kind of stability (but because this is self-consciously created, it will create bouts of frustrated silliness and a delight in extremes, or at least a delight in being seen to be extreme). You most easily recognise this control in how you are with people around you. You have learned to protect yourself by keeping people at bay. Because in the past you have learned to be disappointed by people (and because there were issues with you adjusting to your sexuality), you instinctively keep people at arms' length, until you decide they are allowed over that magic line into your group of close friends. However, once across that line, the problem is that an emotional dependency kicks in which leaves you feeling very hurt or rejected if it appears that they have betrayed that status.

Because you are prone to self-examination, you will be aware of these traits. However, you are unusually able to examine even that self-examination, which means that you have become concerned about what the *real* you is. You have become all too aware of façades, of sides of yourself which you present to the world, and you wonder if you have lost touch with the real and spontaneous you.

You are very creative, and have tried different avenues to utilize that ability. It may not be that you specifically, say, paint; it may be that your creativity shows itself in more subtle ways, but you will certainly find yourself having vivid and well-formed ideas which others will find hard to grasp. You set high standards for yourself, though, and in many ways are a bit of a perfectionist. The problem is, though, that it means you often don't get stuff done, because you are frustrated by the idea of mediocrity and are wearied by the idea of starting something afresh. However, once your brain is engaged you'll find yourself sailing. Very much this will likely lead to you having considered writing a novel or some such, but a fear that you won't be able to achieve quite what you want stops you from getting on with it. But you have a real vision for things, which others fall short of. Particularly in your academic/professional situation, you are currently fighting against restraints upon your desire to express yourself freely.

Your relationship with your parents (maybe one is no longer around, or at least emotionally absent) is under some strain. You wish to remain fond of them but recent issues are causing frustration – from your side far more than theirs. In fact they seem unaware of your thoughts on the matter. Partly this is because there are ways in which you have been made to feel isolated from certain groups in the past – something of an outsider. Now what is happening is that you are taking that outsider role and defending it to the point of consciously avoiding being part of a group. This will serve you well in your creative and career pursuits. You have an enormous cynicism towards those who prefer to be part of a group or who exhibit any cliquey behaviour, and you always feel a pang of disappointment when you see your 'close' friends seeming to follow that route. Deep down it feels like rejection.

However, for all that introspection, you have developed a sensational, dry sense of humour that

makes connections quickly and wittily and will leave you making jokes that go right over the heads of others. You delight in it so much that you'll often rehearse jokes or amusing voices to yourself in order to 'spontaneously' impress others with them. But this is a healthy desire to impress, and although you hate catching yourself at it, it's nothing to be so worried about.

You're naturally a little disorganized. A look around your living space would show a box of photos, unorganised into albums, out-of-date medicines, broken items not thrown out, and notes to yourself which are significantly out of date. Something related to this is that you lack motivation. Because you're resourceful and talented enough to be pretty successful when you put your mind to things, this encourages you to procrastinate and put them off. Equally, you've given up dreams a little easily when your mind flitted elsewhere. There are in your home signs of an excursion into playing a musical instrument, which you have since abandoned, or are finding yourself less interested in. (Or maybe it's poetry and creative writing you've briefly tried your hand at and left behind you.) You have a real capacity for deciding that such-and-such a thing (or so-and-so a person) will be the be all and end all of everything and be with you for ever. But you'd rather try and fail, and swing from one extreme to the other, than settle for the little that you see others content with.

You are certainly bright, but unusually open to life's possibilities – something not normally found among achieving people. I'd say you'd do well to be less self-absorbed, as it tends to distance you a little, and to relinquish some of the control you exercise when you present that stylized version of yourself to others. You could let people in a little more, but I am aware that there is a darkness you feel you should hide (much of this is in the personal/relationship/sexual area, and is related to a neediness which you don't like).

You really have an appealing personality – genuinely… (as does everyone else reading this)

Pretty Girl Explains The Worst Thing That Ever Happened To Humanity

December 21 2011

A few things on the agenda today…

First,
I have something to tell you about my last post – as you may have guessed it's not exactly about you, but what you may not have guessed is that I didn't even write it. If you thought the personality traits described there were particularly applicable to you or even to the general readership of this blog… think again. What you read there was a very slightly modified version of the text from Derren Brown's Forer experiment, no more targeted to the kind of people who read this blog than to the kind of people who go on British reality-TV shows. The interesting part? The average person still *thinks* that it applies to him much more than it does to the average person (a statistical impossibility). Meditate on this and you'll find some fascinating applications in many important areas of your life…

Second,
'tis the season to be jolly and I expect that to cut into my writing time some, so posts might be sporadic for a while. Yesterday, for example, I spent four hours being jolly in a car. Fear not, however, for I've got an unpublished piece I wrote a while back up my sleeve… but, I'm sorry to say, you're not going to get to *read* it. Why? Remember when I was like "I should get a pretty girl to read out what I write on camera" and you were like "yes please" and then you forgot about it… well, I didn't forget. Now it's time to get yourself some eggnog and gingerbread, curl up by the fire and listen to the story of the Original Delusion and how the world got fucked up in the first place…

…and in case I don't see you… Merry Christmas.

Last Words

January 3 2012

There are now exactly 200 posts on this blog. I think that's enough. I set out a year ago to say some things that no one else around seemed to be saying, and I've said them. To write more now would only be to dilute the message, to make it too large and unwieldy for consumption. The archive is still small enough that you can read it from start to finish within a reasonable amount of time, and you will have that time…

…as promised on several previous occasions, I do in fact intend to delete everything on January 31st, the one-year anniversary of this blog. I have a secret identity to protect and each day that passes poses an additional risk. People have emailed me asking to have the archives preserved in various forms… the answer is no. It's all here now. If you want to read it, read it now. If you want someone else to read it, make them read it now. If you want to email me for advice about your girl problems etc., don't. I am done with that. Read the archives and your questions will most likely be answered there. I have given advice for a year and it's time to move on. Everything will go on the 31st. After that, who knows… I might still be tempted to write something, but I promise nothing except that I will leave the front page auto-updating blogroll up for your convenience.

There is a time for everything, and there's a time to move on. I have had a great year with all of you, and writing a blog has been an incredibly educational experience for me. I warmly recommend it to each and every one of you. The teaching and communication skills I've developed doing this will enhance the quality of my days for the entire remainder of my life. Who knows, maybe one day they'll make me millions. Maybe not. As the legacy of a youth spent immersed in a hustler's ambition, I still have a weakness for money, so if someone offered me a book deal or linked a million people to my website, I probably couldn't resist the temptation to keep writing, but barring that, I feel like I'm ready to leave this behind and turn my eyes toward a future of comfortable obscurity…

I don't really care that much whether people listen to me. I used to think, once upon a time as a young lad, that I'd make a name for myself, do something grand and impressive, change the world and all that stuff. I don't care about that anymore. Now, I'd rather not be famous. The more I've learned, the more I've come to lean toward the conclusion that the best thing in the world is for the world to leave you alone.

There is ultimately nothing to accomplish in life. You don't need to be rich or well-liked or of prestigious social standing. You don't need much of anything to be happy. You just need to focus on being happy, because you can only do one thing at a time in life. If you try to do more than that, nothing gets done because your intentions conflict with each other, one hand pushes against the other. You must choose. Career or family, money or love, success or happiness… you cannot have it all. You can really only have one thing in life, and you'd better choose carefully.

You can choose money, spend all your days in gradually expanding offices and finally die of a heart attack in a board meeting while your gold-plated Ferrari sits quietly in the garage of your fifty-room mansion in the most exclusive neighborhood in the state.

You can choose family, be buried in a 2-for-1 bargain plot with your children weeping over your headstone and be as forgotten as a dead squirrel in the forest in a matter of generations.

You can choose anything you want in life and probably get it, but you can only completely achieve one thing. If you split your priorities, you will achieve split results as well. You can have a little bit of money, a little bit of prestige, a little bit of family and a little bit of everything else, but none of them will be complete for you. If you want 100% success with anything, that thing must comprise 100% of your priorities. Each goal you set for yourself takes away from all your other goals,

because circumstances will always force you to further one at the expense of another and to choose between them every day.

My advice to you is to focus on happiness, on enjoying life. You probably don't want to hear this, but this means you will not have money or status or anything else. Conversely, focusing on money, status or anything else means you will not achieve happiness. Happiness is not success. Happiness is the opposite of conventional success. True happiness doesn't look like this:

It looks a lot more like this:

It's not having things, it's ceasing to want things. When you stop caring about everything that could

be and focus completely on enjoying what is, you are happy. You are unhappy when you think your life isn't the way it should be, that you need to change X and Y and then your life can really begin. It doesn't work like that, though. This is your life, RIGHT NOW, THIS IS IT! Are you happy?

That's the truth right there, but I don't suspect that many even of the readers of this blog want the truth. I've noticed with the blog that the more truthfully I write, the less people like it, and the more I write what people want to hear, the more they like it. That's why you can't build a business on the truth. The truth is that the price of happiness is everything else, but in the commercial version the price of happiness is whatever you can comfortably afford. Three easy installments of $39.95, ten minutes a day of meditation exercises, a few months of approaching girls in the street. Something like that. Something that doesn't require you to give up any of the things you really want.

Because people mostly do not want happiness. They want something else, something like money or success or status or respect, a beautiful wife or a wikipedia entry that says they were important. They want other people to think they are happy more than they really want to be happy. When you want to be happy even if it means that everyone you've ever loved and everyone you're ever going to meet will think you're a pathetic loser, that's when you're ready to be happy. Not before.

Being happy is the simplest thing in the world. Just do something that completely occupies your attention. This is why people do extreme sports – the danger requires their complete attention so there is room for nothing else in their brain, and their internal monologue about everything that they think is wrong in their life quiets down. You don't need to risk death, though. Watch a really good TV show or play a video game, something that really draws you in. Once you get better at giving your complete attention to the immediate present moment, you can do anything. Cook dinner, go for a walk in the park, sit still and do nothing. As long as you can stay out of your head and out of the range of that internal voice that nags about changes it wants made, you'll stay happy. Happiness is your natural default state. Do you think lions lying in the sun berate themselves over what an ex-girlfriend said about them on Facebook?

That's the secret to happiness right there. It doesn't seem that impressive since I didn't stretch it out to 180 pages with exciting Sanskrit words and made-up spiritual-sounding terms thrown in and charge 29 bucks for it. But it is the truth.

I've said what I wanted to say on this blog and I could probably have said it a lot quicker. What does the future hold for me? I might just go and do something completely normal and boring. I think I might be done with this teaching thing. I've gotten so used to writing that I wonder if I can quit. Maybe I'll post something occasionally just for fun. I've still got something planned that I didn't have time to do yet that isn't exactly writing but it's sort of related to the topics of this blog. Aside from that, I guess we'll see about the future when we get there.

No one can know the future, and don't ever let anyone convince you they can. Those people on TV and on the internet trying to tell you what "will happen" in the next ten or twenty years are full of shit. All of them. Especially the experts. Thinking that a stock market expert can go on TV and say something about the future of the stock market, or that a military expert can know about the future of the military, is like going back to 1999 and asking an Iraq expert what the next decade would look like for Iraq, or going back to 1935 and asking a Poland expert what the next ten years will look like for Poland. The problem with anybody who tries to predict anything is that they fail to understand that the specialty area that they think they know about is always being affected by a million external factors they know nothing about.

Any scientific endeavor to connect what you think is a cause to what you think is an effect is already at least 50% voodoo anyway, and trying to predict the future is like voodoo squared, it's a whole different level of inaccuracy. A few years ago they were all predicting global shifts of power decades into the future based on which countries had exploitable oil resources and which didn't, and then somebody invented hydrofracking and now lots of previously unreachable oil is suddenly exploitable and all those pages of projections aren't even good for toilet paper. Don't listen to

anybody about the future who isn't an expert on everything and all of the ways in which everything affects everything else. That is, don't listen to anybody. The future is not knowable by anyone with as little as one lifetime of education.

Please don't make a mad last rush to ask me for advice with your problems. I already said above that I'm done with that, and I'm saying it again just to be clear: don't ask me about this post, don't ask me about a different post, don't ask me about something else that I haven't posted about. Read the archives of this blog before the 31st, there are good posts there. My favorite is "Fearless".

Good luck with everything.